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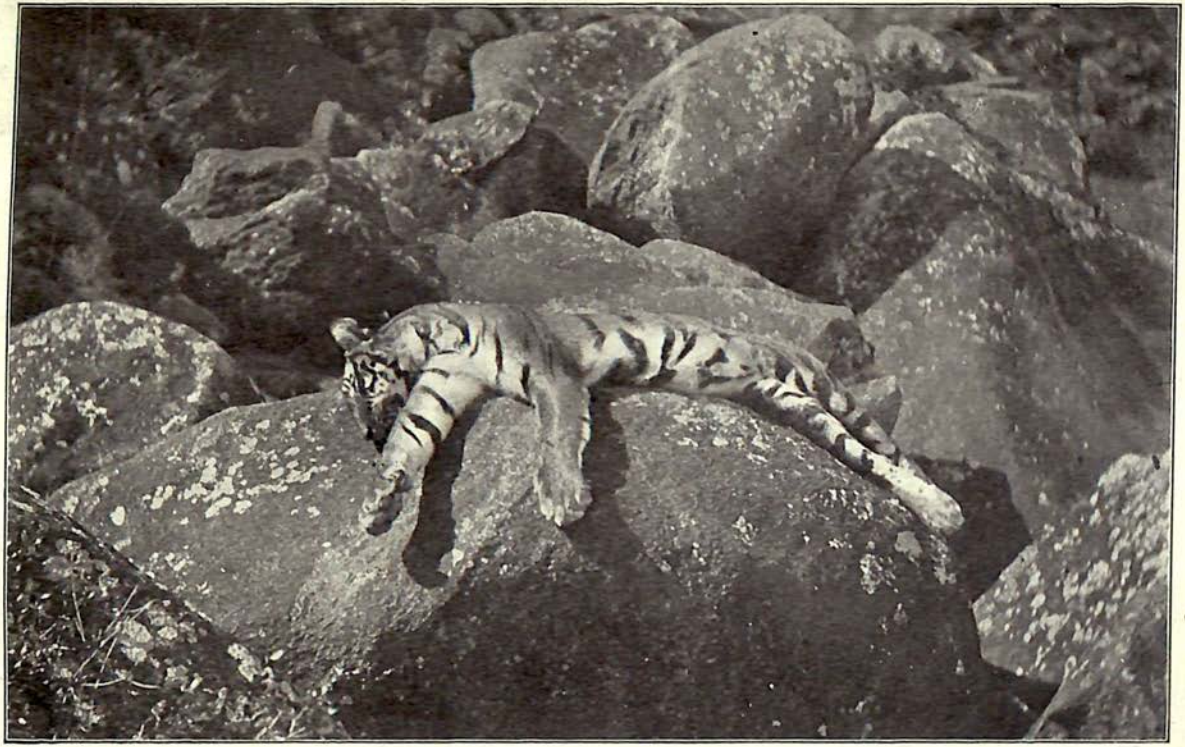
SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE FAR EAST



TIGER SHOT NEAR AMOY, CHINA, OCTOBER 3, 1904

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE FAR EAST

BY

J. C. GREW

WITH EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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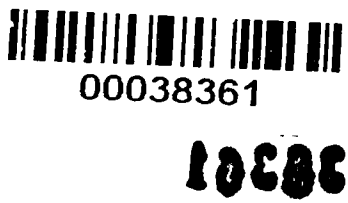

TO MY WIFE

"So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits the cow,
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

"*Let him go — go — go away from here!*
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!"

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SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE FAR EAST

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE FAR EAST

CHAPTER I

MARSEILLES TO SINGAPORE

WHEN, on the morning of the fifteenth of September, 1902, the steamship India of the Peninsular and Oriental Line backed from her berth at Marseilles, slipped through the crowded shipping along the water-front, and, leaving behind the yellow cliffs, the hot sun-baked houses of the town, and the grim white walls of Monte Christo, steamed slowly out into the cool Mediterranean, it seemed that nothing was left to be desired in the pleasure of the prospect before us.

The anticipation of eighteen free months to be turned to good account in seeing as much as possible of foreign lands must at all times be most pleasing. Especially is this so when the traveller plans, as we had done, to combine a maximum amount of sport with a minimum of stereotyped sight-seeing. For several years the prospect of such travels had led me,

and the various friends who at one time or another had considered joining the party, to spend many a winter evening poring over maps and formulating delightfully hazy plans, from which the elements of time and conditions of travel were entirely eliminated. But as the date for setting out approached, the only arrangement which could be called quite decided was our intention to avoid so far as possible the beaten track of tourists, and, by taking trips into the interior of the various countries we visited, to combine what sight-seeing should really attract us with plenty of big-game shooting, a certain amount of roughing it, and much valuable experience in becoming familiar with the more natural and primitive parts of foreign lands.

Even up to the time of starting, our arrangements had taken no more definite shape than this. Telegrams had come to me from Mr. A. H. Wheeler and Mr. H. P. Perry, who were at the time travelling in Japan, one dispatch asking me to meet them in Sydney, Australia, whence we could take a previously discussed cruise among the South Sea Islands, and a second, shortly after, requesting that I come instead to Yokohama, in order to go on a tiger-shooting trip in Korea. When, a few weeks later, came a third telegram, saying "Cholera Korea, meet Singapore," and for a second time I was obliged to

CEYLON COAST SCENE SHOWING CATAMARANS

ask that my steamship tickets be changed to so radically different a destination, I believe the clerk in the P. & O. office must have thought that he was dealing with either a lunatic at large or an absconding bank cashier. At any rate, the alteration was effected, my berth cheerfully booked to Singapore, and in delightful ignorance of the purpose of this change or what lay before me, I found myself, that bright September day of starting, in the possession of the three conditions most necessary to the perfect contentment of the average traveller — little baggage, fewer cares, and no plans at all.

From the moment of setting foot on the India, I felt that I was already in the East. She smelled of the tropics, her cabins and wide decks were built to secure the greatest possible amount of ventilation in tepid seas and breathless eastern ports, and the barefooted Lascars with their simple blue tunics and red turbans and their inimitable monkey-like agility in going aloft, might have come straight from the Indian jungle, so little did they resemble white sailors. At night the British officers, of whom there were, as always, many on board, returning from leave of absence to their posts in India, wore cool duck mess-jackets with silk *cumerbunds*, which contrasted cheerfully with the sombre black of the staid western evening dress; the deck piano was

always opened after dinner, and with the noted good-fellowship of all Anglo-Indians, the evenings were spent in music-making, in which every one, whether soloist or chorister, took his part. Only the low temperature and the long Mediterranean swell served to show that many miles still separated us from Suez and true eastern waters. For five days we steamed peacefully along, dropping down between Sardinia and Corsica, on to the Straits of Messina, between Scylla and Charybdis, and so past the barren cliffs of Crete to Port Said.

On the third night of the voyage we were afforded what must be, I believe, the most imposing spectacle produced by natural phenomena, namely, the eruption of a great volcano. The Lipuarian Islands, which lie off the coast of Sicily, were to be reached about two in the morning, and rumor had gone around that Stromboli was in eruption. When that splendid solitary cone of earth and lava rose slowly into sight, cropping up out of the sea in perfect profile against a white moonlit sky, every passenger was in the bow, waiting and watching. Suddenly from the flattened top of the cone which forms the mouth of the crater a great round mass of what seemed to be molten gold appeared, poised for a moment on the brink, then rolled in bright burnished streams down the steep sides of the moun-

tain. There was no noise of any kind, the molten lava quickly cooled, and in a moment only the dark form of the volcano remained in view, all the more dim and mysterious for the sudden contrast of color. Ten minutes later the same thing was repeated, and so it continued at intervals until Stromboli was lost to sight on the horizon.

I do not envy the lot of the unfortunate man who has to live in Port Said. Since my first short glimpse of it from the deck of the India, I have spent many a weary hour there, and I can say from experience that of all hot places on this climatically unsatisfactory globe, there is none where one feels the heat more intensely than in that squalid, dusty, fever-ridden, desert-built town. And yet, if there is one thing that can partially compensate the resident of Port Said for its many deficiencies in matters of cleanliness and climate, it is the ceaseless succession of ships which pass his very door from morning till night, and through the night till morning. To many, a ship is nothing but a hull of wood and iron, surmounted by a certain number of masts and funnels, and perhaps a flag. To the resident of Port Said every single vessel that plies through the Canal has a distinct personality — is, in fact, an acquaintance or more often an old friend, whose home and destination, business, mission, and personal character-

istics are as well known to him as are those of his next-door neighbor; and as each appears and departs, and, months later, appears and departs again, he mentally welcomes and god-speeds her as he would an intimate companion, whether she be a little black coaling tramp or a palatial liner. When one considers that up to the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which has not detracted in the slightest degree from the number of vessels using the Suez Canal, every person, every letter, and almost every case of merchandise passing directly between Europe and the Orient was carried through that narrow strip of water, within a stone's throw of the hotels and houses of Port Said, one realizes what a busy scene is presented by the water-front of the little town.

A year or two ago the accidental discharge of a cargo of dynamite totally wrecked a steamer in the middle of the Canal, leaving her in such a position as entirely to block the traffic in both directions, and necessitating the closing of the waterway for ten days until the wrecked steamer could be removed. During those ten days the ample harbor at the Port Said entrance to the Canal became so congested that literally not another ship could find a berth; the vessels lay in rows but a few feet apart, like beds in a hospital ward, side by side and nose to

STREET SCENE IN SINGAPORE

stern, till, toward the end of the period, new-comers found themselves crowded out into the Mediterranean and were obliged to take refuge in near-by ports.

But the most extraordinary sight of all, and one which may be seen at all times, appears to the railway traveller from Port Said to Suez or to Cairo, on both of which journeys the railroad holds closely to the Canal as far as the half-way station at Ismailieh. From the car-window you look across miles and miles of thirsty, barren, undulating desert, the only view which can become more monotonous than the monotony of the ocean, stretching off to the horizon, shimmering in waves of atmospheric heat. The presence of water in such a place would seem a miracle. Suddenly, from the corner of the car-window, the shadow of some huge object catches your eye; you lean out, and there, lo and behold, apparently moving leisurely across the waste of sand, rises a mighty vessel, her funnels belching smoke, her officers on duty on the bridge, the passengers playing cricket or shuffle-board or lounging about the decks, so close that you could readily recognize a friend among them, every detail of the ocean life being enacted on this desert stage in perfect verisimilitude. What marvellous incongruity! The train rushes by, the scene is swept out of sight,

and again the monotony of the rolling desert remains unbroken, save for here or there a knot of white-robed Arabs or a distant camel caravan.

The India dropped anchor at Port Said at five o'clock on the fifth evening from Marseilles. I do not know whether the captain was merely a wag, or whether he had ulterior motives in keeping the passengers on board during the stifling sixteen hours of our stay, but certainly he so frightened the greater number by his assurances of the likelihood of catching cholera ashore, and his graphic description of the horrid fumigating process through which they would have to pass before returning to the ship, — an ordeal in which each person would be confined separately for ten minutes in a carbolic-acid steam bath, his clothes meanwhile undergoing a different method of disinfection elsewhere, — that less than a dozen adventurous spirits took their lives in their hands and went ashore. Was it the prospect of acquiring a permanent and ineradicable perfume of carbolic acid, I wonder, or merely the risk of an untimely death, that most influenced so large a percentage of my fellow passengers? Personally, it occurred to me that, were there any real danger, the captain would have commanded, not advised; and anyway, not even death by cholera could have outweighed the awfulness of the stifling,

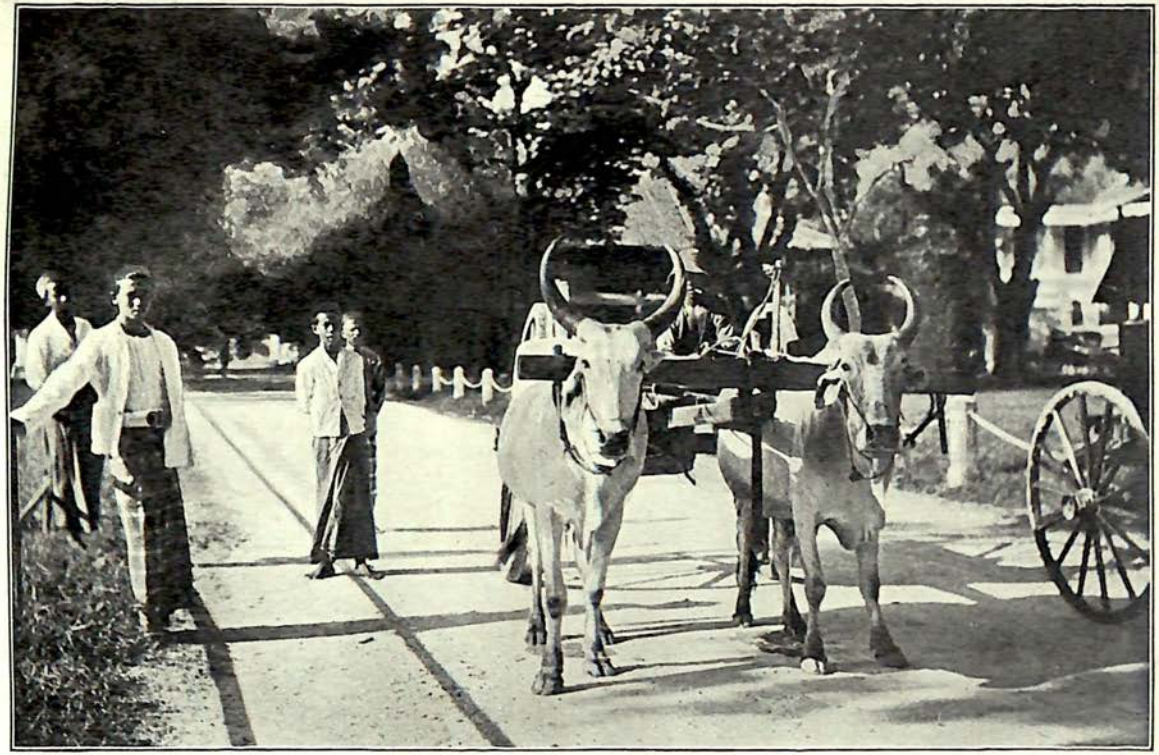
A ROAD IN COLOMBO

breathless heat aboard the India just then. So I joined the shore-goers to the landing-stage, where we mounted absurdly minute donkeys and romped off through the bazaar out into the desert, lying white as snow in the moonlight. Whatever may have been our secret fears, the fumigating ordeal, when we returned to the quay, was at least supportable; holding our wrists for a period of five seconds each, the quarantine doctor pronounced us free from cholera, and to the astonishment and chagrin of our fellow passengers, we boarded the India unaccompanied by even a suspicion of carbolic acid.

But what a change had taken place on board! Two enormous coal-barges were moored by the vessel's side, gang-planks had been run to them, and now four continuous streams of Arab coolies, black as night originally, now doubly black from the coal which they carried in baskets on their shoulders, ascended and descended in endless chains. Canvas tarpaulins had been hung over the decks, to protect them from the clouds of coal-dust which arose from below; but even with their protection, the atmosphere was full of it, and with every breath we inhaled quantities of coal-dust with the stifling air. As all the doors, windows, and port-holes of the ship were tightly closed, and were to remain so all night, to have ventured into the interior of the ship

would have been one degree more insupportable than to stay on deck. So we gathered in a corner where there seemed to be the greatest percentage of air mixed with the least amount of coal-dust, and told stories till dawn. The coolies sang some weird rhythmic chant in time to their pace up and down the gang-planks, never varying the words or the tune, or ceasing for a second throughout the night. What were the words? I knew no Arabic, but indeed they sounded strangely like English: they beat into my brain in persistent dull monotony, over and over and over again: — "Fireless Hell, Fireless Hell." Certainly they were appropriate to such a night.

But day came at last, and with it the same cheery cloudless sky that smiles on Egypt without a break from April till November. One of the India's four sister ships, the Persia, bound homeward with the eastern mails, had come in during the night, and before breakfast was over, the little Isis, in every respect a perfect counterpart, on a diminutive scale, of her larger sisters, steamed up from Brindisi, and like a colt beside its mother snuggled up alongside us. The English mails do not join the ships at Marseilles; they wait a day longer and then are hurried across Europe on the Brindisi express, whence they are embarked on the little Isis or Osiris and are



A MALAY BULLOCK CART

carried at a 22-knot pace to catch up with the larger mail-steamers at Port Said. We dutifully received the mails from the Isis, weighed anchor, and at last, at nine o'clock in the morning, pushed our nose into the first reaches of the Suez Canal.

If the night had been stifling, that day and the ensuing night in the Canal were little less so. We crept along at a snail's pace, five knots an hour being the limit allowed, occasionally tying up at one of the buoys along the bank to allow another larger vessel to go by, but generally able to pass comfortably whatever ship appeared from the opposite direction. The hours dragged interminably, — all day the desert wastes of Egypt to starboard and Arabia to port glaring away into the distance. On deck we sprawled in steamer-chairs and gasped. The night brought little relief. Our progress was aided by a powerful searchlight, which threw extraordinary shadows and altered into fantastic shapes whatever craft passed us. Fortunately the last stains of the previous night's coal-dust had been washed away, mattresses were dragged on deck, and we slept in rows in what comfort such heat would allow.

The three days that followed in the Red Sea were scarcely more comfortable. On the contrary, we lay about in steamer-chairs, in costumes the uncon-

ventionality of which only the circumstances permitted, drank abnormal quantities of lemonade, and tried to persuade ourselves that we were comparatively cool, which was a pitiful farce. The only event of the day which I truthfully can say I enjoyed was the morning bath, and the method of indulging in this ever-gratifying but now doubly delightful ceremony was so unusual that I am tempted to describe it. On ships running to the East the greater number of passengers sleep on deck during the hot weather, the forepart of the deck being fenced off with tarpaulins for the ladies, the remaining space being at the disposal of the men. Each passenger's mattress is brought up by his steward, and his bed made wherever he prefers or can find space not already appropriated. The intensity of the heat conduces to sociability rather than to sleep, and not only is the first half of the night spent in much chatting and story-telling, but promptly at dawn the deck-sleepers are routed out and their beds carried below. At this time the ladies retire, not to reappear until eight, leaving the field clear for the men. Now takes place an extraordinary scene. The pyjama brigade for a moment has disappeared. The sailors are busily washing down the decks with swabbing brooms and hose. Suddenly from the smoking-room appears a

rather apprehensive-looking passenger. He is followed closely by others, all clad in bath towels and all looking equally apprehensive. They advance into the open. The enemy, in the shape of the swabbing crew, becomes aware of their presence; it gathers in close formation, the hose is levelled, there is a swish of cold water, a few short gasps from startled subalterns — and then, oh, wonderful display! nothing can be seen but hysterical passengers dashing wildly about in the midst of a deluge of spray and jets of foaming water, shrieking, gasping, and spluttering. I know of no more effective method for suddenly and conclusively dispelling any desire on the part of the passenger to turn over and go to sleep again.

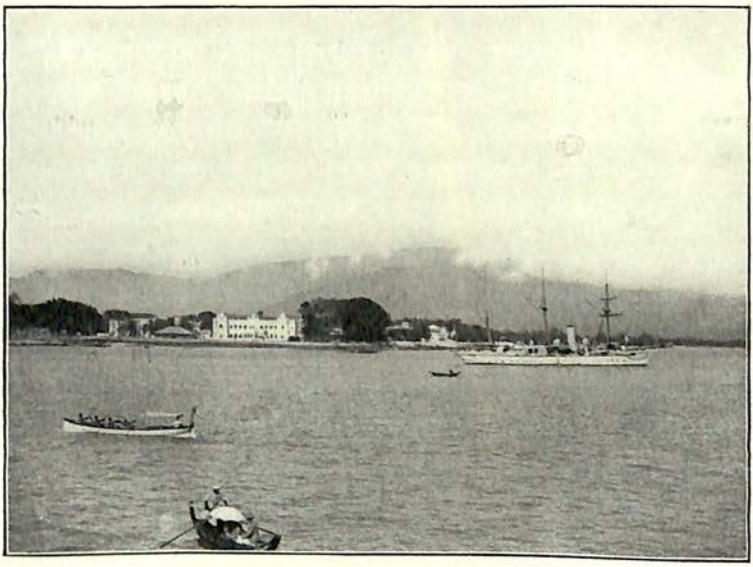
No one was sorry that our short stay in the harbor of Aden prevented landing. Certainly a less inviting-looking town, with its barren, rocky surroundings and total lack of vegetation, would be hard to imagine. Dropping anchor only long enough to transfer the India-bound passengers to the Egypt, another of the five sister ships, we steamed on almost immediately, past the fortress of Perim and through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, into the Arabian Sea. How delicious that cool monsoon breeze felt after the breathlessness of the last four days. No wonder that the remaining passengers

should become suddenly imbued with new life and energy, appoint committees, organize sports, and from morning till night during the seven days to Ceylon keep the ball of entertainment rolling.

Very early in the morning of the day of our arrival in Colombo I dressed and went to the bow, where the breeze came fresh and clean from landwards. It was then that I first realized that the writer who describes the smell of the East is in no way drawing upon his imagination to add atmosphere to his word-pictures. The aroma which came out to sea with that morning breeze was as perceptible and as distinct from all other land-smells as is the odor of a greenhouse from that of a cactus field, — a tangible fragrance, soft, warm, and carrying with it the scent of spices, temple-incense, and flowers. The morning came up in a flood of golden glory, disclosing a low, palm-fringed shore; we rounded a point, and there, lying white and red behind the countless masts and funnels of her great roadstead, lay Colombo, the welcome resting-place at the cross-roads of every ocean highway of the Orient.

At the entrance to the harbor we were met by a horde of naked little Cingalese urchins propelling craft of every description, from catamarans to logs of wood rudely lashed together; displaying prowess in diving after and recovering coins, when half-way

THE HARBOR, SINGAPORE



THE HARBOR OF PENANG

British Straits Settlements

to the bottom, which only the continual exercise of their hazardous profession, day in and day out, year by year, could develop — hazardous because the harbor of Colombo is infested with sharks, and many an unfortunate urchin is levied as toll for the plying of their trade. But judging from the interest of the passengers and the prodigality with which the contents of their pockets are cast into the harbor, the calling must be a lucrative one.

To come to Colombo from the West is like being dropped from a dusty road into a luxuriant garden. There have been no intermediate steps to accustom you to the sudden transformation. You left the staid grays and browns, the familiar sights and prosaic smells of the Occident: you find yourself precipitated unprepared among unknown scenes and surroundings, brilliant colors and strange aromas, which from the first hour leave upon your senses indelible impressions. From the landing-stage you are whirled off in rickshaws through the town, over clean wide roads of dark red earth, reducing to a minimum the dazzling reflection of the tropic sun, and sheltered by a regular canopy of luxuriant growth. Once past the bazaar, the fascination of whose booths must tempt even the most hardened traveller, the buildings run no longer in monotonous blocks, but are separated by little gardens of ferns

and palm trees. You swing on through the dwelling quarter, — where cool white and green villas, built all of open piazzas and trellis-work rooms, lie back from the road, — past little plaster huts with black Cingalese natives squatting cross-legged on their thresholds, along the great Galle Face Esplanade, — where the waves of the Indian Ocean beat ceaselessly on the palm-lined shore, — and so out through the outskirts of the town into the open country. Here it is that the tropical foliage first strikes upon the westerner's eye with its full richness and wealth of color. The road is bordered on either side by a tangled mass of verdure, — palms, ferns and cacti, banana, cocoanut, and mango trees, overrun with festoons of lace-like creepers, breaking here and there into brilliant-hued blossoms and forming a perfect network of jungle growth. Vividly colored birds romp among the foliage and seem to revel in the fragrance and sunshine. Creaking bullock-carts and fierce-looking black water-buffaloes lumber past you; a continuous stream of natives hurry this way and that on their various errands, women with jewels in their noses and silver rings on fingers, toes, and ankles, young girls balancing on their heads queer-shaped earthen rice-pots, old men with long, snowy beards showing against their black skins, boys with flowers and spices to sell, and

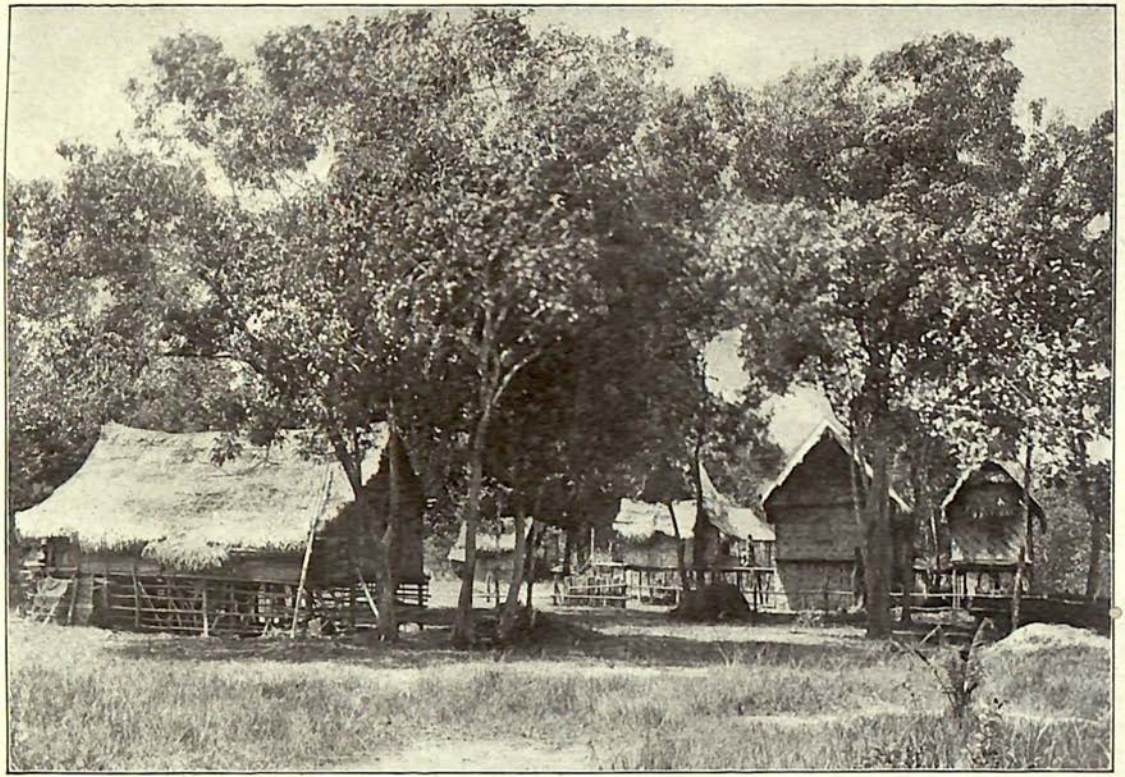
all naked save for a loin-cloth or a brilliant *sarong* thrown about them, a kaleidoscope of life and color of surpassing interest and fascination. Java is called the Garden of the East; but has not Ceylon an equal right to claim the title?

Three times during the year in the East my wanderings brought me back to Ceylon; and though my stays were short, generally while waiting for a ship to some other part of the world, I invariably looked forward with the greatest enjoyment to every voyage which was to end in that delightful country. Later I was able to visit Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, that splendid mountain resort in the interior, where, after a long siege of fever, the bracing air was worth to me its weight in gold. But for the present we had but a few hours ashore, and after lunching at the famous Grand Oriental Hotel a dozen of us were obliged to bid farewell to our fellow passengers of the India, now bound for Australia, and board the little Chusan for still farther eastern ports.

At four in the afternoon we sailed from Colombo harbor, and, heading out into the Bay of Bengal, turned toward Penang, the Malacca Straits, and Singapore. The voyage requires little description. Five days of quiet steaming brought us to Penang, — days when the surface of the sea was actually,

not metaphorically, mirror-like in its calm, rippled only by the trails of innumerable flying-fish; dawns when the sun shot from the horizon like a molten cannon-ball in a flood of unimagined color; and nights when the stars blazed with a brilliancy never beheld by any northern land or sea. A few hours in the harbor of Penang, and we turned down into the Malacca Straits, emerging two days later at Singapore, — for me, at least, a temporary destination.

If I were to be taken by some kind spirit and suddenly dropped blindfolded in the midst of Singapore to-day, seven years after my last stay there, I should recognize my whereabouts. No city in the world smells just like it. There is the spicy smell of Colombo, and the B. C. S. of Calcutta, upon which Kipling has distinct, not to say aggressive, opinions; and Bombay, at certain seasons, comes very close to resembling Calcutta, with just a shade of originality of its own. But no one could mistake the smell of Singapore. In my mind it is inseparably associated with a long, very dusty road, bordered by Chinese chow-shops and incense-burning temples, and thickly peopled with representatives of every eastern race, from the all but naked Tamil to the indolent, self-satisfied Malay, and from the mighty fierce-bearded Sikh to the little squat, smelly Javanese. Perhaps it is the evil messes concocted in the



A MALAY VILLAGE OR KAMPONG

chow-shops and sold along the road by innumerable vendors that most contribute to the general effect, or perhaps the incense burned in the hundreds of little shrines and temples is primarily responsible. But I think the very air which lies over Singapore like a steaming blanket, thick, heavy, and motionless, must itself contain all the elements of that inimitable odor, absorbed through countless generations of contact with unwashed humanity and temple incense, and diffused throughout the city with a poignancy all too marked for the delicately adjusted senses of the conventional westerner.

My quarters in Raffles' Hotel were of the pleasantest. In front of my room was a little veranda, furnished with cane lounging-chairs and looking directly out upon the harbor, where the thousands and thousands of Malay junks lying huddled together by the quays, or lazily wandering hither and thither among the larger shipping, afforded a scene unequalled in picturesqueness. Before my door passed a continuous and varied stream of brown humanity; in all the world there is no ethnological museum like Singapore; people from every eastern country and tribe, and indeed from nearly every land in the two hemispheres, are gathered there, and to one who has never before seen the Orient, this heterogeneous procession of natives continu-

ously passing by is truly of extraordinary interest. But ascend the hill to Fort Canning at evening, and look down on the great city spread out below, where like myriads of fireflies the fourteen thousand rickshaws of the town, each with its lantern, flit here and there in the haze of an eastern twilight. Then will you know the truest charm of Singapore.

At last, after many delays, Wheeler and Perry arrived from Hongkong. They had had marvellously good sport in the cave-country about Amoy, both having bagged tigers and at one time having seen four animals break cover simultaneously. This to me was the best of news, not only in the satisfaction it gave me to learn of their success, but also because hitherto, although hoping most earnestly that we should run across the sport somewhere, I had been vague and rather sceptical as to where and how it was to be found; and now the prospect of eventually securing good tiger-shooting myself seemed assured. As will be seen, however, it was not until a full year later that my ambition was finally realized.

To attempt to describe the various hunting-trips which we considered during the fortnight of our stay in Singapore would be but a waste of words. It is sufficient to say that expeditions into French Cochin China, the Philippines, Borneo, Sumatra,

Java, and Johore were all contemplated and fully discussed, and even a projected cruise to the South Sea Islands was abandoned only when negotiations for chartering a schooner fell through, just as we seemed on the point of making an excellent bargain. Meanwhile we gleaned much information of a good, bad, and indifferent nature from various residents and officials, and by taking cross-country runs every evening after the heat of the day, put ourselves into the best of physical condition for the hard work which in any case was to lie ahead.

The solution of the problem where we should go was finally arrived at only by our agreeing to take the first ship which should leave Singapore bound in any direction. This proved to be the Italian steamer Capri, scheduled to sail, within half an hour of our decision, for Penang, whence the railroad leads into the interior of the Malay Peninsula; and with no further ceremony than hurriedly to throw our jungle kit into canvas bags and dash in gharries to the wharf, we caught the ship by a flying leap from the dock as she was pulling out into the harbor.

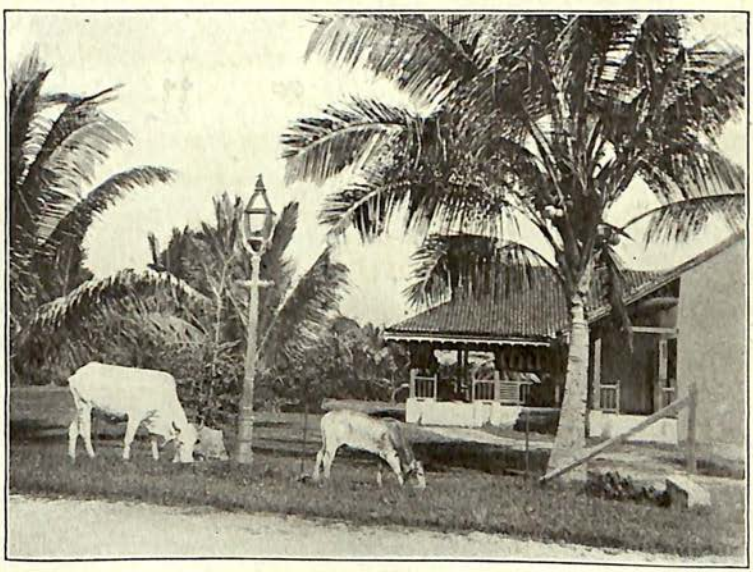
CHAPTER II

THROUGH THE MALAY JUNGLE

OUR object in planning an expedition into the interior of the Malay peninsula was twofold; first, the big-game shooting for which, from the accounts of others, the peninsula seemed to be a veritable paradise; then, to see this rapidly developing country before the hand of British progress should have opened up its last hidden corners to the light of civilization.

In the first respect we were destined to be wholly disappointed. The time chosen for our trip, although unavoidable, had brought us into the jungle at the height of the rains, the worst possible time of year; the rivers were in flood, the salt licks submerged, and although continual signs of wild elephant and seladang were to be seen in the lowlands, all the great quantity of game which must have been there but shortly before our arrival had disappeared into the hills and the depths of the jungle where tracking was impossible. Only once, as I shall narrate, did we come on a fresh seladang track; but

A MALAY TOWN



REST HOUSE AT KWALA KANGSAR

after following it for several hours until almost on the animal, we were obliged to abandon the chase on account of the darkness. Tiger-spoor were everywhere, and more than once news came to us of a native or bullock killed in some near-by village; yet to carry out a successful beat in such vast stretches of thick jungle would have been absolutely impracticable.

In the other respect, however, we were well rewarded, for though rain poured almost incessantly day after day and week after week, with a tenacity and vigor which are known only in the tropics, all such handicaps were many times repaid by the interest of seeing at close hand the wilder places and people of this comparatively little-known country.

British influence is fast bringing the Malay Federated States to a condition of civilization and prosperity undreamed of thirty-five years ago. Then the country was unopened, wars between the tribes were continuous, the murder of white settlers the rule rather than the exception. To-day each district is orderly and progressive under the able guidance of a British Resident, cities are springing up, roads are daily being pushed farther into the interior, and as far as the roads extend, the smallest *kampong*, with its schoolhouse and police-station, is learning the demands of a higher civilization. In

a few more years we shall be able to travel from Singapore to Bangkok by rail, for even now railways are being pushed rapidly through Johore to the south, and northwards towards Siam.

It was in 1874 that England first sought to interfere in the state of perpetual warfare which existed between the various independent states of the peninsula. Agents were sent, one at least was killed, his death avenged, and from that epoch England's rule became predominant in the four States of Perak, Pahang, Negri Sembilan, and Selangor; while during the past year, through treaty with Siam, Kelantan, Kedah, and Trengganu have passed also under British control. Now, under the title of the Federated Malay States, which came into existence in 1896, the government of the peninsula is carried on under the supervision of the British Governor and the Residents in the various districts, though the Sultans and Rajahs of the different states still retain much of their former state and power.

With the coming of British control, industry began to awaken. Hitherto it had been dangerous to accumulate wealth, for no rich man's life was safe; now, under peaceful conditions, the vast tin mines of the country are opening up, pepper and spices are cultivated, rubber plantations begin to yield enor-

mous dividends. It is not, however, the Malay who is responsible: he is satisfied with the existing order of things so long as no personal toil is involved, and when hungry he has only to turn to his banana patch: the thrifty Chinaman organizes the companies, the wealthy Hindu finances them, the Tamil from Madras supplies the labor, and the Englishman guarantees peace. Thus development goes steadily forward, and the Malay Federated States are taking their rightful place in the great markets of the world.

We entered the peninsula from the port of Penang, which with Malacca, Province Wellesley, and Singapore forms what are known as the British Straits Settlements. A railway journey through great palm forests and vast stretches of rice-cultivated country, — where big black water-buffaloes were in evidence in all directions, carrying burdens or turning irrigation wheels, and where hundreds of coolies in their pagoda-shaped hats worked knee-deep in the flooded pâdi-fields, — brought us to Taiping, a large town in the state of Perak. It was here, I remember, that a trifling incident gave me my first insight into the true Malay character.

We found ourselves on the unlighted station platform at night, in utter darkness and a most dispiriting deluge of rain; hungry, weary, and wet as

we were, the cheer of the rest-house appealed most strongly. Rickshaws were engaged, and in a moment we were speeding up the road at that satisfactory pace which a gentle reminder with one's cane on the coolie's back always secures. I took it for granted that my coolie knew where we wanted to go; for although my knowledge of the Malay language did not then include either of the much-needed nouns "rest-house" or "hotel," I had carefully repeated both these words to him in English, and he had bowed with such an expression of entire comprehension that I felt no misgivings as to a speedy arrival at the desired destination. So we spun along in the darkness, I already beginning to feel the cheer of the anticipation of a hot dinner and dry clothes.

Alas, for a traveller's innocent trust in the moral responsibility of the oriental mind! We were well out in the country now; the rain was pouring harder than ever and dripping dispiritingly through the rickshaw-top down my face and neck; not a light was in sight to show signs of human habitation, and the driving storm had quickly separated me from my companions, shutting out all other sounds. Then it was that I finally grasped the situation: my coolie not only had no knowledge of my intended destination, but took absolutely no interest in learn-

A WATER BUFFALO OR CARIBAO, THE BEAST OF BURDEN OF THE EAST

ing it: he was a wonderful piece of brainless, heartless mechanism, wound up to go until forcibly stopped; that was his purpose, his duty, his whole function, and he was fulfilling it to the letter, going on straight until ordered to cease, as unconcerned with the why and the wherefore of the matter as a bullock drawing a cartload of stones. When I stopped him and shouted despairingly, "Rest-house, hotel, rest-house!" he grinned as comprehensively as before and changed his course; when I expressed my opinion of him in the choicest and strongest words at my command, he beamed appreciatively, and obediently started off in still another direction. Under the circumstances I was at the time unable to appreciate the humor of the situation. But the matter ended happily: for after an hour or more of aimless wandering, we happened by good luck to pass a police-station, where the word "rest-house" was understood, and my coolie, after an ostentatious dressing-down by the little Malay policeman, was directed thither. Wheeler and Perry, I found, had both enjoyed exactly the same experience as myself.

Kwala Kangsar, the capital of Perak, was reached some days later, the dato, or headman of the town, who had been apprised of our arrival, receiving us with great cordiality and escorting us to the rest-

house, where a day was spent in making final preparations for the trip.

We were to have had an audience of the Sultan of Perak, but as he was indisposed at the time, this unfortunately was impossible, and our shooting permits were sent us by the dato instead. I happened, however, through an amusing mistake, to be presented to one of the three sultanas, each of whom lives in a separate *istana* or palace. The chief native physician, having been introduced to us by the dato, called at the rest-house on the morning after our arrival to see if one of us would not care to accompany him on his rounds in order to see something of the town; and as the others were busy packing, I agreed to join him. He showed me the hospital, which though simple was neat and orderly in a degree worthy of the most civilized of cities; and having attended to several cases, started for an istana, where he was to visit one of the Sultan's wives. We entered and passed upstairs to a large anteroom from which a door led into the Sultana's apartments. As the doctor opened this door he made a sign to me which I misinterpreted to mean that I should follow, and I was ushered in at his heels. The Sultana was sitting on a dais at one end of the room with her handmaidens grouped about her, and in her lap a baby born but a few weeks before, per-

haps some future Sultan of Perak. The group made a decidedly oriental picture and in my interest at observing it I did not for the moment realize how unconventional my presence was. As the doctor turned and saw me, his jaw fell in surprise, for he had in reality motioned me to wait outside. He was, however, to be credited with much diplomatic tact, for without a moment's hesitation, having salaamed to the Sultana, he presented me as a noted foreign physician who had come especially to advise concerning her health! I bowed low, my presence was approved, and what might have been an embarrassing situation turned out happily.

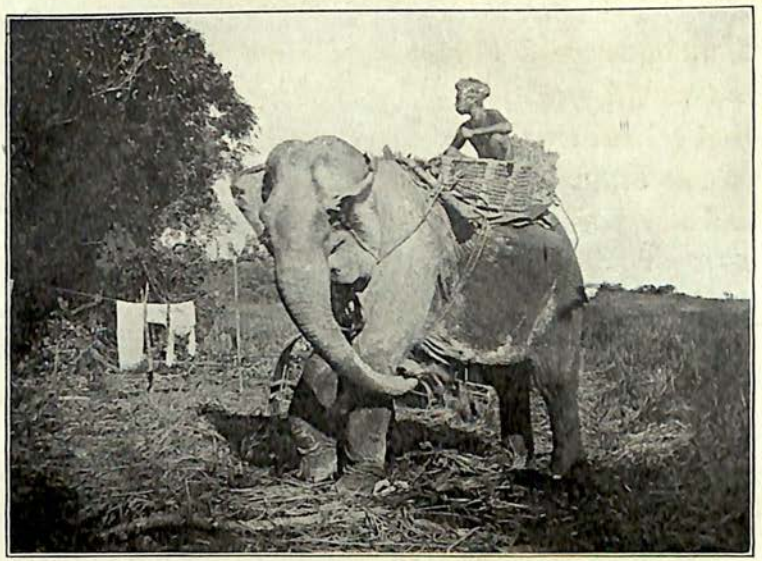
Kwala Kangsar is, so to speak, the outpost of civilization: the railroad from the coast ends here, and to go farther one must arrange transport for one's self. Our plan, briefly, was to push on through Upper Perak to the state of Pahang, make the headwaters of the Pahang River, build a raft of bamboo, and float down-stream to the eastern coast of the peninsula, where we should trust to find some sort of boat to Singapore. As Malay life centres chiefly around the great rivers, our plans promised no little interest.

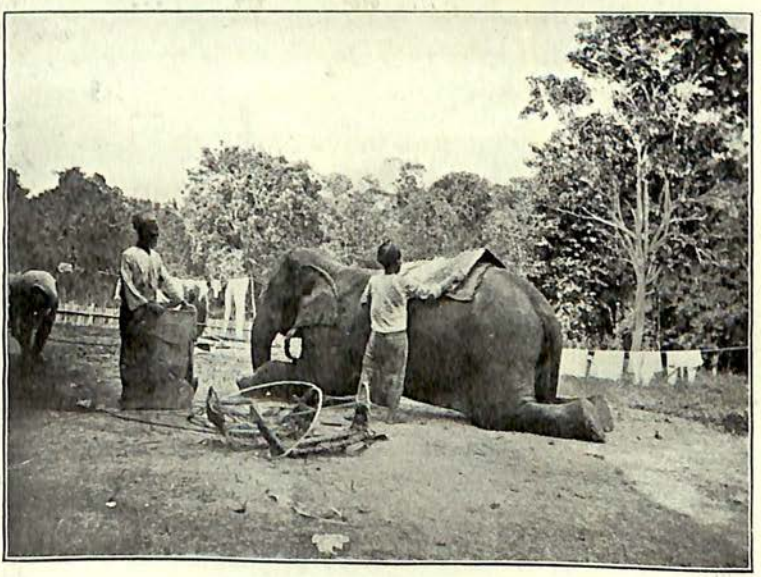
A clear starlit night saw us packed in three bullock-carts at the rest-house at Kwala Kangsar, one of us and the luggage in the first, the other two in

the second, and Ahmed, our worthy cook, holding down the third. The impressions of the following fourteen hours are as clearly marked in my memory as at the time they were on my person: they were a medley of springless swaying and creaking, the sharp "ja!" of the Kling driver coming at regular intervals through the night, the damp evil smell of the pâdi-grass which served as bedding, the odor of our driver's vile cigarettes and areca nuts, which alone must have kept him awake, and above all, the pitiless swarms of flies that came from the pâdi-fields through which we passed, to render sleep as impossible as it was longed for. The cart jolted along at scarcely two miles an hour, never once stopping through the long, hot, soul-trying night.

Dawn disclosed the jungle, like an impenetrable wall on one side and a valley on the other, luxuriant with ferns and cocoanut palms and hundreds of brilliantly colored song-birds. We were hungry — as hungry as any healthy mortals might be after such a night. Ahmed proved his efficiency from the first by binding his ankles with a fibre-thong and proceeding to clamber up the nearest cocoanut-tree, whence he soon returned with a full breakfast under either arm.

Arriving at Lenggong we repaired as usual to the rest-house. Now the British rest-house is a most





OUR PACK ELEPHANTS

gratifying institution. It is intended originally for the government officials on their rounds of duty, whether it is the Resident of a district on a tour of inspection, or the roads commissioner building new highways into the interior; and among the regulations on the wall of the dining-room you will read that in every case an official has first call in the matter of accommodations. In the more frequented places a servant will be found in charge, who performs the combined duties of cook, butler, valet, and anything else that may be required. Farther away from civilization, where travellers are few and the officials are given larger tracts to cover, there is no servant, but the key of the rest-house will be found in charge of some privileged old inhabitant of the village, who unlocks it with the greatest pomp and ceremony, and sweeps it out as though preparing a palace for the king's arrival. Up in the interior these buildings are raised high above the ground, in case of flood, a porch runs along the outside, and the single floor inside is simply furnished with plenty of plain wooden chairs and tables, pots and pans for cooking, and, above all, mosquito-netting.

It was at Lenggong that our first news of a tiger came. The headman, or *penghulu*, of the village called on us one morning with two old trackers, who said that within the week a tiger had killed a bullock

some three miles down the road, and that if we cared to investigate, we might find him still around the carcass. We accordingly took out our guns and walked to the spot on the road where the animal had been killed. Here the jungle was dense on both sides of the road, but we found the path the tiger had made in dragging his prey away, and followed it straight into the *rukh* to the remains of the slaughtered bullock, whose limbs had evidently been well chewed and scattered not far from the body itself. I noticed several fresh paw-marks in the mud, which on account of the rains could not have been more than a day old. As we were bending over them, there was the distinct sound of an animal escaping into the jungle; both trackers at once said, "Rimau!" ("tiger!") and appeared much excited. But a tiger slinks away silently, and though the men assured us that they had heard a growl, we attributed the noise to a deer and returned to the village, feeling that, however much game there might be in the country, tracking was out of the question, so dense and pathless was the jungle.

Rain had now poured steadily for several days, turning the roads into sluices, which rendered the journey to the next post, Janing, exceptionally trying; to take a bullock-cart through that wilderness of mud was out of the question. We learned, how-

THE "OUTFIT"

ever, that government elephants might be secured from the British Resident at Janing; and trusting to be able to send them back for the luggage, we set out to cover the twenty-odd miles on foot. This was no easy task; the highway had become a veritable quagmire into which one sank at every step, and since we had neglected to carry sufficient drinking water, thirst came on with painful intensity. Darkness found us with our bearings completely lost, as we had missed the right road and taken one which apparently led nowhere; we were much too fatigued by the twenty-two mile tramp to hope to reach Janing, and the prospect of a night in the open jungle, with no means of guarding against the beasts which might happen to be there, was not pleasing. But by good chance we stumbled upon the small village of Kwala Kinering, where an English tin miner, prospecting alone in the interior, brought tea and rice, the first food we had had since morning, and made us comfortable for the night.

It gave us somewhat of a start, however, when we learned the next day that a native had been killed and eaten by a tiger at a spot on the same road which we had passed but an hour or two earlier on the previous evening.

Janing, which we reached at noon on the following day, proved to be a pretty little town on the

bank of the great Perak River. Our stay there was rendered most pleasant by the hospitality and cheery personality of the British Resident, Mr. B. The picture made by his little white bungalow, sheltered by palm trees and surrounded by smooth green lawns, like an oasis in the dark jungle desert, its cool interior well fitted with pictures and game-heads, its library and many long, comfortable cane lounging-chairs, is one which I shall not soon forget. Whether such comforts can make up for a life of almost absolute loneliness, so far as intercourse with white men is concerned, is a question which only a man's personal character can decide; many of these officials, their wives and children at home, remain for years up in the interior of the countries they labor in, without a holiday, with almost never the sight of a white man's face, and few indeed with the comforts I have described, their whole nature absorbed in their work, all their sympathies centred in their black charges, whom they doctor, teach, and govern. It is a true labor of love and patriotism this, and one worthy of admiration. Mr. B.'s face lighted with affection and pride when he spoke of the men he worked among; perhaps, after all, there are better things in the world than creature comforts.

On the day after our arrival the whole village,

WILD BOAR SHOOTING IN MALAY

including the police force, was turned out to beat pig for us, — perhaps, for the sake of the uninitiated, I should say, to drive wild boar. While we stood at short distances apart, on a jungle path, the natives formed in a long line and came down a hillside yelling at the top of their lungs, beating tin pans and setting off fire-crackers, making indeed a pandemonium before which the heart of the most intrepid boar might well have quailed. The sportsman stands in a little clearing, his gun cocked and he well on the alert; the din approaches, there is a rustle in the bushes, and what appears to be a black torpedo shoots like a thunderbolt across the path. For the first few times the hunter then gradually recovers his breath and uncocks his still undischarged rifle, the boar being by this time several miles away and still going strong. Occasionally the animal, happening to emerge exactly where the expectant sportsman is standing, makes a bolt between his legs, and the hunter, being unable to shoot accurately while turning a somersault in the air, thus also loses his game. However, with a little experience, he learns to judge where the boar will appear, and to catch him in midair as he springs across the path.

While we were shooting, the Resident of the neighboring district happened to call at Janing, and not

finding a single inhabitant in or near the village, came to the obvious conclusion that an earthquake had swallowed up the entire population.

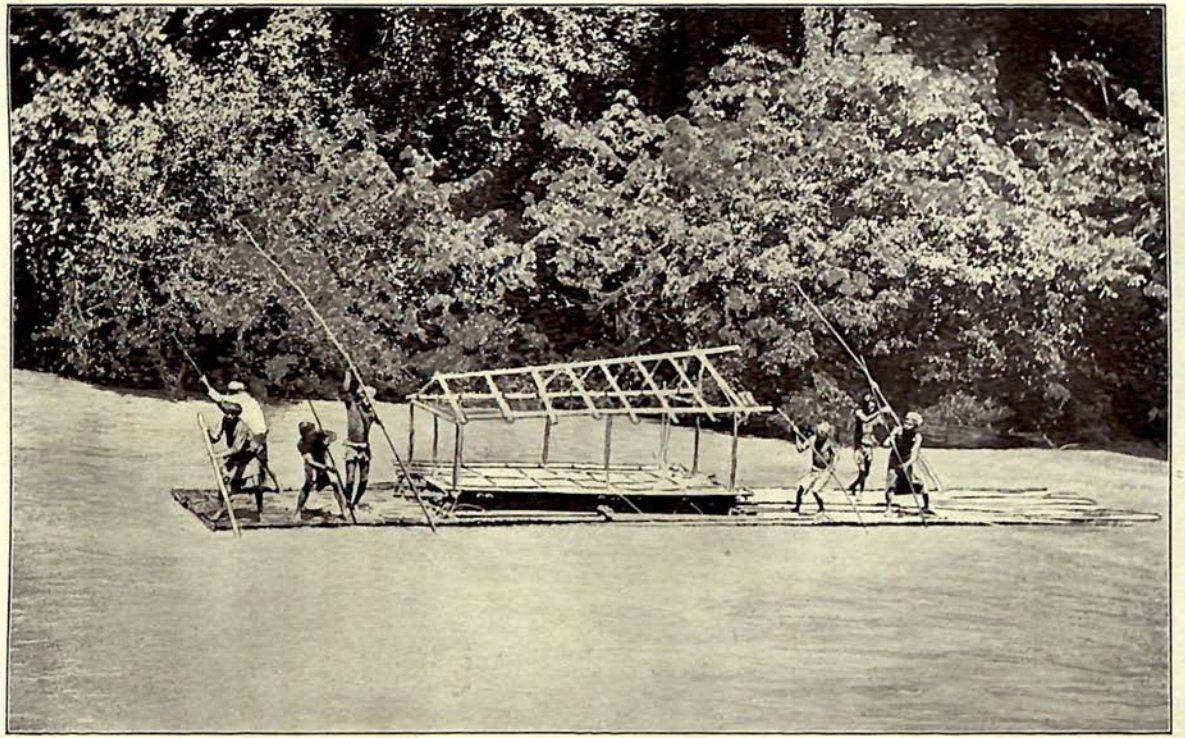
Mr. B. had most kindly sent back government elephants for the luggage, and on their return proposed that we should take them on to the next post, Grik, where others could probably be hired from the natives. This suggestion we gladly accepted, and on a clear sunny morning, which contrasted cheerfully with the previous downpour, set out with five elephants and a baby elephant accompanying its mother. The jungle was at its best that morning; the foliage, from the refreshing rains, was of the most vivid green and sparkled in the sun; on many trees and shrubs rich orchid-like flowers were in full blossom, while among them darted birds of all descriptions, surpassing in the brilliancy of their plumage and sweetness of note any that I have seen in other lands. Occasionally a troop of chattering monkeys swung by us overhead, pausing to regard us with curiosity, and to hurl down twigs and bits of bark as they passed; the whole jungle-world was full of movement and life, every bird and animal apparently drinking in with pure enjoyment the glorious freshness of the sunshine after rain.

A source of continuous amusement to us were the antics of the baby elephant. You have seen a kitten

career madly around after its tail, or a puppy tumble over itself in paroxysms of playfulness; but have you ever witnessed an elephant at the tender age of six months expressing its uncontainable spirits? I assure you there is nothing more excruciatingly funny. To begin with, he suddenly charges a bamboo thicket, butting down great trees as carelessly as though they were cornstalks; these fall across the way, together with a small avalanche of rotten boughs, placing your life distinctly in jeopardy and causing you to wonder anxiously whether in the event of a dearth of bamboo you yourself may not be selected as a substitute. He then tears up a large sapling by the roots, breaks it in pieces, and hurls the bits in every direction, while you vainly attempt to dodge the missiles. Tired of this pastime, you will observe him surreptitiously filling his trunk with the semi-liquid mud by the roadside, which he appears to have swallowed until a sudden carefully aimed jet covers you from head to foot. The next moment he is trotting docilely by his mother's side, his whole being radiating innocence and defying calumny. Perhaps the most amusing episode in our baby's infinite variety of entertainment was once when, fording a brook, he slipped on the muddy bank and landed on his back in midstream, where he lay with his legs waving absurdly

in the air, as helpless as an overturned beetle. The fond parent, seeing his predicament, was obliged to return and support him until he could regain his feet.

The glorious sunshine of the morning was not to last. Toward noon the clouds rolled up, and soon it was pouring in tropical torrents; frequently we had to ford rivers up to our waists in water, while the road, from the mud and pools, became almost impassable. As my feet had become sore from the gravel which chafed in my shoes at every step, I mounted an elephant, and for five hours endured the uncomfortable swaying motion and the chill of the drenching rain; the others kept on, however, until at nightfall pitch-darkness found them alone in the jungle, some miles ahead of the elephants. In attempting to ford a river they got in up to their necks, and only with the greatest difficulty managed to escape being swept away by the now much-swollen current. The outlook was serious, as it was a question whether the elephants would be able to keep to the road in the darkness. Meanwhile my *gajah* had been lumbering along, while the driver belabored him continually on the head with his stick, and now and then gave him a prod with the *ankus*, all the while addressing him in a comical reproving voice as one talks to a young child. After



THE BAMBOO RAFT

dark he became frightened at the noises in the jungle, and tried to turn, but the driver kept him on with an ever-increasing volubility of epithets, and finally we met the others, who of course were delighted to find that they would not have to spend the night alone. We forded the river, reached Grik, a small kampong composed of a few little thatched huts, and turned in, wet and very weary.

Through the assistance of the penghulu of Grik, Ibrahim ben Ishmail, a bamboo hut was now built for us on a game-field some seven miles away, called Padang Sambai. These penghulus, by the way, invariably showed us the greatest courtesy and good-will, and indeed all the natives with whom we had dealings proved the recognized cheeriness and light-heartedness of the Malay character. But indolence is their vice; it is the Tamil from Madras and the Chinaman who do the work in Malay. Even in the most solitary places we were continually running across well-ordered Chinese farms; were it not for the great number of Chinamen who have settled in the peninsula, and who by their thrift and energy have established themselves in successful farming and commercial enterprises, the Malay Federated States would be very much more backward in civilization and exploitation than they are to-day.

Padang Sambai, the game-field which I have mentioned, lay in the thickest part of the jungle, approached only by a scarcely perceptible trail. We were guided there by some hunters from the Sakai hill-tribes, who had put in an appearance at Grik the night before our departure. These were truly remarkable specimens of humanity, — short of stature, wild-looking, and stark naked except for a narrow loin-cloth. They went ahead through the thickest jungle, absolutely noiselessly, and at a pace which quickly exhausted us, over logs, through streams, and always in mud nearly up to our knees. The hut was found to be nearly finished, several natives having been working on it for some days — a bamboo floor raised three feet off the ground, and covered by a roof of cleverly interwoven leaves which proved to be quite waterproof. Fortunately it was near the river, where, in spite of Ahmed's warning to look out for alligators, we at once indulged in a refreshing swim. Our legs were in a bad way from the elephant-leeches, which attach themselves when one is tramping in the jungle; the exhilaration of walking prevents one's feeling the bite, so they stay there and continue to suck the blood, soon becoming three or four times their natural size. Even with carefully wound putties I found it difficult to keep them out; they attach themselves when

extremely minute, and succeed in getting inside in spite of all precautions. Eight were on my legs from this one walk, leaving sores which bled badly; and others were found to have dropped on us from the trees, and actually crawled down our necks without being felt. Black scars result from the bites, and remain for years.

Our stay at Padang Sambai soon proved the uselessness of the trip so far as the shooting was concerned, and in fact led us to abandon all idea of going into Pahang; for day after day the rain poured with a dreary and dispiriting persistency. This great open game-field, with its tall grass, ponds, and marshes, was all marked up with the tracks of wild elephant and seladang. Yet morning and evening, day after day, we waited and watched to no purpose. Every animal, with the exception of a few deer, had effectually disappeared from the country. A few shots at these deer were small recompense, and I found that shooting from the back of an untrained elephant, which at the report of the gun tries to imitate a bucking broncho, is anything but conducive to accuracy.

It was finally decided to build a raft here on the Perak River, and to float down its course instead of crossing into Pahang. Seven natives were put to work, and in a few days had made, with no material

but bamboo, a very ingenious construction. Some twenty pieces of bamboo, about thirty feet long, had been lashed together with bamboo thongs, and upon these, in the centre, was a raised platform about fifteen by six feet. A light frame supported the tent and fly as a covering over this. Not a single nail had been used in the construction.

The trip down river would have been thoroughly delightful had it not been for the rain. As it was, the mornings were bright and warm, and the river-banks, as we floated leisurely past, were always full of interest. As on our journeys through the jungle, gorgeously colored birds kept flying and singing around us; the shores were here and there lined with banana and other fruit trees, in which monkeys played and squabbled, and occasionally we passed a little kampong, half hidden in the foliage, with natives working and babies sprawling on the thresholds of the huts.

In one place we had to go over a rather formidable set of rapids, which our paddlers had been discussing for days beforehand, and which apparently caused them some apprehension. The *barang*, or luggage, was carefully lashed, a huge steering paddle constructed in the stern, and, with paddlers and polers at their posts, we pushed out into the stream. As we drifted toward the first pitch, the pilot, a gray-

headed officious old man, took a charm from his turban and threw it at a big rock in mid-stream, crying out a prayer to the river spirit to see us safely through. There were four pitches, each successive one a little worse than the last; and as we went over them the old man appeared to go mad; he leaped from side to side, brandishing his bamboo pole quite uselessly in the air, and yelling as though he were possessed of devils, beating the poor coolies, who were doing all the hard work, on the back as he did so. They were all shouting, too, and when on the last pitch the flood rushed over the platform on which we were sitting, they also seemed to lose their heads and rushed about the raft like a stampeded herd of cattle. To a spectator on the bank the sight must have been a ludicrous one.

At another spot the fresh seladang track of which I have spoken was found on the bank; and as it was evidently but a few hours old, we followed it for hours through the worst tangle of underbrush it has ever been my lot to encounter. When we were so close that the water in the animal's hoof-prints was still muddied, the trackers who had accompanied us refused to continue nearer; an Englishman had not long since been killed by a bull seladang in the same country, and the accident had left too serious an impression on the natives'

minds. We ourselves followed on, but the seladang had moved swiftly, and at dark we were obliged to turn back, bleeding all over from scratches and leech-bites.

The remainder of the trip was a disheartening story of rain, rain, rain. Occasionally a night was spent in some native's hut on the bank, where we slept on wooden shelves in opium-thickened atmosphere; but as a rule things were made as comfortable as possible on the raft. At the best, we slept in pools of water, with mosquitoes biting ceaselessly, and rivulets from the soaked canvas dripping on our faces.

Of course, after this continual subjection to the bites of swamp-mosquitoes, there was but one result to expect, namely, malarial fever. Our blood must have been full of the poison when we emerged from the interior at Penang, but as yet no symptoms of what awaited us had developed. We returned to Singapore on a little Chinese tub, the Pin Seng, which was so filthy and so swarming with vermin, that, after a single glance at the cabins which had been allotted us, we took refuge on deck and remained there throughout the voyage, without once again venturing below.

From Singapore we immediately entered Johore, the country which occupies the foot of the Malay

Peninsula. After many fruitless interviews on our part and much procrastination on his, the Sultan of Johore had finally given us permission to look for tiger in his domains, and as he himself had already shot fourteen within a radius of seven miles of his palace, the chances of success looked promising. After a few days of beating the jungle, which resulted in bringing out innumerable pig but not a sign of tiger, Perry decided to abandon the quest in favor of the wilder regions of Borneo, Wheeler and I promising to follow him in another fortnight. During the next few days we were on foot from morning till night, soaked to the skin one moment and baked dry by the glaring sun the next. There was some excitement in waiting on a narrow path while the dogs and beaters approached noisily through the jungle, for there was always the possibility and the hope that a tiger might emerge within range, and indeed fresh spoor had been found almost at once after Perry's departure.

Then one morning a sudden end was put to my hopes of success. For the past week I had had continual headaches, and at times had found myself almost incapable of standing. When finally my temperature was taken, it proved to be so high that no further doubt as to the presence of fever existed, and I was obliged to start ignominiously for the

coast, in a hammock swung from the shoulders of four coolies. Eventually, under the care of a Singapore physician, the fever was temporarily mastered; Wheeler, who had been unsparing in his kindness and assistance, returned to Johore, and I, under doctor's orders, sailed on November 27 for the more healthful climate of Northern India.

CHAPTER III

IMPRESSIONS OF NORTHERN INDIA: BOMBAY, JAIPORE, AMBER, AGRA

WHEN we started on our trip around the world we had had no intention of doing much stereotyped sight-seeing, simply because the wilds and a gun had appealed to us much more strongly than the beaten track of tourists and a guide-book. But now the fever had put me out of action, so far as shooting trips were concerned, for several months at least, and it seemed that I could not better improve this period of convalescence than by jogging across Northern India and visiting some of her more famous cities. Accordingly, on reaching Ceylon after the Malay trip, I went ashore only long enough to rebook my passage to Bombay, and continued up the coast on the P. & O. S. S. Massilia, which had brought me from Singapore. The journey across India was a thoroughly pleasant one, and notwithstanding the numberless times it has been written up before, I am tempted to jot down a few of the purely personal impressions received in that fasci-

nating country. For I know of no land that can compare with it in point of architectural, historic, and human interest, and no country that repays so well a trip of sight-seeing and study.

As one looks back at Bombay, one remembers first of all that splendid seaside drive out to Malabar Point, through the hot, spice-laden atmosphere, where the fashionable carriages of Bombay society dodge in and out among the lazy, swaying bullock-carts, and the rich Parsee dashes in state past his toiling low-caste brethren. One remembers it first of all because it leads one past the Towers of Silence; and gruesome as is their character, the Towers of Silence, with their surrounding woods, lawns, and gardens, have no counterpart. The system which goes on within those ivy-covered walls, which from their aspect suggest to the visitor some grim mediæval fortress, is as admirable as it is startling. One of the chief tenets of the Parsee religion is that fire, earth, and water, being sacred, must not be polluted by contact with putrifying flesh, so that their mortal remains may not be burned, buried, or thrown into the sea. Hence the bodies of their dead are taken and placed reverently upon marble slabs within these circular battlements — there being three concentric circles, for the bodies of men, women, and children respectively.

Upon these battlements are perched some five hundred vultures, waiting only for the pall-bearers or Nasr Salars to withdraw; a few minutes suffice; the bones of the dead, cleansed of mortal flesh, are then allowed to remain until thoroughly bleached by sun and rain, when they are reverently dropped into the well which forms the centre of the circles. Here they crumble into ashes, and are borne by covered drains to four deep wells placed at equal distances outside the towers, where, by passing through sand and charcoal, they are purified before entering the ground. Rich and poor thus meet together on a final level of equality, and observe the injunction of their religion, that "Mother earth shall not be defiled."

The surrounding gardens form a cemetery, the beauty, solemnity, and peacefulness of which bear fitting tribute to the memory of the dead, and cause the sight-seeking visitor to forget, in his admiration of the reverence with which this admirable and most sanitary system is carried out, his first feeling of repulsion and the sight of the gruesome birds perched above him in attitudes of continual expectancy.

Among all the various races in the world the Parsees stand unique. Somewhere back in the dim prehistoric ages, their ancestors formed one of the greatest of Asiatic nations, having their home in

what is now Persia, where they ruled in magnificence and glory. Many centuries before the opening of the Christian era, their religion was founded by Zoroaster — a monotheistic faith based on the enlightened principle of a single right-loving deity, the maker, preserver, and ruler of the universe, and teaching the advanced doctrine of the resurrection of the body. When, in the seventh century, A. D., the Persian Empire was destroyed by the Saracens, and the great mass of the nation forced to adopt Islamism, a small number still adhered to the Zoroastrian faith, and in order to escape persecution fled into the Persian province of Korasan, whence they eventually migrated into India. To-day the number of Parsees all told scarcely reaches one hundred thousand souls, of which over seventy-five per cent are said to live in the Bombay Presidency, and nearly fifty thousand in the city of Bombay itself. The extraordinary thing is that, through all these centuries, while living in the midst of the vast all-absorbing Hindu population, this handful of people has remained unabsorbed, retaining its individuality and handing down its customs, characteristics, and religion from generation to generation in essentially the same form in which they were received from its Persian ancestors ages ago.

In point of education and business ability, the

A TYPICAL INDIAN GROUP

Parsees stand preëminently at the head of all the races of Western India, many of them being among the wealthiest merchants in India, while others have won high positions in the government, and their universal liberality is well known in Bombay, where numberless public buildings, hospitals, and colleges have been endowed by their public-spirited generosity. It is indeed greatly to their credit that the one hundred thousand followers of Zoroaster, who still tend the sacred flame, should, in spite of their numerical insignificance, play so large a part in the development of India.

The streets and buildings of Bombay may be lightly passed over, for splendid as is the "Queen of Cities," she is by no means typical of India: the hand of the Anglo-Saxon rules supreme; her great public edifices, her shops, her churches, imposing as they are, would be as much in place in London or New York as out here in the East.

Then, too, one has no great enthusiasm for a place where for a month one has been flat on one's back in bed, with a temperature somewhat too high for either convenience or safety; for the fever, which on my departure from Singapore had appeared to be cured, had on my arrival in Bombay come on again with redoubled intensity, and quickly laid me low. If these pages are ever glanced at by Mr.

William Thomas Fee, formerly American consul-general in Bombay, I wish here to express my gratitude to him for his most kindly interest in my welfare during those unpleasant weeks, and to thank him most heartily for having on his own initiative looked up and interested himself in a temporarily helpless American citizen.

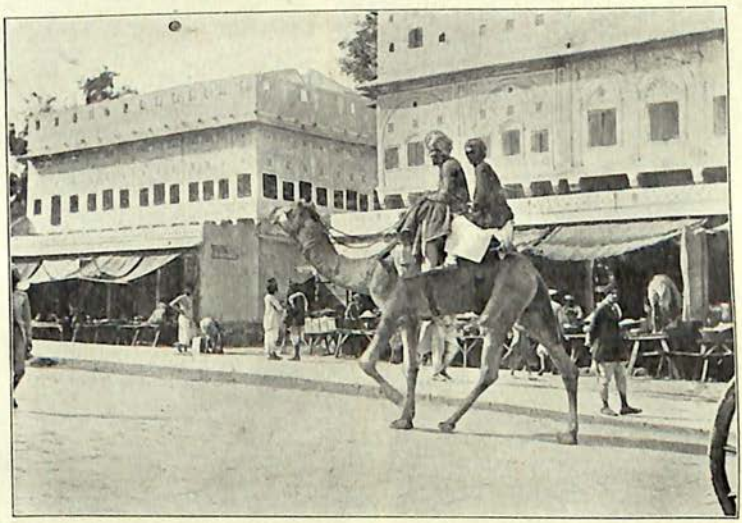
When, on December 25, after a solitary bowl of soup for a Christmas dinner, I had gathered strength enough to take the express for the north, and two days later descended at Jaipore, the principal city of Rajputana, I found myself at last in true Indian surroundings, and began to realize the fascination of that most fascinating of all countries.

Let no one labor under the delusion that India is always hot. On the morning of my arrival in Jaipore I should have been mightily glad of a fur coat. Moreover, Indian trains have a way of invariably arriving at important places at hours in keeping with the paganism of the country. The train reached Jaipore before sunrise of a bitter cold December day, and so frozen was I by the time I reached the hotel, that it was necessary to devote the hours between *chota-hazri* and breakfast to sitting close to an open fire before I was sufficiently thawed out to be capable of walking. Then, when the sun was well up, we started out to see the city.

Of all the cities of India, Jaipore, from the point of view of life and color, leaves with one the clearest and most lasting impressions. It is not the Maharaja's palace, gardens, or stables that one recalls, though they are striking, nor the Albert Museum, though that too is of the greatest interest; nor yet is it the architecture of the regular blocks of plaster houses, which is monotonous and commonplace: it is the whole city itself, the great broad-streeted, wall-inclosed city, with its ring of encircling hills and its seven great gates, hiving with life and gaiety, that impresses one with its charm. Imagine, if you can, a street of such length and breadth that the avenues of our greatest cities would appear small beside it, and two far-reaching lines of flat-topped plaster houses, colored — of all colors in the rainbow — a brilliant pink, forming with the intensely blue sky above and the reddish earth below a combination of hues which in anything but nature would jar atrociously, but which here combine in the most pleasing harmony; imagine a throng of natives of the most varied castes, continually mingling and remingling like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, every caste being represented by a distinctive color or shade of turban, and every man with some gay blanket or *lui* thrown about his shoulders; imagine a continuously passing stream

of every manner of beast of burden, — gorgeously tattooed camels and elephants, bullocks, donkeys, and water-buffaloes, goats and homeless pariah dogs innumerable, lazy sacred cows wandering across the street in utter disregard of the respectful but impeded traffic, gray apes galore swarming on the housetops, imagine all this, and add to it the noise of creaking wheels, the clang of brass cymbals, the cries of vendors, the hum of the market-place, and you will understand a little why Jaipore is fascinating.

On the morning after my arrival, we started by carriage for the deserted city of Amber, some five miles distant, which previous to the founding of Jaipore by the Maharaja Siwai Jai Singh in 1728 — due to a lack of water at his previous residence, it is said — was the capital of Rajputana. The colors of Jaipore, as we hurried through it, impressed me even more than on the day before. It was bitterly cold, and the natives squatted in circles in the road about small fires, completely hidden in their gaudy comforters. The sky seemed bluer than ever, and the pink blocks of houses stood out clearly against it in remarkable contrast. Soon we passed out of the city and down a dusty road, with ruined houses and temples, overgrown with cactus, on either side, where we were able to see the hills which rise



STREET SCENES IN JAIPORE

abruptly on three sides of Jaipore and are crowned by the ancient city wall, with fortifications and turrets at all the highest points. The carriage takes one only to the end of the level, where one is conveyed by bullock-cart or elephant up the hill to Amber. As we reached the top of the pass and started down into the next valley, the whole deserted city lay stretched before us, its houses and temples crumbling and overgrown with weeds. Above rose abruptly another hill, and on its top in imposing prominence towered the ancient palace of the Maharajas. The elephant eventually dropped us in the courtyard, whence we passed through the many halls and rooms of the palace, admiring especially the fine inlaid work of the walls, which was always the strong point of the ancient Mogul designers. It is said that an underground passage connects this palace with the one in Jaipore, six miles away; so that in former days the Maharaja, if attacked, could flee to what was then his summer country home, but this assertion I could not personally verify.

After seeing the palace and obtaining a magnificent view of Amber and the surrounding country from its topmost turrets, we descended to a live temple to Krishna, where worship was going on. The god's breakfast-bowl had just been removed

by the priest, a stalwart, clear-eyed young man, so nearly naked that I feared for the susceptibilities of the ladies I was accompanying; and a most frightful din of tom-toms and great bells was announcing the fact of the deity's repletion in a manner which, considering the desertedness of the city, seemed to me superfluous as well as painful.

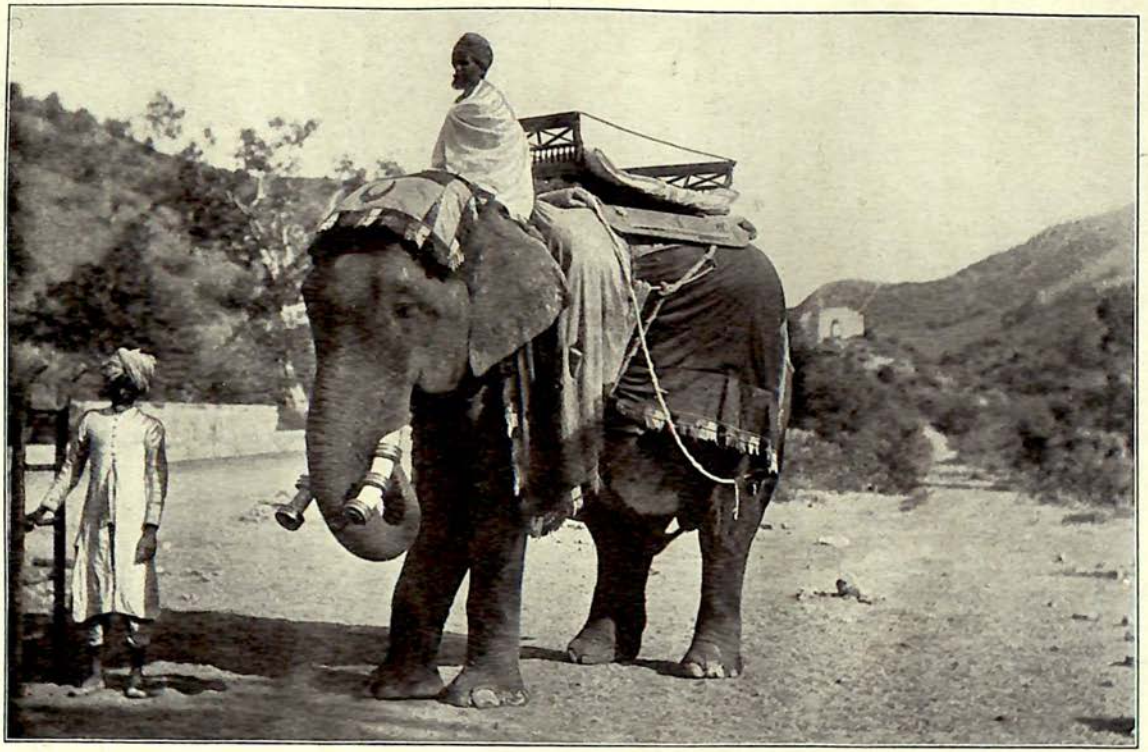
That night I departed for Agra. The compartment was all too full, and among my fellow passengers was an extraordinary individual covered with jewels, especially about his ears, in front of which the hair hung long, having with him an outfit of bow and arrows, a sword, and, of all incongruous articles, a bag of golf-clubs. My boy, James Anthony by name, informed me that he was a king, but of what, heaven only knew. The train was scheduled to go to Agra, but about one A. M., long after we had retired, James awoke me with the pleasing news that, on account of the pressure of travel northwards, the train's destination would be changed to Delhi, to accommodate the many passengers who had been unable to find accommodations on the regular Delhi express. A sigh of relief went up from the Englishmen and the "king," while I, cursing, had to dress in the cold and wait on a wind-swept station platform for the next train to Agra.

Before going to Agra, you must learn something of the ancient Mogul kings who built and beautified it, for then, besides the keen æsthetic pleasure you will have merely in beholding the works of architecture which they have handed down to posterity, you will know a little of the romances which inspired these works, and will more thoroughly appreciate the delicacy and matchless charm of their conception. For the mosques and tombs of Agra are undeniably the most beautiful monuments ever erected by man. It has well been said that the Moguls designed Titans and finished like jewellers; but they did more; they embodied in their works the delicacy, refinement, and effeminacy of the women who in almost every instance inspired their efforts, and whom in many cases their monuments were to commemorate.

The high-water mark of the Mogul dynasty lasted through the reigns of three great kings, — Akbar the Great, Jehanghir, and Shah Jehan, — and it was during these reigns that the Indian architecture reached its perfection and that the palaces, mosques, and tombs of Agra were built. Akbar's works were inspired by a woman, and his son Jehanghir's reign was a success only through his devotion to the beautiful and brilliant Nur Jehan. Shah Jehan, Jehanghir's successor, had many wives, but one

whom he loved above them all; and it is to the romance of that marriage that the world owes its possession of that one unrivalled work of architecture, the Taj Mahal. They were great and powerful men, these Moguls, and some of them were among the wisest and most enlightened of monarchs. Akbar the Great stands preëminently above them all. He reigned from 1556 to 1605, and it is said that in physical strength and prowess, personal charm, benevolence of character and broadness of views, he was the greatest of living men. But with all his strong and statesmanlike qualities he was a true artist, and it is to his refined taste and appreciation of the beautiful that we are indebted for many of India's greatest monuments. It was he who removed his capital from Delhi to Agra, and spent his life in making it the most beautiful city in India.

I spent the first day of my stay at Agra rambling through the big Fort, which was begun by Akbar, and which, always excepting the Kremlin at Moscow, is without doubt the grandest citadel in the world. It is a city in itself, being two miles and a quarter in circumference, with walls seventy feet high and thirty feet thick, and protected by a correspondingly broad and deep moat. The palace which it incloses wanders over a vast extent of ground, each succeed-



THE ELEPHANT WHICH TAKES ONE UP THE HILL TO AMBER

ing king apparently having built for himself and his wives entirely new apartments; and as there were many kings and very many wives, the halls, mosques, chambers, and secret passages of the palace seem to have no end. It is here that you first begin to appreciate the marvellous workmanship of the Mogul designers and decorators. Nothing could be more charmingly and delicately carried out than the carving of the marble walls and the inlaid work of every color of stone, — agate, jasper, lapis-lazuli, malachite, and hosts of others, — with more precious stones frequently finding place in the centre of some slab or panel. The finest precision, the most perfect taste, the truest artistic touch, is universally evident in their work and reminds one continually of the mosaics of Italy.

This is especially marked in the apartments set aside for the Sultan's zenana. The ladies of the court had little liberty in those days, but their prison, if it could be called such, was made as beautiful and attractive as taste and money could accomplish. They could sit in their rooms high up above the battlements of the fort, and, protected by lace-like marble screens, could look out over the city and watch the busy life below. They had courtyards for walking, and gardens and great fountain-baths, all laid out high above the public

part of the palace, and all carefully shut off from the sight of man, save for the Sultan and the eunuchs who guarded them.

Of course these palaces seem a little bare now and give no impression of the comfort and luxury which we know the Mogul kings loved above all else. But one must let his imagination rove a little, and picture the halls and chambers furnished, as they must once have been, with magnificent Persian carpets and thick curtains and draperies, beautiful tapestries, luxurious divans and cushions, and soft rugs to deaden the sound of feet on marble floors, which now echo rather mournfully through the corridors. History tells us, too, that the sultans and their wives dressed in unimagined splendor, that their robes were of the finest silk and satin and embroidered with gold, and that they wore jewels of untold value. It is not surprising that the apartments of their palaces should seem unending; in the zenanas alone the sultanas had five thousand women around them, including representatives of every profession and trade, — artists, musicians, seamstresses, embroiderers, hair-dressers, cooks, and innumerable other servants, besides the wives themselves and some three hundred concubines. When you add to this the number of the Sultan's suite and servants, and the soldiers who guarded the palace, you can

imagine to some extent the proportions of a building which could house so vast a throng. Indeed, one needs a guide to explore the palace at Agra.

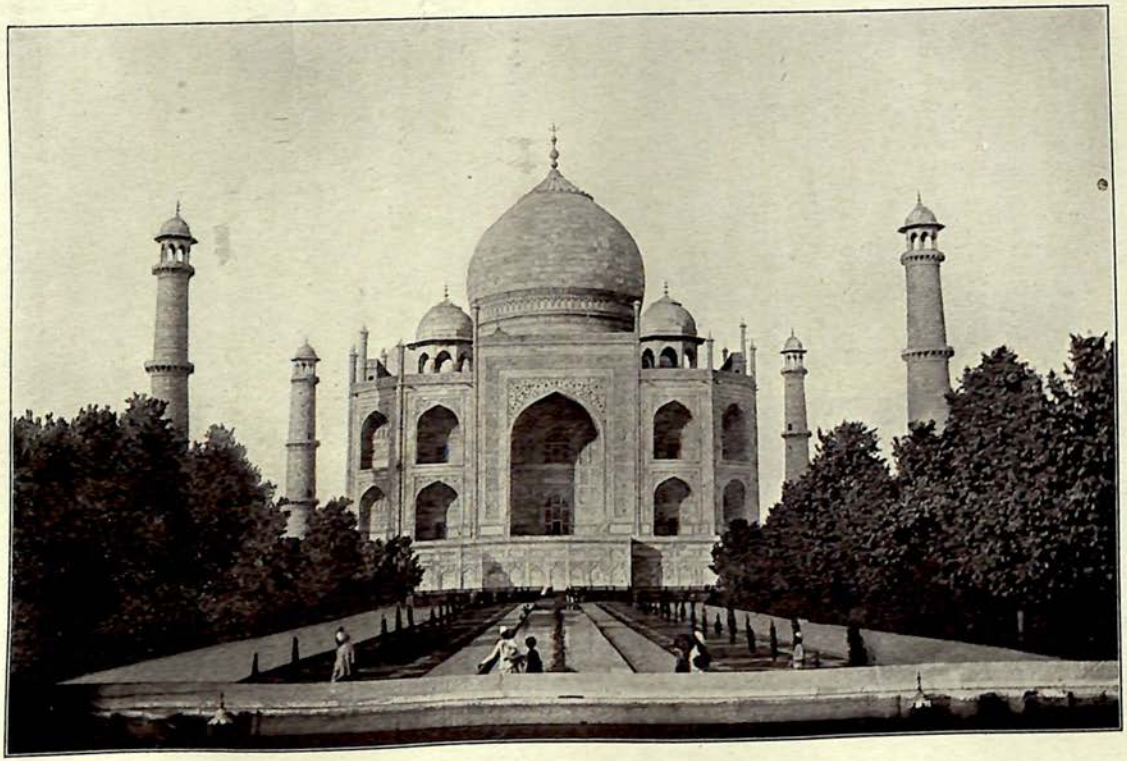
Every palace has its private chapel, and the palace of Akbar is no exception to the rule; but no king ever knelt to pray in a more beautiful spot than the interior of the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, at Agra. It is the most exquisite little building of its kind in existence; the marble of which it is constructed is of the purest white, without flaw or tint, inlaid here and there with verses from the Koran in precious stones or black marble. The roof, which bears three domes and innumerable minarets, is supported by graceful marble arches, the western side of the mosque, which looks toward Mecca, being open and facing on a courtyard where, in a great marble tank, the faithful performed their ablutions before going to prayer.

Akbar himself sleeps in a beautiful mausoleum on the road to Delhi from Agra. At the head of his cenotaph stands a marble column, finely carved, and in the centre of the top is a rough hole, the presence of which, considering the flawlessness of its surroundings, is a cause for surprise. It once was filled by what was then the greatest diamond in the world, the Kohinoor, which the Emperor Jehanghir had had imbedded there after Akbar's death, in

order that it might be admired by the thousands of people who made pilgrimages to his father's grave. It remained there untouched for seventy-one years, guarded only by the single attendant of the tomb. Only in 1737, when the Shah of Persia invaded India, and sacked the palaces and tombs of the Moguls, was it carried away, eventually to find its way to England, where it is now one of the chief jewels in the British crown.

On the day following my exploration of the Fort and Palace, I crossed the River Jumna to the tomb of Itimad-ud-Daulah, which is one of the masterpieces of Mogul architecture. Itimad-ud-Daulah was the prime minister of Akbar; from an obscure Persian traveller he had been raised to the highest office in the Empire, and he filled it with ability and wisdom until his death. His daughter was that brilliant and beautiful lady, Nur Jehan Begam, the Sultana of Jehanghir, who became not only empress in her own right, but the most powerful influence in the East as well, and who, during her husband's reign, controlled the destinies of all India. It was she who built the famous mausoleum which bears her father's name and which was erected to his memory.

The tomb of Itimad-ud-Daulah lies in a garden on the bank of the River Jumna, a mile and a half from



THE TAJ MAHAL

the city, and from it can be seen the domes and minarets of the Taj. Like the Taj it is built of the purest white marble, almost every square inch of which is inlaid with colored stones. The towers which rise at the four corners are of the most graceful design, and around the top of the tomb, inclosing the towers and the central pavilion, runs a perforated marble screen of the most delicate lace-like structure. Inside are the tombs of Itimad-ud-Daulah and his wife, and in chambers opening from the central one repose the remains of five members of his family.

But let us turn to the supreme centrepiece of Agra's architecture. Shah Jehan, as I have said, had one wife whom he loved above them all. This good woman, whose name has come down to us as Mumtaz-i-Mahal, "The Pride of the Palace," made her husband happy for eighteen years, during which time, it is said, he had no other wife, and finally died in giving birth, history tells us, to her fourteenth baby. The following year Shah Jehan began the building of the Taj Mahal, which means "The Crown of the Palaces," and for eighteen years kept twenty thousand unpaid workmen employed upon his wife's memorial. The original architect is not known, but among the designers were a Frenchman, an Italian, and a Persian, showing that the best

talent of the world was brought to assist in its construction. Finally, in 1648, the work was finished, and when Shah Jehan died, his body was placed beside that of his wife in pure white marble tombs, sheltered from the untempered light outside by a screen of beautiful pierced marble tracery, which allows the reflection of the glaring Indian sun to sift gently into the interior of the mausoleum, and insures by day a perpetual twilight in keeping with the solemnity of the surroundings.

It was fitting that the Emperor should have commemorated the perfect love of his marriage with a monument to which alone, even to-day, the word perfect may be applied, — perfect in proportion, perfect in detail, perfect in the exquisite beauty, grace, and delicacy of its conception. It is useless to attempt to describe the Taj; poets have raved over it during the centuries of its existence, prosaic guide-books have set down its dimensions and enumerated its cupolas and minarets, innumerable photographers and painters have reproduced its form. But neither pen nor camera nor brush has ever been able to convey the faintest impression of its true beauty, the gracefulness of its design, the softness of its symmetry, the delicacy of its decoration. Mr. W. E. Curtis, in his book on "Modern India" sums it up in a particularly pleasing figure:

"One might as well attempt to describe a Beethoven symphony," he says, "for if architecture be frozen music, as some poet has said, the Taj Mahal is the supremest and sublimest composition that human genius has produced."

When you drive through the wood which leads to its entrance, pass under the red sandstone gateway, and stand at last in the gardens which surround the tomb, you will perhaps not at first appreciate its full value. You will regard it from each corner of the gardens, and then enter to examine the mural decorations and the pierced marble screens and the cenotaphs, of which as usual the more imposing imitation ones lie above, and those which actually hold the bodies of the Emperor and his wife in a sepulchral chamber below. But only when you have finished examining its details, have seated yourself on one of the benches in the garden before its eastern face, and there, hour after hour, in the peacefulness and silence of the surroundings have let the effect of the tomb impress itself upon your senses as a whole, while the fading afternoon sunlight slowly shifts the lights and shades and varies the tints upon its flawless marble, — only then will you wholly understand why the Taj Mahal is called the most beautiful of all buildings.

CHAPTER IV

IMPRESSIONS OF NORTHERN INDIA: CAWNPORE, LUCKNOW, BENARES

THE scene changes wholly when you move from Agra to Cawnpore; from the lavish days of the Moguls you pass over a couple of centuries to a time when India had come under British control, and you are appalled to remember that those few months which made Cawnpore famous were not back somewhere in a half-veiled mediæval era, but were in the lifetime of our own fathers. You find yourself in imagination living through those dark days of 1857; and as the guide leads you from landmark to landmark, you picture all too vividly the scenes of outrage which took place on that cheerless sun-scorched landscape but half a century ago. The architecture has changed too; mausoleums, mosques, and palaces have vanished, and in their place your eye is held only by two quite modern edifices. One is a little red-brick chapel, such as you would see in an English village, and the other a marble statue representing the Angel of the Resurrection, clasping

THE ANGEL OF THE RESURRECTION

Memorial over the Massacre Well at Cawnpore

two palm° branches across her breast, and surrounded by a marble gothic screen, which stands in such a grove as might skirt some cemetery at home. The church is dedicated "To the Glory of God and in memory of more than a thousand people who met their deaths hard by betwixt 6th June and 15th July, 1857"; the monument, "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhundu Pant, of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the XVth day of July, MDCCCLVII." Both commemorate the most terrible massacres of the Indian Mutiny, which have made Cawnpore undoubtedly the saddest spot on earth.

It is difficult to imagine a more desolate and pathetic landscape than the scene of these unparalleled tragedies. An empty, brown, sun-baked plain extends in all directions; one scarcely can find shade from the scorching Indian sun, and a fine burning dust fills the atmosphere. It was in the midst of this shadeless plain that the British garrison, composed largely of women and children, held out for over three weeks in the middle of summer, under continuous fire from the rebel troops.

The siege began on June 6. Sir Hugh Wheeler,

in command of the British, had thrown up five-foot intrenchments about the cantonment and had lodged therein some eight hundred persons, of which number the wives and children of soldiers and civilians formed a large percentage. These were gathered in two bungalows in the centre of the intrenchments, which, during the three weeks of the siege, were pounded day and night by the grape-shot and cannon-balls of the rebels. Their rations consisted of a handful of flour and split peas daily, increased only when some horse or dog strayed into the cantonment, and they suffered fearfully from thirst, their only water being drawn from the well outside by brave men who took turns in sacrificing their lives to alleviate the pain of the women and children within.

Finally, on June 25, the Nana offered to those who would surrender a safe journey down the river. They marched to the Ganges, this ragged, half-starved band, and there, from the steps of a washing ghat, prepared to enter the thatch-covered boats which lay in readiness for their passage to freedom. The oars were in the locks and the native crews sat ready to man them. After their weeks of anxiety and suffering the thought that their troubles were past and that now, after all, they were to see home and friends once more, must have given them a

moment of actual joy such as they had never expected to experience again. Major Vibart, now in command since the wounding of General Wheeler, stood with his staff to the left of the ghat; the Nana was on the right. Apparently no other human beings were present to witness the commencement of their journey.

But if they could have looked behind the walls of the ghat and through the brush that skirted the river-banks, if they could have had but one glimpse of the cannon trained upon the boats which they were about to enter, and the rows of silent rebel soldiers waiting for a signal from their chief, who knows in what respects the history of Cawnpore might have been altered. The men still had their arms, and desperation lends might even to the few. They would at least have died in action.

But this was not to be. There was no reason to doubt the Nana's good faith. Up to the beginning of the siege he had professed friendship for the British, and it was but rational to suppose, either that he was now repentant, or that policy was prompting him to friendly action. The boats were entered, and the word given by Major Vibart to shove off. At that moment a bugle sounded, there was a flash from the bank, and volley after volley of ball and bullets was poured into the helpless mass of English

men and women below. They tried to push off from the sand-bar, but the crews had unshipped the oars and plunged with them to safety just before the signal was given. Three only of the boats managed to swing out into the river, two of which grounded and their occupants were quickly killed by grape and bullets. The third drifted out of sight downstream. The male passengers of the other boats were slaughtered to a man, the soldiers rushing into the water and dispatching those who tried to swim away.

The one hundred and twenty women and children who remained alive, many of them, be it remembered, being the wives of British officers, who had never known a day's hardship in their lives, were taken by the Nana back to the cantonment over the same scorching road which an hour before they had thought was leading them to liberty, and placed in a small bungalow with two rooms twenty by ten feet, a couple of servants' rooms at the back, and a verandah running along the front. Here they were confined for ten days, with others who had been captured about Cawnpore, — two hundred and eleven of them, of whom but five were men, — locked up in a house scarcely large enough to accommodate a single family. There was no bedding and they were fed on unleavened bread and lentil

HINDUS

A HINDU WATER-CARRIER

soup. Twenty-eight died in those ten days, and they were fortunate, for they escaped the last act of the tragedy of Cawnpore, which was the most terrible of all.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of July 10 it was decided that the entire number of prisoners should be put to death. The Nana sent for the men and had them shot down in his presence. Then he directed his Sipahis to shoot the women and children through the doors and windows of the house. Apparently they possessed the one remaining spark of humanity which he lacked, for they refused. They were threatened with death at the cannon's mouth, but even then they purposely avoided aiming at their wretched victims. The Nana laughed and sent to Cawnpore town for butchers to come with their knives, and the massacre was accomplished. In the morning three women could still speak and several children were unharmed. They were taken, the dying with the dead, and thrown into the well before the house. And when Havelock's column arrived the next morning, it was one day too late.

It is interesting to follow the course of the single boat which escaped from the Massacre Ghat and drifted down the Ganges, for it was four of that indomitable crew who alone out of all the eight hundred of the siege reached safety and carried the

story of Cawnpore to the outside world. The boat's rudder was shot away, and without oars steering was impossible; but by noon it had drifted out of range of the Nana's guns. Infantrymen followed it along the bank, firing whenever it swung within range. At night it stranded on a sand-bank, and a burning boat was sent down, which however missed its mark. Then flights of arrows tipped with red-hot charcoal were tried, and the British were obliged to throw overboard the now burning thatched top which alone had protected them from the sun's fearful intensity. The following day was spent in desperate efforts to dislodge the boat from the sand-bars on which it continually became wedged; a heavy fire was still kept up from the bank, both Major Vibart and Captain Moore, who had been the executive officer and the leading figure for bravery during the siege, being wounded while at work in the water. At sunset a boat containing sixty armed rebels approached, but with extraordinary spirit the British rushed upon them and completely routed the entire band, leaving few alive to escape. On the following day Lieutenants Thomson and Delafosse, with Sergeant Grady and eleven privates, waded ashore to drive back the rebels who were firing from the bank. When they returned to the river the boat had disappeared. It

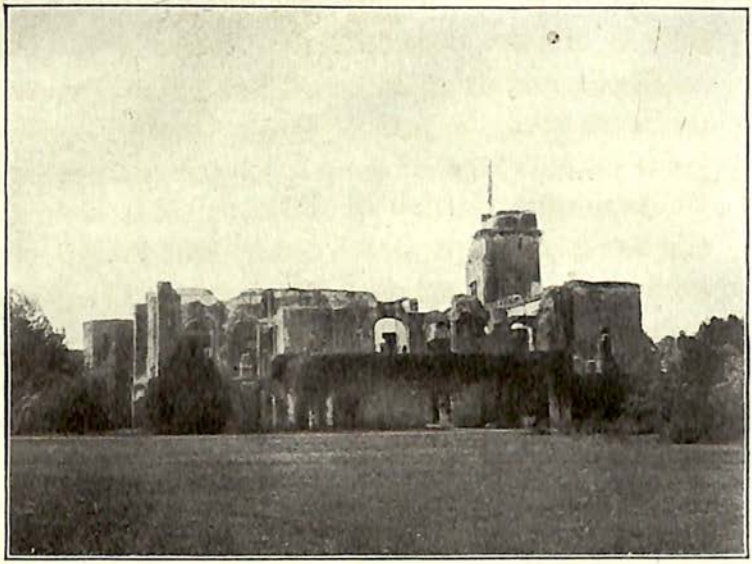
was eventually captured, and the eighty occupants returned to Cawnpore, the men, and one woman who refused to leave them, being immediately shot, while the women and children were sent to the bungalow to join the other survivors of the ghat massacre.

Meanwhile the little band of thirteen on shore wandered along the bank, with bare heads and feet, and continually under fire from natives who however dared not close in, till they came to a large body of rebels in front of a temple on the bank. Troops were posted on the opposite shore to shoot them down should they attempt to swim. They were completely surrounded. Thomson gave the order to rush the temple, which they did with success; Sergeant Grady, however, being killed as he entered. The men then kneeled in the doorway behind their bayonets, on which the foremost rebels, pushed forward by those behind, fell transfixed and formed a rampart of bodies to shield the remaining British soliders. Every method was taken to dislodge the remaining twelve; undermining the temple failed; then the natives attempted to set fire to the building with burning fagots, without success. Finally bags of gunpowder were thrown on the embers, over which the British charged with their bare feet, and by means of their bayonets seven of them succeeded

in reaching the river-bank. They plunged into the water, where two more were shot and one, giving up exhausted, was beaten to death on the bank. But Thomson and Delafosse and privates Murphy and Sullivan, naked and passing several alligators on the way, swam and floated for three hours, when they finally came to a friendly village, where, exhausted from hunger, fatigue, and suffering, they were kindly treated and eventually conducted to safety. Thus only four out of eight hundred escaped.

That is the story of Cawnpore. As you wander through the intrenchments and down to the Massacre Ghat, it is difficult to imagine the events which took place on that quiet landscape. To-day it has an air of peace and solemn calm, as if the place were in perpetual mourning, the cause for which neither time nor new-made history could ever make it forget. And when you pass to other surroundings and are looking at cheerier scenes and places, you will take away with you a little of the seriousness with which even the shortest stay at Cawnpore must permanently impress you.

Apart from its historic interest there is nothing to hold the visitor at Cawnpore; the town itself is unprepossessing; the narrow streets on which open the booths of the natives are bordered by monotonous plaster houses, and the chief impression one



THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW

THE CAWNPORE BAZAAR

gets is of dust everywhere — on the trees, on the buildings, and especially on the natives. One must go farther East to find Kipling's "cleaner, greener land," and as for the "neater, sweeter maiden," the Punjabi lady can hardly claim to share that distinction with her Burmese sister. But Lucknow as a city is very much more imposing. The richest Mohammedans of India live there, and they have built palaces which, though monstrosities of architecture, show that lavish wealth has been put into their construction. The city, too, is broadly laid out and is interspersed with many charming parks and gardens.

I reached Lucknow after a single day at Cawnpore, and went to a hotel which though second-rate was the best I had yet seen in India. On the following day, January 1, was celebrated the coronation of the new King, Edward the Seventh being proclaimed Emperor of India amidst a mighty salute of guns and the stirring singing of the national anthem by thousands of troops and civilians gathered on the great parade-ground. During the singing an Englishman standing near me noticed a native gentleman who, with his family, although in western dress and wearing no turban, had failed to uncover. With a "Why the devil don't you remove your hat, sir," he raised his stick and sent the man's bowler flying

to the ground. The native, without even turning to see his assailant, picked up his hat in a quiet manner and remained uncovered until the end of the anthem.

The historic interest of Lucknow centres about the Residency, which, though in ruins, gives the impression of neatness and freshness, for green lawns extend to the base of its roofless old gray walls, and well-kept parks and gardens surround it. But every square foot of the Residency and the other blackened buildings which were within the inclosure during the siege is scarred with the iron hail of battle, which during the five months of the siege of Lucknow stormed about the intrenchments of the British.

The story of Lucknow is very different from that of Cawnpore. It is a grim one, for the tale of the dead far outnumbered the losses at Cawnpore, but it is stirring from start to finish and ends in success, for the Residency neither surrendered nor was taken. Into that little cluster of buildings were gathered nearly three thousand persons; there were seven hundred British soldiers, two hundred and twenty European volunteers, seven hundred and sixty-five faithful natives, and thirteen hundred non-combatants, more than five hundred of whom were women and children. On June 30 Sir Henry

Lawrence went out to meet the army of rebels who, having finished their work at Cawnpore, were marching on Lucknow; he was defeated by overwhelming numbers, and driven back to the city, and the siege began.

The five succeeding months were thrilling ones, for the stubbornness of the garrison's resistance, the determination of the attacks and counter-attacks, the individual acts of bravery, for which many a Victoria Cross was awarded, and finally the gallantry of the struggle of the relieving force through the city, only themselves to be besieged in turn, are unsurpassed in the annals of war. At dawn on the 2d of July Sir Henry Lawrence started on a tour of inspection of the defences, encouraging the men and explaining his views for the conduct of the siege. It was very hot, and on returning to the Residency at 8 A. M. he said that he would rest for a couple of hours and then move to a safer and lower room, since his own apartment had been struck by a shell on the previous day. Half an hour later, while he was lying on his bed listening to a report by Captain Wilson, a second shell tore through the wall, knocked Wilson down, cut off the foot of a native servant, and carried away the top of Sir Henry's thigh. He appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis to succeed him in the military command, gave detailed

instructions for the conduct of the defence, calmly discussed the causes and mistakes of the Mutiny, and finally died at sunrise on the 4th, having said that he wished to be buried "without any fuss, as became a British soldier," and dictated his epitaph, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

The following weeks were occupied with continual sorties and attempts to blow up houses offering shelter to the besiegers, which in many cases were carried out successfully with the greatest daring. By September the garrison had been reduced by bullets and sickness to about one third of its original number. Cholera and smallpox were rampant, all were afflicted with scurvy, a terrible plague of flies had set in, which was increased by the unsanitary conditions of the inclosure, and the nervous strain resulting from poor food and incessant anxiety and physical exhaustion was beginning to tell cruelly on the women and children.

Meanwhile Havelock had been attempting to fight his way up from Cawnpore, but as yet with little success on account of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy through which his comparatively small force had to pass. It was on September 15 that Major-General Sir James Outram joined him, having been recalled from Persia, where he had been

GHATS AND TEMPLES AT BENARES

in command of the expeditionary force. Outram was a small, quiet man, whose gentle and polished manner covered one of the strongest characters and most dauntless spirits of the British army. His unselfish nature was shown by the order which, as Havelock's superior officer, he immediately issued to the relieving force, to the effect that he considered "the strenuous and noble exertions which Havelock had already made to save the Lucknow garrison entitled him to the honor of relieving it, and that he had decided to accompany the column in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oudh, as a private in the volunteers until the Residency was occupied." It was a praiseworthy sacrifice, for it meant giving up not only the great honor of relieving Lucknow, but also the chief share of the treasure which had been gathered in the Residency and which would go as prize money to the relievers. But he carried out his decision, following the column through the hail of lead which it encountered at every step of the last part of the way, carrying only a cane. Unfortunately, as will be seen, he later had occasion to regret his decision, and acknowledged that it was a foolish act and that sentiment had obscured duty.

The Ganges was finally crossed and the head of the column, under Brigadier-General Neill, reached

the bridge which crosses the canal on the outskirts of the city. This bridge being subjected to a heavy fire by the natives, Neill did not think it advisable to cross till the rear of the column had moved up and the order had been given by the general in command. The other officers were impatient, for a reconnoitring party had reported that the bridge might be carried, and for a moment there were murmurs of dissatisfaction. Then occurred one of those episodes which add humor even to war. Young Havelock, the general's aide-de-camp, spurred his horse and dashed back over the road towards his father's position. Halting at the first turn, however, he waited for a few moments and then came galloping back to Neill. "You are to carry the bridge at once, sir!" he said. The order was issued and Colonel Tytler, Captain Willis, and Lieutenants Havelock and Arnold immediately charged with a dozen soldiers each of their respective regiments. At the end of the bridge was a seven-foot earthwork armed with six heavy rebel guns and protected by a wide range of rebel musketry fire. Tytler and Willis were wounded, and Arnold fell shot through both thighs, while five men at his side had their right legs shot off. In a minute Lieutenant Havelock and Corporal Jacques were the only two unwounded men on the bridge. Jacques continued firing and reload-

ing as unconcernedly as at target practice, while Havelock, who was sitting on his horse at the opening of the parapet, received a bullet through his helmet. Then drawing his revolver and dropping the Sipahi who had come so near to killing him, he cheered on the men who had closed up behind him and carried the battery at the end of the bridge.

It was then that the great mistake in the approach to the Residency was made. Outram saw that to push through the streets which led directly to the besieged garrison would be to run a gauntlet of close fire from the rebels who held the houses on each side and were themselves practically protected. He would have made a detour which, as examination later proved, would have enabled the relieving force to make an almost bloodless approach to the Residency. But night was coming on and Havelock with his fiery spirit could not brook the delay. Outram would gladly have taken command and avoided what he saw would entail unnecessary and terrible slaughter, but it was now too late. The order was given, and at fearful loss the column swept forward through those lead-whipped streets. At the end of a lane a courtyard was entered at whose end was an archway, and here, while sitting on his horse steadying the column, Neill received the bullet from a rebel on the roof which ended his brilliant

career. A few moments later, having lost seven hundred officers and men in the approach to the Residency, the column breached the intrenchments of the garrison. One unfortunate incident marred the triumph of the entry. Lieutenant Aitken, on hearing the cheers of the approaching soldiers, took out a party of loyal native Bengalis to meet them; unfortunately the approaching Highlanders in their excitement took them for the enemy and promptly bayoneted three of Aitken's men. As one lay bleeding to death, realizing the fatal mistake, he said simply, "It does not matter, I die for the Government." Then the Residency was entered and grimy soldiers wrung the hands of officers' wives and embraced little children in the supreme joy of the moment of success.

But it was not until November 17 that Lucknow was effectually relieved. Havelock and Outram had entered, but they were powerless to do more. The enemy closed in again, and the relievers found themselves in turn besieged. The final honor of relieving Lucknow belongs to Sir Colin Campbell, and it was only accomplished after the garrison had held out for one hundred and forty days and had known many times over the worst things that war can bring.

THE GHATS AT BENARES

SOME OF THE GREAT PALACES AT BENARES

To my mind the great fascination about India is the continual novelty one finds as one passes from place to place. One can never become bored as is so easy in European travelling, for no two cities are ever just alike; each seems to be in a land of its own and to possess its distinctive characteristics, affording to the tourist that continual change of scene which is the greatest charm of travel. But when you pass from Lucknow to Benares you come upon a city which is so absolutely different from anything you have seen before, that you wonder whether it really belongs to our earth and is not a town in some other world, with other people, other forms of architecture, and other manners of living than we are accustomed to.

Indeed, Benares is not of our world. It comes down to us from an era thousands of years ago, when Buddha adopted it as his home and began to spread his doctrines throughout the East; but even then it was ancient as a holy city and had seen one religion after another rise and decay within its walls. It is still to-day the holiest city in India, and is the headquarters alike of Buddhism and Brahminism; to drink and bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges, which runs through it, purges the soul of sin, and to die within its precincts insures to believer and infidel alike an immediate and uncon-

ditional entry into the highest heaven. That is why the ghats along the river bank present one of the liveliest scenes to be beheld in the world, for thousands and thousands of naked natives are bathing and washing their clothes in the filthy water, and that is why the death rate of Benares is so enormous and the funeral fires along the Ganges are kept busy day in and day out; for from far and near come the aged and infirm, in all stages of illness and disease, dragging themselves to the sacred water for a last purification before passing on to a certain paradise.

On the morning of my arrival I entered a boat and rowed slowly up-stream, a few yards away from the line of ghats on which were taking place the same morning ablutions which have been performed for centuries by the followers of the Hindu gods. Never have I seen such an enlivened sight. The ghats extended along the river in apparently endless succession — great flights of stone steps descending to the water, separated here and there by some crumbling ruin fallen from above, and surmounted by tier upon tier of temples, mosques, palaces, dwelling-houses, and ancient buildings of every description, which rose in a crowded jumbled mass high above the stream below. Along the ghats themselves crouched thousands and thousands of

black naked natives, scooping up handfuls to drink, washing clothes, or submerging themselves in the filthy waters of the sacred stream.

Of all gruesome sights the burning ghats of Benares are undoubtedly the most loathsome, and they lie open to the view of every passer-by on the river. When a Hindu dies — and I have remarked on the high death rate in Benares — his body is promptly carried to one of these ghats, where, if the place be not already too crowded, it is immediately placed on a funeral pyre. If the family of the deceased be rich, the body is covered with costly silks and shawls; otherwise a simple linen sheet forms the only shroud. The fire is started, the covering quickly burns, and the body is left in full view, twitching and writhing as the fire catches and contracts its muscles. When it has been partially consumed, men with long poles rake the limbs from the ashes and push them carelessly into the river, where they are carried away down-stream in close proximity to the drinkers and bathers on the ghats below. The family will perhaps sit upon a small terrace beside the burning ghat to witness the ceremony, or the body may be accompanied only by the fire-builders. After the burning certain contractors search the ashes for jewels which may have been placed upon the deceased by relatives before crema-

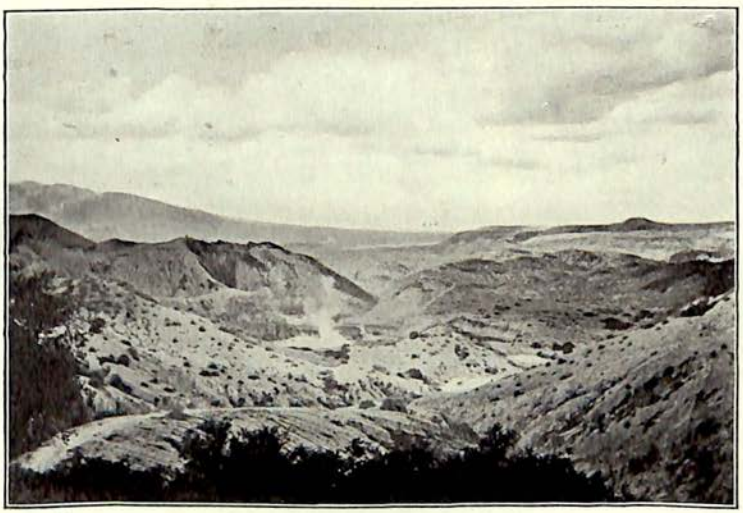
tion, and have escaped combustion. Then a new pyre is built and a few moments later another body is similarly disposed of. If the relatives cannot afford the three rupees charge which is the minimum for cremation, they simply launch their dead on the river, and the bodies go floating down the sacred stream while the bathers continue their ablutions undisturbed. At the big burning ghat I saw three funeral fires burning, while a fourth shrouded figure lay on the bank, and as I watched, a fifth was carried in on the shoulders of the undertakers and laid beside the others to wait its turn.

The greater part of the morning was spent in watching the river-side life of the city, as we rowed slowly past the ghats and the jumbled buildings behind them. One remarks especially the many imposing palaces which at the end of the succession of stone steps rise straight from the water's edge. Just as we at home own villas at the seashore or in the country, so the rich Hindu possesses his palace at Benares, where he may spend a portion of every year in holy contemplation and in sin-purging ablutions; and many of these palaces showed that vast sums had been put into their construction.

Finally I landed at one of the ghats and climbed up into the crooked, filthy little alley-ways of the town. Here one sees sights which disgust the senses

MOUNT TARAWERA AND LAKE ROTOMAHANA

New Zealand



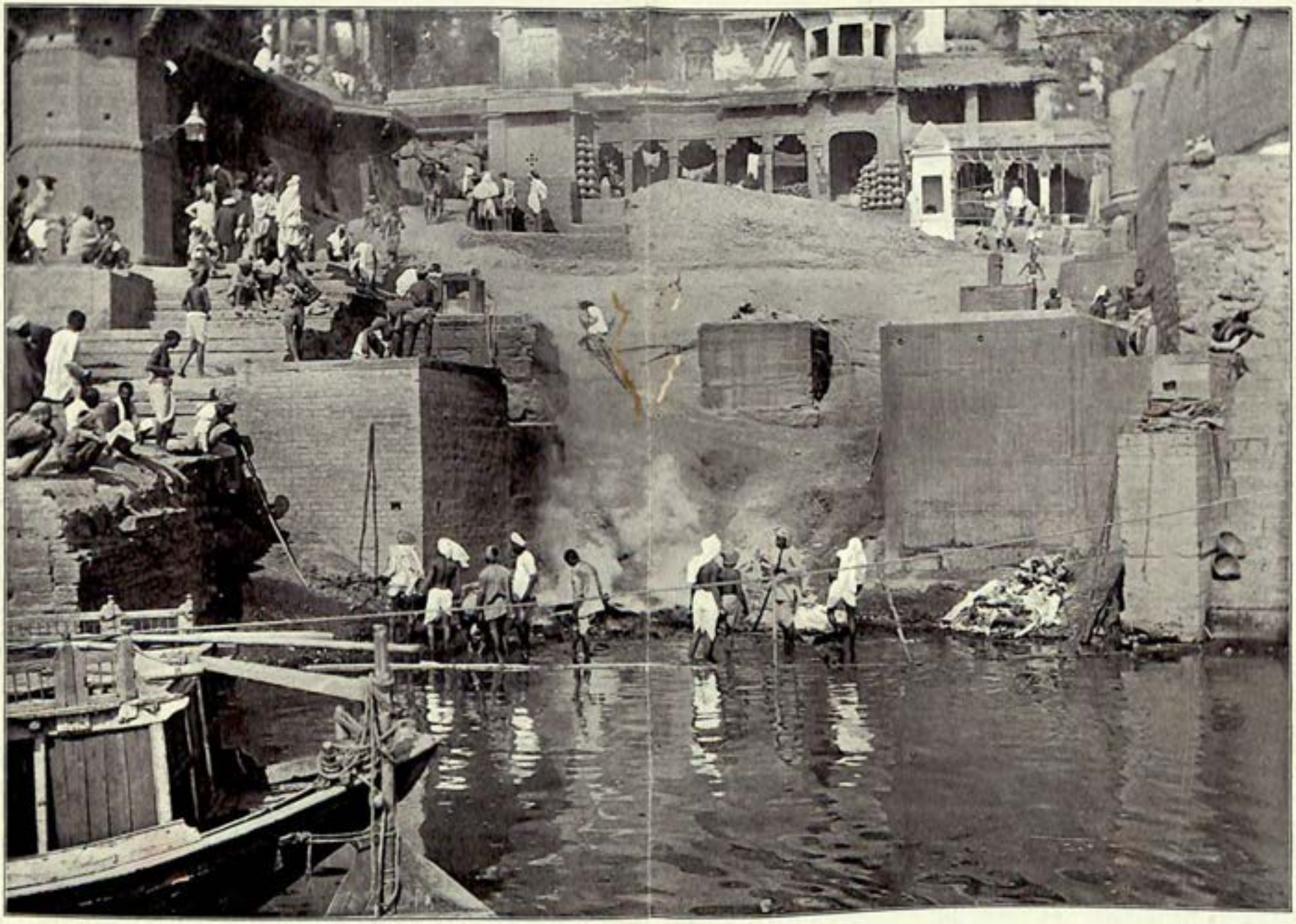
THE LAVA-FORMED COUNTRY SURROUNDING WAIMUNGU

but move the heart, for such wretchedness, ignorance, filth, and poverty as one sees at every step cannot well exist in the same degree elsewhere. At every step there is a temple to one or another of the Hindu gods; to Siva, the vicious, the cruel, or one of his horrible wives; to Vishnu, or Krishna, or to Ganesha, the elephant-headed, or to one of the thousands of other deities which are worshipped in this terrible city with the blindest and most abject superstitious awe.

There is no reverence in the Hindu worship, it is merely the propitiation of cruel, unjust gods, in order that their chronic anger may temporarily be soothed and evil thus averted. A Hindu may commit murder one moment, but by worshipping at Siva's temple and drinking at the "Well of Knowledge" the next, he obtains complete absolution; and if he dies immediately thereafter within the sacred precincts of the city, he goes at once to paradise. No wonder that in Benares disease is rife. The "Well of Knowledge" is a hole filled with stagnant, putrid water, every drop of which must be rank poison; yet an old priest is continually ladling it out to pilgrims and inhabitants alike, and day after day the crowds throng about the well for "purification" by drinking from this most filthy and infectious source.

The alley-ways which intersect the town are none too wide to accommodate the stream of passers-by; but as almost every square foot of public highway is privately appropriated progress becomes almost impossible. Here a merchant has his brass and tin wares spread upon the pavement; a little farther along, a farmer squats among his vegetables in the middle of the way; a step more and you have to pass gingerly by a barber who sits on his haunches before the employer of his services, both in the same attitude, occupying all but a fraction of the highway. Then comes a sacred bullock, wandering lazily along, bedecked with the flowers of pious worshippers; he stops to help himself casually from the vegetables and fruits of the poor but unresisting farmer, and continues his course among the wares of the merchants, which he scatters to right and left, while pedestrians edge up against the walls of adjacent buildings to give him ample room. There are many hundreds of these sacred animals in Benares, and to injure or restrain them in the pursuit of their fancies would be an act of impiety which would be visited by the utmost wrath of the protecting gods.

Filthy temples open from the alleys, as I have said, at every few steps, and within, filthy priests receive contributions of money and food for the pro-



THE BURNING GHAT, BENARES

Three bodies are in the process of cremation; a fourth lies in its shroud on the slope, while a fifth is being brought in on the shoulders of two coolies

pitiation of their respective deities. Beggars literally swarm at their thresholds: in no city of the world are the beggars so numerous and so hideously disgusting as at Benares; maimed, blind, paralyzed, diseased, they gather from every part of India and crowd before the temples where the pious will not overlook their appeals. But repulsion overcomes one's sense of pity, and prompts one to hurry past.

The hotels in Benares, fortunately, are far from this centre of filth and degradation, and great was the relief when at the end of a day of sight-seeing I returned to the pure, untainted open air. Benares had seemed to me like a great festering sore on the clean surface of the land, aggravated by the thousands drawn thither by the irresistible force of superstition, fostered by the practices carried on under the guise of religion. That this hotbed of vice, filth, ignorance, and degradation should be called the holy city of India is irony of the deepest description. On looking back at that virtueless place, if one wishes to include any pleasure in one's recollections, one must remember only the sun-sparkling waters of the Ganges, the thronging life of the ghats, and the rising mass of ancient buildings which have come down to us, some ruined, many crumbling, all jumbled one above the other in reasonless confusion, through unnumbered cen-

turies. This exterior aspect can interest, even please; but to look closer is to court disgust and sure repulsion.

From Benares I journeyed to Calcutta, and after a most pleasant visit in that delightful city, sailed on January 4 by the P. & O. S. S. Peninsula for the other side of the world.

CHAPTER V

WAIMUNGU AND THE HOT-SPRING COUNTRY OF NEW ZEALAND

IN the North Island of New Zealand, if you drive from Rotorua straight back through the scarred and roughened lava-strewn hills toward Mount Tarawera, that old volcano of such grim associations, you will come upon what appears to be a peaceful pond lying motionless in a depression among the hills. Among its dreary and barren surroundings not a living thing is to be seen; the thin steam that rises gently from its surface and from the other pools near by is the only sign of movement that breaks its stillness. From the plateau in which it is sunk rises in two directions great rugged cliffs, and these form, as it were, a natural stadium in whose arena below is enacted at intervals one of the most marvellous and sensational spectacles which the natural phenomena of the world produce. For this is Waimungu, the largest geyser in the world, but a geyser whose action resembles far more the eruption of a great volcano than it does the slender jets of

steam and water with which one usually associates the name.

When in 1886 the appalling eruption of Mount Tarawera altered the face of the whole country, leaving in its path widespread loss of human life, destruction of villages and of millions of acres of cultivated fields, New Zealanders did not realize what a mighty landmark had been given them as compensation. They could only bemoan the loss of their famous Pink Terraces, which Tarawera had so ruthlessly torn from them, and they could not foresee the monument which was then set in course of construction to commemorate that terrible June night. For Waimungu, though it was undoubtedly formed by that great upheaval, did not at once make known its birth. For fourteen years it lay quiescent slowly gathering power for the day on which it would first leap into action and proclaim its sovereignty. Suddenly, in 1900, the outburst came. The quiet pool which lies within its crater was stirred, steam rose from its surface, and with no further warning, the very bowels of the earth, as it seemed, were hurled through it into the air in one tremendous explosion. Two men prospecting for ore in that uninhabited region saw the eruption and brought back the news: Waimungu had broken loose; New Zealanders hence-

forth could boast the greatest and grandest geyser in the world.

It seems to have taken the people of Rotorua some little time to realize that from the erratic and wholly ungovernable character of Waimungu, a near approach to its crater must at all times be attended with the greatest personal risk; for although the explosions were soon found to come at average periods of thirty-six hours, irregular eruptions were of frequent occurrence, and took place without warning when least expected. As is the law with all new dangers, somebody had to be hurt and sacrificed before steps were taken to prevent the ignorant and foolhardy from venturing too near. In the summer of 1903 two girls and a guide visited the crater, and though previously warned of the risk, they stood near the brink to secure a photograph at close quarters. An eruption occurred, the pond was thrown bodily into the air to a height of some fifteen hundred feet, with enormous quantities of mud, huge rocks, and steam, the unfortunate visitors were caught by the backflow of the boiling water and swept down into the crater, from which the bodies were later recovered, terribly burned and mutilated. From that day the geyser basin was railed off in such a manner that nobody could approach near enough to incur the slightest danger.

It was but a few months before this mishap that, while staying at Rotorua in the hot spring district, my friend B. and I visited Waimungu. In those days the only warning of the risk of near approach was a small sign-board affixed to a post beside the path leading to the crater, which said simply, "Danger Limit." All questions as to the magnitude of the risk and the advisability of approaching nearer were left to the visitor himself. What could be more innocent-looking than this little pond set deep down in the rocky basin between the hills? What more unlikely than that it should choose the very moment when one was leaning over its brink, to explode? So people argued and so visitors like ourselves continued to come and approach near to its edge, little knowing that within a few short months Waimungu, like the dragon of old, was to rise without warning and levy a toll of three human lives for the privilege of beholding it breathe forth its smoke and steam. If I had fully realized at the time the extent of the danger, I doubt if I should have taken a photograph on the very edge of the crater, or have paused for some time to watch the steam and bubbles rising from the pool's surface. But Waimungu was propitious, for although it had worked the night before and we had been told that we could venture into its basin with impunity, it

exploded marvellously just five minutes after we had left the danger-zone and climbed the adjacent cliff.

The road through the hills from Rotorua toward Waimungu led us over the most desolate country: in all directions only the lava-formed, rolling wilderness was to be seen. Occasionally we passed terraces of sulphur, silica, and alum, where jets of steam or boiling mud-holes showed the volcanic nature of the land. So far as any natural earthlike features were to be seen, one might have been in the nether regions. Then, after scrambling up a steep hill to the westward of Rotorua, a superb view suddenly appeared: at our feet lay the azure surface of Lake Rotomahana, of such a blue as one sees portrayed and believes unreal, a turquoise in an old-gold setting, for the encircling mountains were bathed in the yellow haze of afternoon sunlight, and rose as tawny protectors of their charge below. Grim and foreboding in the background stood Tarawera, passive now and smokeless, brooding over her dark deeds of bygone years, dreaming perhaps of the day when power would once more be given her to rise and strike the land with terror.

From the hill beside Rotomahana we descended to Waimungu's basin. The boiling pool which occupies the centre of the crater, some three hundred

feet in width, was quite still, except for the bubbles which rose to its surface and the thin steam drifting lazily upward. We passed the danger-line, threaded our way carefully between the boiling springs, and then, climbing down into the crater, stood finally on the brink of the pool itself. One cares to remain but a moment in such a position: Waimungu had exploded during the night and was not actually due to work again for thirty-six hours; yet the thought of what would be our fate should an irregular eruption occur rendered the spot a peculiarly unattractive one and caused us to climb without delay back to the plateau and so on up to the cliff above the basin.

It was well that we did so. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed from the moment that we had stood within the crater. My camera was pointed down for a photograph from the summit of the cliff and I had made the exposure. Then, even before there was time to change the plate, the surface of the pool began suddenly to seethe, I heard B. at my elbow shouting, "My God, man, the thing's going off!" But his voice was quickly drowned in the fearful uproar that immediately ensued. For Waimungu was in eruption; the formerly placid pond was shot in one terrifying blast into the air far above our heads, black water, black mud, black rocks, and following them with the hissing of a thousand rockets

THE CRATER OF WAIMUNGU

and the roar of a thousand cannon, a burst of whitest steam quickly outstripped and enveloped the uprushing mass. The explosion was awe-inspiring, terrible, grand beyond comparison. No more appalling yet fascinating spectacle can exist; no greater satisfaction can be experienced, than to see such a phenomenon at close range. The sight alone, I am sure, is worth the travelling thousands of miles of land and water to behold.

The outburst had taken place in the hundredth part of a second; almost immediately we were pelted with the sand and small stones which fell as the exploded mass shot back into its crater, causing us to take refuge in the shelter-hut provided for that purpose on the summit of the cliff. In a moment all was over; the pond regained its usual placid surface, and no sign save the continued shower of sand told of the mighty eruption which had taken place. Silently we descended again to the basin, a little serious at the thought of what would have been our fate had the outburst occurred a short five minutes earlier. It is well indeed that visitors may now no longer approach within the zone of danger.

Waimungu, I say, is worth the travelling many thousands of miles of land and sea to behold; yet Waimungu, though the greatest, is by no means the only feature which renders New Zealand a wonder-

land of never-failing interest. I was almost glad of the illness which had brought me down there. The journey was a long one, — five days from Calcutta to Ceylon, three weeks more to Sydney, and a final four days to Auckland, whence the railroad led to Rotorua in the hot spring country.

If after the long lazy sea-voyage anything remained necessary for my complete recovery, a few weeks in the clear and bracing atmosphere of New Zealand quickly accomplished it. Nor did I have to number myself among the many invalids who come to the hot-spring region for the wonderful curative powers of its mineral baths, for Rotorua is famous for its healing springs, and baths of water, mud, and vapor. If you are afflicted with gout or rheumatism, you will spend most of your time in the well-known "Priest's Water"; or if something is to be desired in the smoothness of your skin or the loveliness of your complexion, the "Rachel" bath, according to tradition, will make you beautiful forever. But so far as combined benefit and enjoyment go, you will find more absolute pleasure by passing all your available moments in the big, hot sulphur swimming-pool, where you can float lazily, for hours at a time, in water above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and leave it feeling as vigorous and energetic as though newly wakened from a refreshing sleep.

GEYSER AT WHAKAREWAREWA

As the traveller approaches Rotorua, a strange, unearthly smell of sulphur fills the air; white puffs of steam rise for no apparent reason from green hills and valleys, huge mud-holes by the roadside seethe and bubble like porridge in a cauldron; hot lakes of extraordinary colors, — yellow, blue, pink, green, — and brilliantly colored strata along the mountain-sides, make one stare and rub one's eyes to be sure that such apparent unrealities exist. Your nearest conception of a Methodist's hell will be truly realized when you enter the Valley of Tikitere, some ten miles from Rotorua. The earth is hot beneath your feet, the country gapes with steaming cracks, and if a cane be thrust a few inches into the soil, a jet of steam or a spout of boiling water reminds you that just beneath the very bowels of the earth are seething toward the surface. You are surrounded by a perfect inferno of boiling mud-holes, bubbling lakes of hideous colors, and blasts of steam issuing from hillsides with the regular exhaust of powerful engines. Follow the guide closely, for a single wrong step may land you in some loathsome abyss, and there are pleasanter ways of reaching eternity. Here you are pointed out the "Heavenly Twins," two horrid bubbling mud-holes side by side, one of which boils the thickest of brews while its twin contains the thinnest. On one side "The Devil's Por-

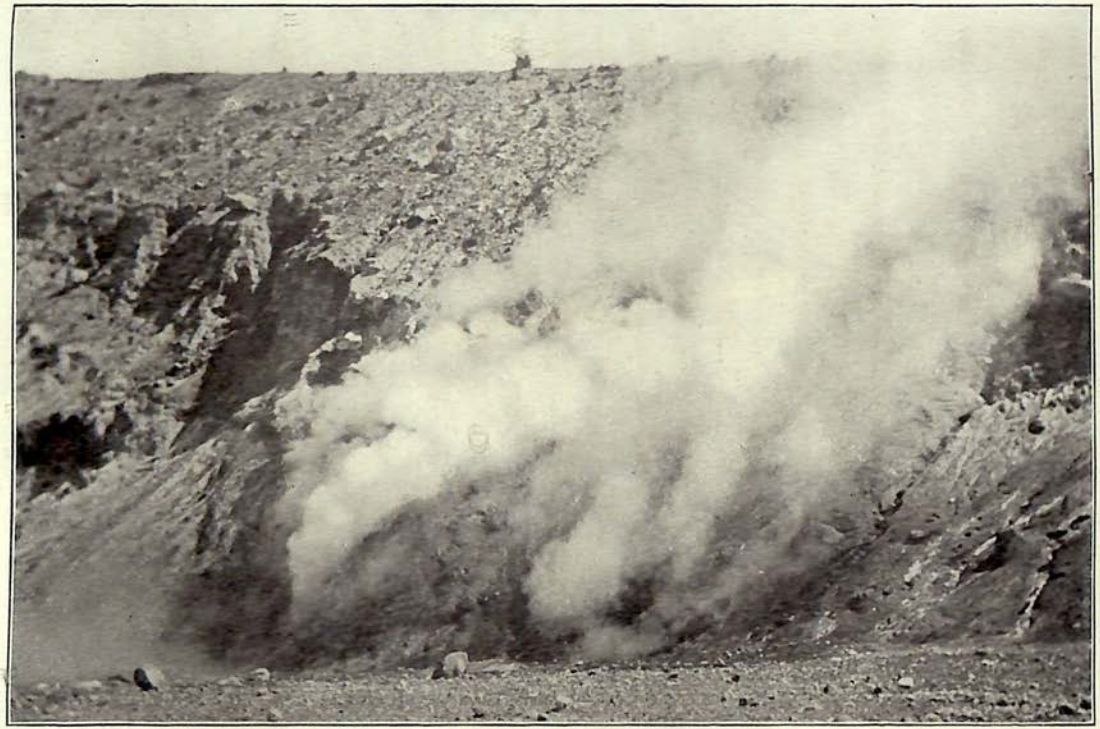
ridge-Pot" seethes and rumbles with some foul glutinous concoction; on the other you look down through the "Gates of Hell" into a slimy lake, whose thickened waves rise and recede as if about to break upon the banks above, and whose sulphurous fumes send you back gasping for a breath of pure air.

But we have had enough of this. Heaven and Hell rub elbows in this country: let us have a look at some of its more cheerful features. We will leave behind the boiling mud, uncanny jets of steam and sulphur-laden air, and cross over to Rotorua Lake, where the fresh lake breeze washes the poisonous fumes from our lungs and cools our skins from the burning breath of those horrors behind. A small steamer carries us across the rippling lake, dotted with white sails of robroy canoes and knockabouts, passes between green islands, and lands us in thick woods on the opposite shore, where we enter a row-boat and row lazily up an enchanted river to a fairyland of extraordinary beauty. The banks are thickly grown with great overhanging trees and blossoming shrubs, ivy and tall ferns, which shade marvellously clear depths of opalescent color. Suddenly the river narrows, turns, and stops short, cut off and walled in by the same luxuriantly wooded banks. For a moment we are astounded that a

flowing stream should come so suddenly to an end, till we look over the boat's side and see, far below through the transparent water, a jagged opening in the bed of the stream, from which great quivering volumes of ice-cold water well up to the surface, glancing with rainbow colors and shot with arrows of crystal light. Now we see the cause, for this is the famous Hamurana Spring, the source of the beautiful river which flows full-grown from this hidden wooded spot down into Rotorua Lake, — a spring from which five million gallons are poured forth every twenty-four hours. Looking into its depths, we can see delicate shells and ferns growing far below, which from the perfect transparency of the icy water appear almost within reach. The force of the up-rushing torrent is so tremendous that coins which are thrown in will remain suspended half-way to the bottom and finally drop to one side of the spring, where they lie glittering below, safe forever from human hands. The Maoris, who are expert divers, have tried again and again to reach this tempting store of treasure, but have never succeeded and never will.

We will pass half a day and lunch near this beautiful spot, and then, in the afternoon, drive over to the geyser region of Whakarewarewa, a small Maori settlement on the other side of Rotorua. The

country here is less fearful than at Tikitere fortunately, but none the less active for all that. Within a radius of less than a hundred yards, some ten or a dozen geysers play at intervals ranging from two minutes to several hours, and the display, when several of them happen to be in action at the same time, is most effective. Waikite, the famous twin geyser, has ceased working now, and has been succeeded as queen of Whakarewarewa by Wairoa; but even Wairoa plays no longer of her own accord, and only under the inducement of a plentiful supply of soap does she consent to perform for the curious multitudes. As is well known, too much soaping of a geyser causes it eventually to cease its action altogether, so that the matter becomes an important ceremony, and in the Rotorua thermal country is allowed by the government only when some distinguished visitor comes to see the display. I was fortunate in being on hand when Wairoa was thus induced to play for the son of the late Premier of New Zealand, Mr. Seddon. The wooden cover, always padlocked over its mouth, was solemnly removed, the crowd warned to stand back out of danger, and a bag of bar soap thrown into the diminutive crater. Almost immediately the water foamed lathering up to the edge of the silicious opening, but not until almost twenty minutes later



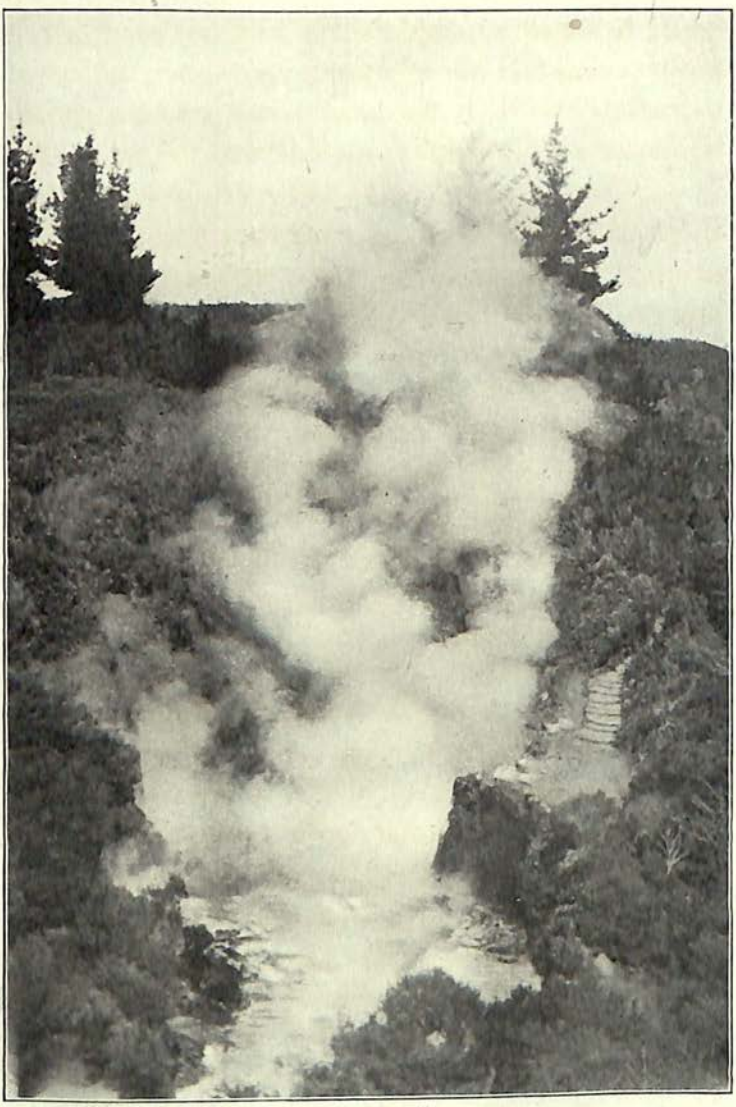
STEAM ISSUING FROM HOLES IN THE ROCK WITH THE REGULAR BEAT OF STEAM ENGINES

did the actual playing begin. There was a deep rumbling below, a choking gurgling noise came from the depths of the crater, and with a last grand roar Wairoa shot into the air full one hundred and thirty feet, a graceful, slender column of whitest steam and water, breaking at the top into silvery feathers which drooped, dissolved, and drifted off into the sunlight.

If it should occur to any one to wonder why a town like Whakarewarewa should be built in the midst of this hot-spring terrace with boiling pools between the very houses and steaming holes scattered about so plentifully that a visitor must look pretty carefully where he walks lest he disappear into one of them, the answer is almost too obvious; — the Maoris are a thrifty race, coal and firewood are expensive, stoves rust and kettles require tending; then why go to superfluous expense and trouble when nature has supplied fuel, stoves, and constantly simmering kettles as free of charge as sunlight and fresh air? For here at their very doors these steam holes or "fumaroles" are at all times ready for use; over the openings are laid small boxes, the food to be cooked, wrapped in leaves, is placed within, and soon an appetizing smell announces that dinner is ready. If other domestic cares delay the dinner hour — if the father of the

family is late, or the baby has fallen into a mud-hole and requires a precipitate change of garments — no penalty is imposed in the way of a burned meal; for the stew having been cooked or the soup boiled, they simply remain there as in an oven, keeping nicely hot, but suffering no extra scorching as a result of the delay. And as for the Monday clothes washing, why it is simply a question of kneeling beside one of the big hot pools and sousing the garments until they are as white and clean as new. True, both clothes and dinner may savor more or less strongly of sulphur, but who so fastidious as not to be able to cultivate a taste for sulphur as well as for any other spicy flavor?

The Maori, I say, is of a thrifty race, yet that is the least of his attributes. No black man possesses more personal and national pride, more true dignity, fearless bearing, honorable and faithful instincts, and cheeriness of temperament. In New Zealand he is on a level with the white man and feels it: there is no fawning, no bowing and scraping in his attitude towards the colonizers of his country, and all his dealings are marked with straightforward manliness. Mentally he is keen, physically superb. I know of no more stirring a sight than the Haka war-dance, in which the most powerful men of a village, stripped to the waist to give better play



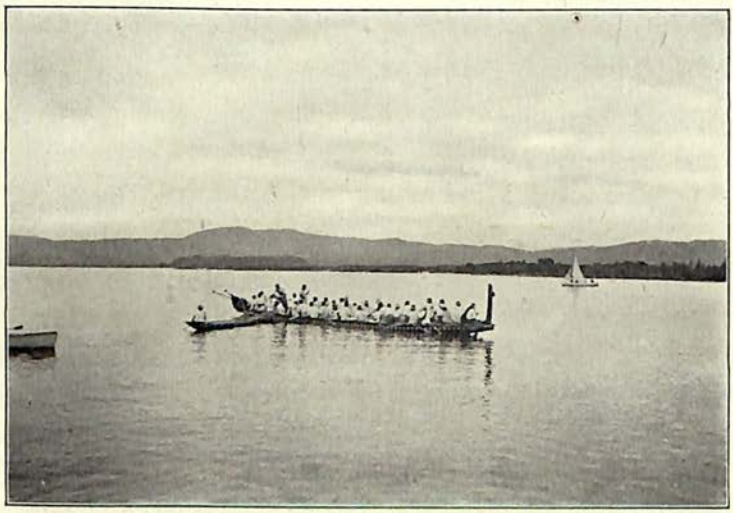
THE GREAT WAIRAKEI GEYSER

to their great muscular arms and bodies, form in even ranks, and taunted with cowardice in pantomime by their women, commence muttering in deep voices and waving their arms and twisting their bodies in fierce unison, as though writhing under the bitter insults: the taunting continues, the muttering, growing louder and more ominous, becomes a roar: slowly they work themselves up to a tremendous pitch of excitement, bellowing more and more threateningly, swaying and twisting with greater and greater fierceness, till the onlooker becomes positively terrified in spite of himself. Then suddenly with a last grand shout, they break their ranks and dash headlong to meet the imaginary foe.

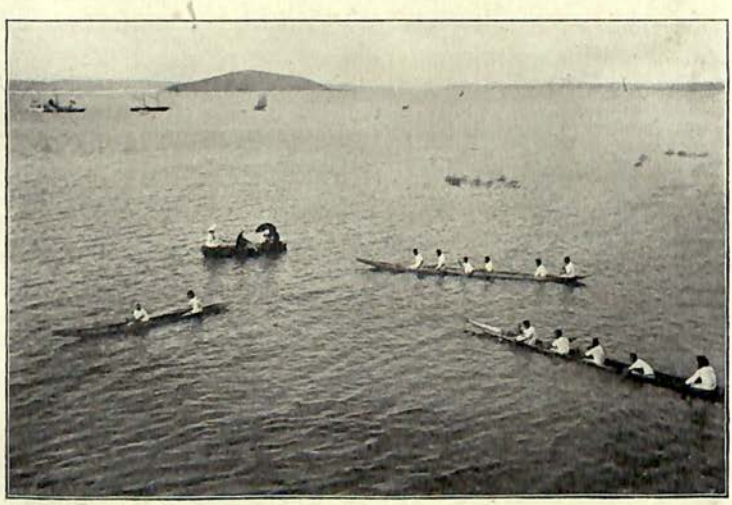
The women are no less dignified and proud of bearing than the men, and exhibit a grace of movement and litheness of body unknown in any but South Sea races. Were it not for the tatooing of the lips and chin after marriage, many of them would be extraordinarily beautiful; their speech, as is that of the men as well, is delightful to hear, as it totally lacks the harsh guttural tones of the Arab and Hindu, and their language is full of folk-lore, handed down from age to age, every landmark and custom having its own particular myth. Some of their customs are very amusing, and one can scarcely repress a smile to see the women saluting their friends in

the street by the usual rubbing of noses. They carry their babies strung up on their backs as do our Indian squaws their papooses, and indeed, in the Maori, one is constantly reminded of the American Indian.

On Rotorua Lake, once a year, high carnival is held. From all the villages of the surrounding country come the Maoris with their babies, tents, and pots and pans, and they camp on the shores of the lake and make merry after the fashion of all nations and all ages. There is foot-racing on the beach, yacht-racing on the lake, and horse-racing on the track behind the town; but what delights the Maori heart above all else is the great race between the representative war-canoes of the various villages which takes place on the last day and as the crowning event of the celebration. It is a fine sight to see these great canoes, manned by forty or fifty men, paddled swiftly across the lake for the honor of their respective towns. The captain of the crew stands in the centre, to give the stroke, and the men, all in uniform, keep the pace with a dash and snap worthy of tried athletes, and great is the rejoicing over the winners. Then there is the "Ha Kahaka Tamahiné," which being interpreted means "The Chase for a Maori Bride." The selection of the young maiden, or *wahiné*, for this event is no easy task,



MAORI WAR CANOE



THE "HA KAHAKA TAMAHINE"

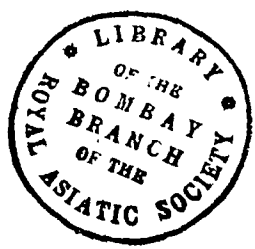
for she must be the most beautiful of all the girls in the surrounding country, and beautiful Maori girls are the rule, not the exception. The lucky maiden is put in the bow of a small, very swift canoe, and her brother or some other relative takes his place in the stern to paddle her through the chase which ensues. As they appear on the course before the crowds who throng the beach, a tremendous cheer goes up, and it is not difficult to see that this happy little wahiné is popular as well as lovely. Hardly have they taken their place near the starting-post when the canoes of the chasers themselves shoot out to their respective stations, each very fast and light, and each paddled by five or six men with a vacant place in their midst for the bride, in case she is captured before reaching the finish line. At the signal, the bride's canoe dashes away down the course, followed a minute later by her pursuers. The object of the chase, as is soon evident, is to overtake the maiden, lift her from her own craft into one of the places left vacant for her in the canoes of the other contestants, and carry her over the course to the finish line. Once captured by a competing crew, that crew at once becomes the object of pursuit for the others, who in turn try to overtake and capture the bride. The crew which finally succeeds in carrying her across the finish line are proclaimed the winners;

but whether or not the lady chooses her husband from the winning boat is a delicate question, which does not, I think, enter into the conditions of the race itself. At any rate, the bride is landed on the beach and has to run a gauntlet of deafening applause from enthusiastic thousands.

Our stay at Rotorua must, like all good things, come to an end at last. Rising very early one morning, we take a regretful leave of the mist-wrapped lake and the steaming terraces and hillsides, whose beauties and horrors alike have been a source of such keen enjoyment; the whip cracks, the rickety old stage-coach groans on its springs, and we are whirled off over the lava-roughened hills, past Waimungu, past old Tarawera, and so down through the fern-clad jungles to Wairakei, Lake Taupo, and the Wanganui River, where new scenes of undreamed-of beauty await us in this imperial wonderland.

By this time no traces whatever of the fever remained, and my shoulder was beginning to ache for the feeling of a gun again. I had not the slightest idea as to the whereabouts of either Perry or Wheeler: only one letter, from Perry, had reached me since taking leave of them in December, saying that he had lost Wheeler somewhere in the Philippines, his own plans being apparently quite vague. However, I guessed that by now he would have followed his

original intention of going into India after gaur and buffalo, and I determined to look for him forthwith. From Wellington I sailed by the steamer Mokoia to Sydney. It was through the kindness and cheery hospitality of my good friends the P.'s, which I shall not soon forget, that I was enabled during the ten days of my delightful stay in New South Wales to see Katoomba and the Jenolan Caves in the Blue Mountains. At length, having formed golden opinions of Australians in general and my hosts in particular, I boarded the since ill-fated Australia, and on March 18 sailed down the beautiful harbor of Sydney, bound again for the East, with "the sights and the sounds and the stinks of her."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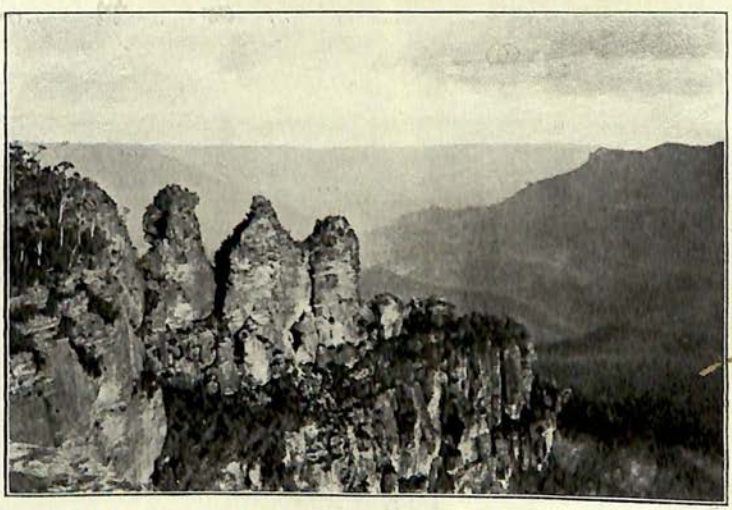
CHAPTER VI

THE JOURNEY INTO KASHMIR

IF there had been previously any question as to where our next shooting expedition was to be made, all doubt was quickly dispelled on my reaching Calcutta and finding Perry worn pretty much to a shadow from a protracted and severe siege of fever. He, poor man, after his Borneo shooting, during which several timbadou heads had fallen to his gun, had been taken ill in the middle of the Bengal jungle, where he was after gaur and buffalo, with no help at hand other than his servant and beaters, and on receiving a message telling him of my arrival, had somehow dragged himself to the railroad and had turned up in Calcutta a few days later in a deplorable state of weakness.

Of course, under these circumstances it would have been folly to think of reëntering the jungle. We had previously considered a trip up the Irriwaddy in Burma, but even had Perry's health permitted, I should have been loath, by returning to a malarial country, to court a perfectly sure

THE "ORPHAN," KONIMBLA VALLEY



THE "THREE SISTERS," KONIMBLA VALLEY
New South Wales, Australia

recurrence of my own previous illness; and as for Wheeler, he was apparently lost somewhere in the Philippines, so that, much as we should miss him on whatever expedition we should undertake, our plans had to be made regardless of his. There was but one country now where the pursuit of health and sport could be carried on simultaneously, and that we both agreed was Kashmir.

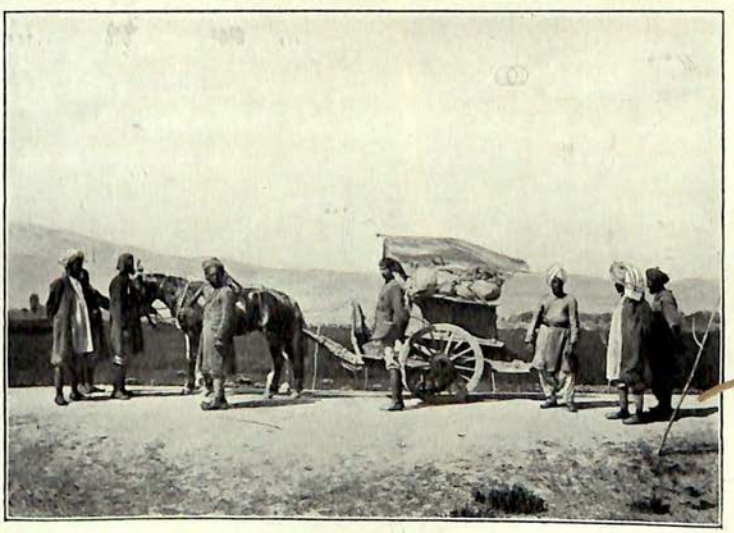
Those few days of preparations I shall not soon forget. The hot weather was at its height, and being occupied with the thousand and one things which a sportsman has to think of, buy, arrange, and pack, when contemplating a long expedition with no base of supplies, I was on foot, despite the heat, from early morning till late at night. Perry eventually joined me from Darjeeling, where both of us had first passed ten days in order to pull him round a bit, and then we left that heat-parched city for better climes.

The journey to Rawal Pindi, where one leaves the railroad to cross the mountains into Kashmir, occupied three nights and three days, — fiery, sweltering days they were, with the thermometer at 107 in our compartment, the air enveloping us like a steaming blanket, and the burning dust of the plains irritating us beyond imagination. But fortunately we had a large compartment to ourselves, in which

we could make ourselves comfortable in what costume we pleased, so that somehow or other the hours passed. There are no dining-cars on Indian trains, but tea and soda are served through the windows at various stations, and an ice-box is carried in every wagon, besides which the train stops for the regular meals. An attempt is made to cool the compartment by an arrangement known in Hindustanee as the *tatti*, which, on one's pressing a bolt, allows iced water to trickle down the windows from a reservoir above; but this makes too little difference in the temperature of the compartment materially to lessen one's discomfort. Each traveller carries his own bedding, which is made up by his "boy," who travels sitting up, day and night, in a tiny compartment opening from his master's. I pitied him, poor fellow, for ours was none too large for comfort in that breathless heat. The journey was broken by a few days' visit to Simla, the summer capital of India, immortalized by Kipling, whence once again we descended to the plains and continued westward.

On the morning after our arrival at Rawal Pindi our baggage was loaded in *ekkas* — curious two-wheeled carts — which make the journey to Srinagar (pronounced Sirinugger), the capital of Kashmir, in six days, as against the three days occupied by the speedier *tonga* or passenger vehicle. There

THOMAS



THE TONGA

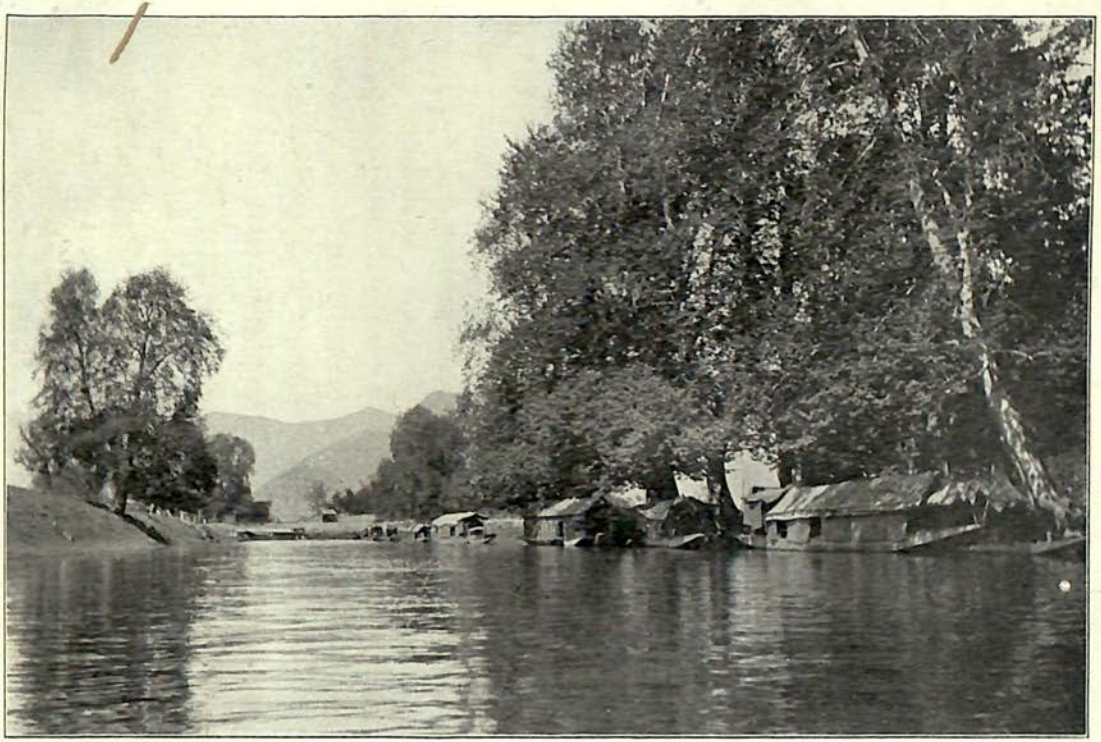
was already a good deal of weight to our outfit, without counting the extra provisions and thick clothes which we were to pick up in Srinagar, — about twelve maunds or a thousand pounds, comprising four large boxes of provisions, tents, camp and kitchen utensils, guns, ammunition, and clothes. All our finer provisions, such as tea, coffee, tinned fruits, jams, etc., had been brought from Calcutta; for, excellent as are the Kashmiri merchants for fitting out sportsmen, we did not like to run risks as to the quality of things so precious. Four ekkas were therefore required to convey our luggage.

The distance from Rawal Pindi to Srinagar is one hundred and ninety-eight miles. By tonga this is accomplished, as I have said, in three days; the wagons are driven at a furious rate of speed by pairs of horses which are changed approximately every ten miles, the system of harnessing being so arranged that the change is effected almost instantaneously; and with a delay of but a few seconds at the end of each stage one is off again, dashing helter-skelter up the splendid post-road that leads through the mountains into Kashmir. The driving is very fatiguing, for the tonga, which in point of thorough discomfort surpasses all other vehicles, seems to be utterly devoid of springs or apologies for springs; and what with the continual bumping over the

ground, the hardness of the seat, and the offensiveness of the dust, one is generally more dead than alive at the end of a day.

Our first day was not so bad, for we covered only sixty-four miles, passing the night at the pleasing little Dâk Bungalow at Kohalla, where a good dinner was served by the *khitmagar*, and bedsteads supplied for one to throw one's blankets on. But on the second day the number of miles accomplished was ninety-one, which meant almost continuous travelling from five in the morning till ten at night, and it was two weary sahibs who threw themselves down that night on their blankets at Baramulla.

But what a revelation awaited us in the morning. Ye gods, but it was worth all the heat and the dust and the tired bones a thousand times over for one glimpse and one smell of it. At our backs was the rugged mountain pass through which we had come in the night, and before us a beautiful green plain, as smooth and fresh as any lawn, stretched from both banks of the winding Jhelum River far away for miles and miles to the base of snow-mountains, which in a panorama of dazzling whiteness formed a majestic setting to this splendid picture. It seemed almost too good to be true, this wonderful transition from the burning dust-laden air of Calcutta to this clear, crisp, soul-filling atmosphere. We revelled in



HOUSEBOATS ON CANAL AT SRINAGAR

the pure delight of it, and felt at once capable of starting off for a twenty-mile tramp across country, though heaven knew it was to be many days before our limbs were to get into trim for the hard work ahead. Never before had we been in the supreme physical condition of those months, with every muscle at its highest possible efficiency and every nerve under the perfect control so necessary for negotiating some ticklish climb or so indispensable for a long, steady shot. Those were days which it is pleasant to look back upon, and remember what it was to be not simply in good, but in absolutely perfect health, — the wonderful morning awakenings with the tired muscles of the previous evening made over anew, the icy bucket-bath, the cup of steaming coffee, the all-day tramp or stalk across vast ranges, and then the satisfaction of the return to camp, the evening spent in front of the roaring pine-log fire, and finally the long ten-hour sleep in preparation for another glorious day.

A hot breakfast was prepared and served by the *chowkidar* of the rest-house at Baramulla, and then, climbing once more into the tonga, we dashed off down the long poplar-lined road which leads to the capital of Kashmir.

It is a gay sight that greets the traveller as he rattles over the bridge into Srinagar — that delightful

Venice of the north, with its canals, its bridges, its old rickety houses jutting out over the river, and behind them its great lawns and chenar groves. Merchants are paddling up and down in their *doongas* displaying or delivering their wares; barges and ponderous house-boats are making for the country; English residents are skimming by in their light *kishties* their Kashmiri crews, in bright uniforms, moving together in perfect stroke. The sun seems to be always shining, the water sparkling, the natives laughing. Everything is bright, merry, and full of life.

The chief thing that strikes one about Srinagar is the extreme greenness of the grass and foliage. The whole place, outside of the dirty quarter of the bazaars, is like a great smooth lawn, interspersed with houses and roads, and shaded by immense chenar and poplar trees. There is something thoroughly refreshing about it, especially after one has been seeing the burnt, hungry soil of the plains; and the air has a bracing effect of its own, which reminds one of October mornings at home. The city is much like Venice in the way it is built, being intersected with canals which run off from the Grand Canal — the Jhelum River — in the centre. On this are all the countless shops of the shawl-merchants, silversmiths, wood-carvers, and the many other trades for which

Kashmir is noted. In the centre of the city, on this "Grand Canal," stands the Maharajah's palace, a very grand affair, but not beautiful from the point of view of European architecture. It was gayly decorated when we arrived in honor of the return of the Maharajah from his summer home, and the following day we saw him come, with the whole population of the city out to greet him. His reception was most enthusiastic, and the countless craft gathered in front of the palace for the occasion made a gay picture.

Europeans may not own land in Kashmir, for, though under British influence, the Maharajah's dominions are his own and very jealously he guards them; so most of the Englishmen who spend their leaves of absence up here, with their wives and families, live on the side canals, in large comfortable house-boats, or doongas, moving about as they please, towing their kitchens behind. These canals are beautiful spots to live on, for they are clean, well-shaded, and with smooth, green banks. It is indeed a delightful way to spend the summer.

We were rather amused by the manner in which our custom was secured by a certain firm of merchants. Perry and I were endeavoring to flee from a mob of some fifty cannibals in the shape of merchants, cooks, shikaris, servants, etc., all thrusting

their recommendations in our faces and squabbling for their prey, when a spic-and-span dog-cart dashed up, an Indian gentleman, neatly and well dressed, descended, salaamed, and in the best of English asked permission to rescue us from the crowd. Of course we got in without delay, and were driven in style to his house, where we were served with a good Kashmir breakfast in a sunny little room overlooking the Jhelum, and then were shown through his shawl-parlors. It was neatly done, and resulted in Mr. Bahar Shah's securing the greater part of our custom during our stay in Srinagar.

What a week of purchases that was! I should like to see the man, quite needless to add the woman, who could pass through the shops of those merchants, with their embroideries and silks and *pushmina* shawls, and come out unscathed. Nor was this all, by any means. There were thick suits of homespun *puttoo* to be bought, pushmina blankets of silk and ibex hair, *luis*, and scarfs, caps, gloves, *chaplis*, stockings, colored glasses; and then *kiltas* for the provisions, and folding-beds, and a thousand other things which would be needed during the three months of mountain-work ahead. With all this, there were the shikaris to choose, and a dozen or so *naukar* or servant-coolies to weed out of the hundreds who besieged us daily at the hotel with their

CHOOSING SHIKARIS

THE SHIKARIS, CHOTA-SHIKARIS, AND TIFFIN-COOLIES

chits or recommendations, more than half of which had doubtless carefully been written by some public scribe in the bazaars.

We got through with it somehow — partly with the help of Major W., the kindly secretary of the Kashmir Game Association, and partly by the simple process of elimination from those hordes of good, bad, and indifferent men. If you could have seen our room at the hotel on the last day, when not only dozens of disappointed shikaris besieged us, but tailors, shoemakers, grocers, and peddlers of all descriptions turned up to deliver their wares and receive payment, with a policeman stationed at our door to prevent riot and bloodshed, you would have had an insight into the labors of a sportsman's preparations, of which this was the culmination.

At length, on the evening of May 11, everything was in final readiness for a start. From the hotel our supplies, guns, and baggage had been transferred to two doongas lying beside the bank of one of the beautiful shaded canals with which Srinagar is intersected; and after taking a glad leave of the horde of merchants, coolies, and disappointed shikaris clamoring up to the last minute for custom or employment, we headed toward the Sind Valley, the road into Baltistan.

In order to explain briefly the route which we had

planned to follow, I must now say a few words about the topography of Kashmir, and the kinds of game the pursuit of which had led us into this magnificent country. To begin with, there are two great divisions of Kashmir territory which chiefly attract the sportsman: namely, Ladak and Baltistan, the former of which occupies roughly an easterly, and the latter a northerly, position in relation to the Valley of Kashmir itself, and both cut off from it by some of the highest chains of all the Himalayas. Of these two provinces, Ladak undoubtedly offers the greater variety of game, possessing not only the ibex, sharpu, and red bear of Baltistan, but also the Tibetan antelope and gazelle, the burhel, and above all, the *ovis ammon*, that great wild sheep resembling the Rocky Mountain big-horn, and surpassed in size of body and length and weight of horn only by the famous *ovis poli* of the Russian Pamirs. In Baltistan, on the other hand, one finds by far the biggest ibex in the world, and, besides the red bear and sharpu or urial, one runs the chance of shooting a markhor, the largest and most magnificent of all the goat tribe, which in itself is a trophy making well worth while any amount of trouble taken in its pursuit. Now to attempt to shoot through both of these countries in three months, the amount of time at our disposal, would have been quite impracticable, and

SCENE NEAR SRINAGAR

indeed, impossible, on account of the great distances which separate the haunts of the different kinds of game which inhabit them. As it was, having chosen Baltistan as our field, and keeping in view as trophies only the ibex, markhor, sharpu, and red bear, we were almost incessantly on the march, and during the three months of our expedition covered well over six hundred miles on foot of actual travelling, exclusive of the great amount of ground covered in searching for and stalking the various kinds of game when once arrived in their respective countries.

Upon leaving Srinagar it was therefore necessary first to cross the big range of mountains which divide the Valley of Kashmir from Baltistan, which is best effected by means of the Zogi La Pass, approached through the Sind Valley, an arm running from the main Kashmir plateau; and thither accordingly our first steps were bent.

These doongas, in which we were to cover the distance to the head of the valley, are the Kashmir travelling boats; they are long and narrow, with straw mattings at the sides to keep out the wind and rain, and are towed along the canal by boatmen, or *manzis*, one of whom with his family lives in the stern of each boat, his sons helping him by paddling in the bow, and his wife by steering in the stern. Behind these comes a kitchen boat, carrying one's shi-

karis, provisions, and temporary cooking-stove. As a rule it is hard to persuade the men to travel during the night, but we had impressed the shikaris with the fact that we wished to push on now without more delay than was absolutely necessary and that we expected them to make good *bundobust* (arrangements) for speedy progress; so that a considerable distance was accomplished during the night.

Awaking after a rather cold night and a hard one, for it was our first on a wooden floor, we found the men still towing and the sky threatening rain. The canal was winding through low country, where great herds of cattle grazed in all directions, toward the mountains at the head of the valley, where the Sind River comes in. About noon we reached our first halting-place, a village composed of a few little huts, called Gandarbal, and here we were obliged to spend the night, sending ahead a letter to the *tehsildar* of the district to have forty coolies ready the next day to take our outfit over the Zogi La Pass.

The route northward is divided into stages of from twelve to fifteen miles each, as a coolie can travel with his load only this distance in one day. New coolies can usually be secured from the village at the end of each of these stages, or marches as they are called; but in the crossing of the Zogi La Pass there are no villages large enough to supply

OUR OUTFIT

such coolies, and accordingly permanent ones have to be engaged for the five days' trip.

In the afternoon it began to rain, making things very damp and cheerless. We spent the rest of the day sorting out the provisions, and putting a little of each article into one box, so that if we should have to race for a nullah, we could leave the heavy stuff to follow and ourselves hurry ahead. The shooting in Kashmir is done in *nullahs* or *nalas*, the Hindustanee word for "valley," a single sportsman being allowed by etiquette to hold any one nullah exclusively from the moment he pitches his tent within its limits; but as the valleys in Kashmir vary in length from a few hundred yards up to many miles, it is difficult sometimes to say just how large a valley constitutes a nullah and may be held by one gun; and this is not seldom the cause of dispute between ardent sportsmen, as we were later to discover. Accordingly, when the snow-passes first open in the spring, there is much racing for good nullahs; and since we were already late in entering we were quite prepared to challenge any sportsman who from now on should attempt to pass us.

On the 13th we were up early and found a damp, chilly morning. Eighteen ponies and some ten coolies were ready on the bank, and after loading all the baggage, we started, giving the two body-servants

and the cook a pony each, as they had to do the hard work, while the shikaris and I walked. It was ludicrous to see old Thomas, my Cingalee servant, on horseback, his face shining with delight, as he had never been on one before. Thomas came from Colombo, and seemed nearly eighty years old. Several people had prophesied that he would not live through the trip, but he was such an excellent servant that I had decided to take the risk. He had shed his skirt for the regulation puttoo suit which we had given to each of our men, and had placed a turban above his gray "Psyche knot" with its tortoise-shell comb, and no one would ever have recognized in this transformed individual the former sarong-clad Cingalee. Thomas's efficiency as an interpreter, however, was soon found to be nil; he spoke broken English well, but his Hindustanee proved to be so weak that we ourselves soon learned enough of the language to dispense with his assistance. Our only other interpreter, a Simla boy named Paul, was caught stealing from our supplies when he had been on the road less than a week, and we were obliged to discharge him on the spot, from which moment we were left entirely on our own resources for communicating with the shikaris, who of course spoke not a word of English. At the end of three months we were able to speak Hindustanee fluently and readily, though it was

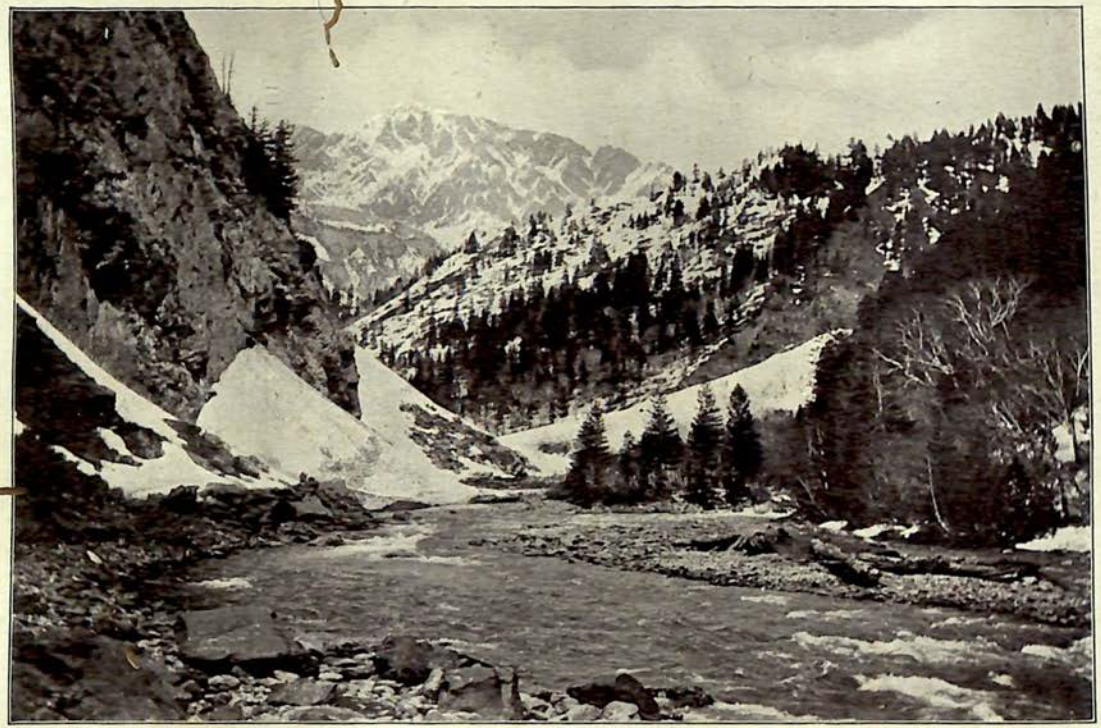
not the kind I should have cared to address to a professor of languages.

I may say that in point of size the personnel of our outfit, as I looked back and saw the cavalcade forming in single file behind us, fairly took my breath away. Kadera But and Salia Melik, our two venerable chief shikaris, headed on horseback what might have been called their respective companies; Sidka and Lussoo, the *chota* or assistant shikaris, acted as their lieutenants; the seven or eight naukar or servant-coolies, who, unlike the relays of villagers, were to serve as permanent camp-servants, performed the duties of non-commissioned officers; while under their able guidance, and the persuasion of several stout sticks, our horde of forty-odd villagers composed the rank and file of this imposing if diminutive army. The two tiffin-coolies, following close at our heels with cameras and lunch-baskets, were certainly entitled to the regard usually accorded to color-bearers; and as for the commissariat, to leave nothing to be desired in this military showing, the cook and Thomas ably represented that indispensable department.

The road led between rice-fields, and was muddy from recent rains, but no such petty annoyance could prevent our enjoying the surrounding scene: ahead lay the entrance to the Sind Valley, flanked

on one side by towering snow-mountains, on the other by deodar-clad hills, and at their base were many little native huts with grass-grown roofs, while blue and white irises dotted the river-bank in profusion. At noon we reached the village of Kangan, the end of the first march, but as the coolies did not arrive till afternoon, it was impossible to push on farther. A spot was chosen on the smooth lawn beside the village for the tents to be pitched when they should arrive, and after lunch, or *tiffin* (each sportsman has a tiffin-coolie, who accompanies him with lunch, camera, dry socks, and such other things as may be needed on the march while separated from the main baggage), we lay down on the porch of a native house, and, rather wearied from our first walk, were quickly asleep.

I found the native chaplis splendid foot-gear, and had no trouble from the usual blisters. They are composed of a leathern sandal, with hob-nail soles, worn over a sort of leather moccasin, and with a thick woollen sock underneath, so that the foot is allowed plenty of play, and does not chafe as with boots. The puttoo suits, too, were warm and comfortable, as well as our sheepskin-lined coats, camp-boots, and sleeping-bags, and soon proved their advantage in the bitterly cold weather we were to encounter.



ENTRANCE TO THE SONAMARG GORGE

The coolies filed in at about three o'clock, and the tents were quickly pitched. Ours was a large one, with plenty of room for our two folding bedsteads and two boxes between to serve as writing and dinner tables. I had made out a written list of the articles of clothing, etc., in each of the canvas bags, and could thus lay my hand on anything in a moment, without having to search through and unpack them continually. When one has so much stuff, this is an excellent scheme. These bags were placed at the foot of our beds, and racks made for the guns underneath, so that everything was neat and orderly. My only other article of personal baggage, besides the two canvas sacks, camera, and guns, was a small square English box which served to keep my diaries, films, letter-paper, and other things of that kind, dry and clean. It loaded on a coolie's back very nearly as well as the sacks, and from start to finish of the trip I was delighted that I had brought it.

In the morning our trail led up the valley, still following the course of the Sind River, now rocky and turbulent, and of a beautiful opalescent color from the snow and glacial streams which supplied it. The middle of the day was excessively hot, a great change from the frosty early morning air, but we rested an hour for tiffin under a great chenar tree

beside a brook, and in the afternoon pushed on to Goond, the end of the stage. Here as before the tents were pitched on a grassy plateau overlooking a deep cleft in the valley, which had already narrowed perceptibly: ahead were snow-mountains, and behind, our last view of the Valley of Kashmir, framed in a vista of blossoming apricot trees, meadow-land, forest, and river.

But two more stages were to bring us into surroundings as desolate and wintry as the present landscape was warm and beautiful. For a short way the route led up the valley over a pretty road, with fruit trees all in blossom and new snow-mountains continually appearing. Then suddenly the flanking hills closed in, the rocky sides of steep mountains rose on each side, the snow falling in small glaciers to their very foot, and the river swirled wildly through a narrow channel, the entrance to the Sonamarg Gorge. Fully ten miles brought us once more out into the open, but here no pleasing valley appeared; only a vast field of snow extending straight away for miles, inclosed between grand and jagged peaks, and near its other end a group of rude little huts, the village of Sonamarg. A dirty hovel, bearing over its door the unconvincing sign, "Telegraph Office," was to us, weary and with soaked chaplis, as luxurious a hostelry as I remember ever having run

THE KASHMIR BAG

across; and glad enough we were to rest by the open fire and watch the coolies appear from far down the valley, like a long column of ants in the snow.

Four of the men each carried a great load of rice-straw, and on rising before sunrise on the following morning its use was discovered. It is first plaited into rope and then formed into a sort of sandal called a "grass-shoe," and always used for snow-walking in Kashmir. They are worn over two socks, one of puttoo, the other padded, each having the big toe divided, as in a mitten, for the straw rope which binds on the shoe to pass through; and they are unequalled for warmth and comfort, besides which they do not slip. Our coolies weaved the shoes while resting *en route*, and as one pair lasts but a day or less, a great amount of the straw has to be carried. Above the sock woollen putties are wound around the leg to the knee, effectually keeping out the snow.

Baltal, directly beneath the Zogi La Pass, we reached after a march of ten miles, the trail all across snow or mud where the snow was melting, colored glasses being most necessary to protect the eyes from the glare. There was no village at Baltal —only a low windowless hovel called a "rest-house." This was ironical, for it was hardly fit to house cattle in, although they had recently been inhabiting the

room we were to use. It lay on the edge of a deep ravine, with great stretches of snow, leafless trees, and high, jagged mountains rising before it, — a dreary and desolate scene after the beautiful valley we had just left. In front of the house was a sort of floorless verandah, where the remains of several camp-fires showed that travelling coolies had recently been there; and as we entered the room — I should call it a shed — we were blinded by a stifling cloud of smoke which evidently came through from one of the adjoining sheds, already occupied by natives. Within, it was pitch-dark, except for the smoky glimmer that came through the low doorway.

Clearly it was impossible to sleep there; hence, as the tents could not be pitched conveniently in the snow, we decided to have our beds placed outside and endure the cold rather than the smoke and filth. We then spread our luis (rugs) in the dirt in front of the house, and had lunch from the baskets, with a pipe afterwards to cheer things up a bit, as a cold rain was driving in. Meanwhile the shikaris had removed our grass-shoes and socks, which were soaked, and, as usual, washed our feet off with a rag which looked suspiciously like the dish-cloth. Knowing the habits of the Kashmiri, we watched the further movements of the rag; and, sure enough, before the

A BALTI VILLAGE, SHOWING STONE HUTS

A BALTI NATIVE DANCE

tea was poured into the cups, they were carefully wiped out by the selfsame useful cloth. There is nothing like true economy.

We were up at 4.30, to attack the pass before the sun should soften the snow. A cold drizzle made things very damp and cheerless, but a hot breakfast accomplishes wonders, and we were off at 5.30, in good spirits, on what was to be the hardest stage of the journey. The first part of the way was fairly steep, the trail winding up through a cleft in the mountains, but the snow was still hard and climbing not difficult. Strange to say, although we were eleven thousand three hundred feet above the sea, breathing came quite naturally, and we were able to keep up a good pace, which seemed to stagger the shikaris, as they lagged far behind. After two hours of climbing a long snow-slope, we reached what was apparently the top of the pass, and from here the going was level or slightly down-hill. The rain had changed to snow, which was much pleasanter; and though during the last four hours it came down thick and fast, we were quite warm from the exercise. It was well toward dark when the welcome village of Matayun appeared ahead in the distance. The sun had come out toward the end of the stage, softening the snow, which caused us to sink in knee-deep at every step, and burning our faces fiercely

with the glare; rest was doubly welcome with the knowledge that the Zogi La was behind.

A few straggling buildings, built of stones in the shape of hollow squares, with courtyards inside and flat roofs, composed the village of Matayun. None of these had windows, and the filth within, where several natives lived, was enough to disgust the most hardened. We had some food on the top of one of these buildings, in the teeth of a bitterly cold wind which had sprung up toward the end of the march, and then repaired to the usual "rest-house," where a fire had been prepared. This one was much less objectionable than the one at Baltal, for although it had no windows of any kind, and the floor was as usual of mud, it was cut off from the native quarters, so that their unwelcome odors must first pass through open air to reach us, and when we "sniffed the tainted gale" it had somewhat mellowed. Moreover, the smoke from the fire at least made a commendable attempt to get part of itself up the chimney, which at Baltal it had not even thought of trying — chiefly because there had been no chimney.

The following day brought us down below the snow-line, the trail leaving the gorge in which we had been since Sonamarg, and broadening out into a wide brown plain, with the few scattered huts of

Dras at its foot, the Dras River flowing through it and superb snow-mountains all around. Since from here on we could secure fresh coolies at the beginning of each stage, we paid off the thirty-seven who had taken our outfit over the Zogi La — eighty cents apiece, with eight cents present, or baksheesh, for the full trip of five days. On figuring up our entire service expenses, I found that for the forty-eight men, two thirds of whom would be dispensed with on reaching our home camp, my share amounted to $2.70 a day. Let one consider that a first-class guide in the Maine woods, at home, is paid at the rate of $5.00 a day.

The remainder of the journey to our first shooting grounds was to be much less wearisome, since from now on the road led down into the valleys of Baltistan, bringing us among a new people and continually unfolding sights and scenes of the greatest interest.

CHAPTER VII

IBEX-SHOOTING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BALTISTAN

ONE can hardly imagine a wilder and more mountainous country than Baltistan. Down in the little green villages which lie at intervals along the rivers, you realize simply that in that particular spot you are shut in on all sides by giant masses of rock and snow, which start from the very river-bank and rise either gradually or in perpendicular precipices to tremendous heights above. But as you climb, hoping perhaps that each successive ridge will reveal some broad plain or valley below, only innumerable other peaks and ridges, rising and still rising, meet your view, till finally, on mastering some commanding eminence, you see before you the stuff that Baltistan is made of, — mountains, mountains, mountains, nothing else, —chain after chain of them, extending in splendid confusion, snow-capped and barren of vegetation, off to a horizon of serried peaks and towering ridges.

Such a scene as this is worth much labor to behold, and causes you to realize, if you have never realized

A BALTI BOY COOLIE

before, that as a physical entity you are after all but a minute atom in the plan of creation. Other trains of philosophical thought might be called up in such surroundings, did not the much more practical if prosaic truth occur to you that you are aiming at a spot some hundreds of miles across those mountains, and that in order to reach it that splendid but all too prominent landscape has to be crossed. It is only by plugging at it little by little, stage by stage, that it ever is crossed. There are moments of discouragement, of course. Sometimes the trail will lead you two thousand feet straight up into the air and two thousand feet straight down to river-level again, and all the sweat of that honest toil may have advanced you just half a mile on your way. But as every half-mile is put behind your back, the satisfaction of having overcome difficulties gives you just so much encouragement for the labor which lies ahead. This was the sort of work which from now on was to attend our journey.

Fortunately, however, it is not all barren rock and sand that marks the trail. The Balti villages lie along the rocky ravines like oases in this desert of mountains; and as they depend for cultivation entirely on furrow-irrigation, each one, of course, clusters about some mountain stream which often shoots in a mighty waterfall from a precipice behind.

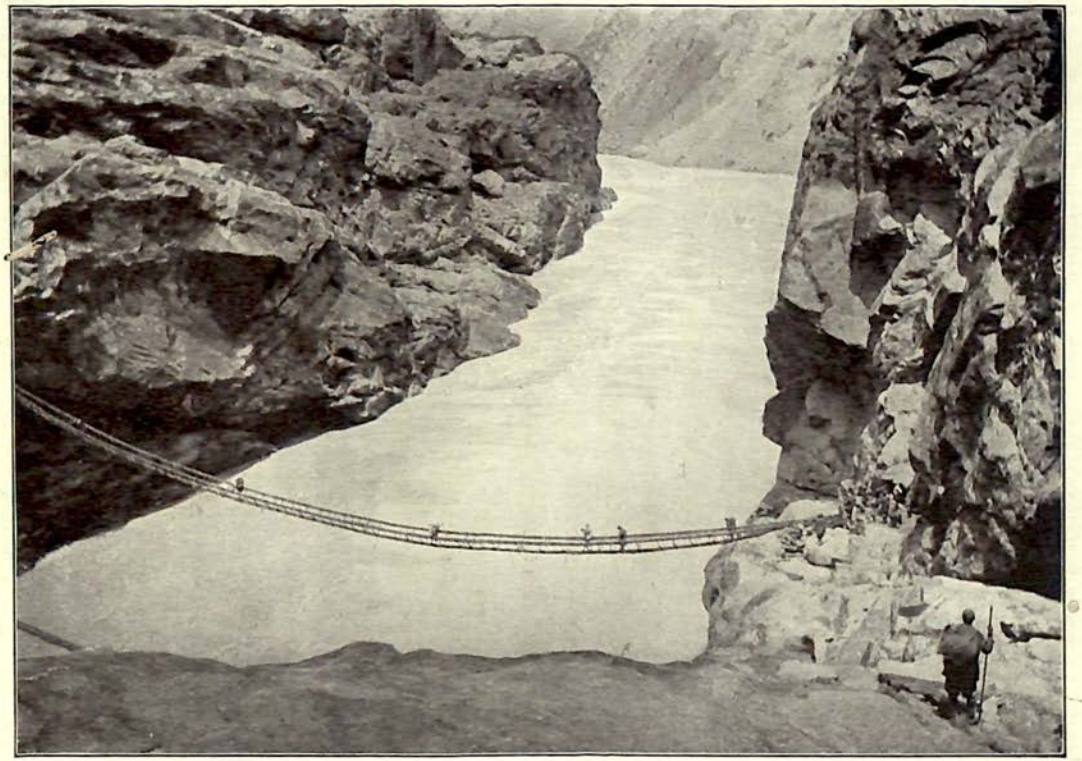
The wheat is grown in little terraces, banked one above the other, beginning at the river-edge and extending to some distance up the mountain-side. If one comes upon a village from the river-level, one sees only the stone walls which bank up the terraces; but if one looks down from a high cliff, as is often the case before descending, a mass of the most brilliant green, intersected with the irregular lines of the walls, lies spread out below. Every village, too, is an orchard of apricot and mulberry trees, which adds immeasurably to the pleasing effect; and very refreshing it is, after tramping for hours through barren ravines and over hot, stony cliffs, to drop down into one of these villages, nearly drown one's self in the icy stream, and then lie back at ease on a cool lawn shaded by the fruit trees, to watch the tents being pitched and supper prepared.

The natives in these villages used to crowd around our camp and watch us in the processes of dressing, washing, and eating, with insatiable curiosity, and this was often so embarrassing that we were obliged to have them forcibly driven away. They are a strange-looking race, these Baltis, with their heads shaven on top and at the back, but at the sides their black hair growing long and falling in unkempt locks, generally interwoven with bright yellow flowers. Their dress consists of a single tunic of the

roughest homespun puttoo, a coarse material resembling sackcloth in texture. Their houses in the smaller villages are often mere caves in the ground, with a hole leading straight down for entrance, or else low huts of stone seldom higher than a man's height, with flat mud roofs, windowless, and with but a single opening in the roof for the smoke of their fires to pass through. The men seem to be of two distinct types: one class have Mongolian features and are of Tibetan origin; the other have Tartar blood and are allied to the Dards. Some of them, especially the older men, have a very wild appearance. The women seldom show themselves and always hide behind rocks or run up the hillsides when they see white men approaching. The men, however, with all their rough exterior, are always courteous, and seldom pass without the customary raising of the hand and "Salaam, Sahib," to which the white man answers, "Salaam," that is, "Peace."

At the end of our second stage from Dras, on turning suddenly into a narrow and wild ravine of the Dras River, we came upon a little cleared space on the very edge of a precipice, where a Balti polo game was in full swing; and for the interest of beholding one of the greatest of games played on its native heath, and by the very people who centuries ago invented it, we stopped to watch. Some eight or ten

natives, in their long puttoo coats, were tearing up and down the field on shaggy little ponies, with rude, short mallets, and chasing a rough-hewn ball. A small crowd of Baltis watched the game from a large rock which formed a sort of grand-stand, while a flute and drum supplied weird native music for the occasion; and as we took our seats on the rock, the players, seeing their audience increased by two weary but appreciative sahibs, went at it with redoubled energy, and gave as fine an exhibition of polo as the primitive quality of field, sticks, and ball would allow — a strange scene to find in such a wilderness. The game finished, a native dance was performed for our further amusement, and we were then ceremoniously escorted by the *lumbardar*, who was captain of one of the teams, to the *serai* or rest-house of the village, where the usual gifts of nuts and dried apricots were brought us. The ripe apricot is too small to make a good fruit, but dried and pressed into balls of a dozen or so each, they form what is known as *kobani* — an indigestible but very delicious sweetmeat. These offerings of dried fruit and nuts from the lumbardars were never omitted in the villages through which we passed; perhaps they knew it meant baksheesh to many times the worth of their gifts, but we accepted and paid for them cheerfully.



ROPE BRIDGE ACROSS THE INDUS

At the end of a long march of thirty-one miles the following day, — four hours in the morning over a bad trail of difficult climbs and steep descents, and seventeen miles in the afternoon to Tarkutti, — we came upon our first rope-bridge across the Indus. The ingenuity in the making of such a bridge with no material but twisted twigs, strong enough to hold the weight of any number of coolies with their loads, and long enough to be swung from cliff to cliff across this great river, is a source of wonder. Yet there it swings, with three strands of twisted twigs, one for each hand to grasp, one to guide the feet, sagging gracefully from the tops of the mighty cliffs that flank the river, occasionally swaying slightly in the wind, but firm and safe as a bridge of rock and iron. The sensation when one has felt one's way to its centre and stands looking down at the torrent swirling a hundred feet below is, to say the least, a strange one. I was glad enough to creep across unincumbered; to have had to lug the heavy loads our coolies carried would have been a handicap which I should as gracefully as possible have declined.

A twenty-six mile march on the following day brought us to Parkutta — a village rather larger than the others through which we had passed; and as we entered it an amusing scene greeted us. Under an enormous chenar tree in the centre of the town,

and completely shut off from the outside world by the dense foliage of the trees, was a little round cleared space, where, apparently, all the villagers were gathered in a circle, five or six deep, and with shouting, clapping, and the usual discordant Balti music, were beating time for six men dancing in the centre. These, with waving riding-whips, singing and laughing, careered madly around in the space cleared for them. I soon discovered from the Rajah of the district, who lives here, that they were the victorious team of the afternoon's polo match, celebrating their victory; and not only had the men turned out to cheer them, but the housetops near by were crowded with women and children, all showing their enthusiasm in the most vociferous manner. Indeed, it was not unlike a college football triumph at home, and away out here in the heart of Asia it seemed most strange and picturesque.

As we dismounted, there was at once a respectful silence, and the Rajah, coming out of the circle and salaaming, led us under a tree, where a shawl and chair were at once brought. He then offered us cigarettes, which we felt out of courtesy bound to accept, though they were exceedingly vile, and ordered the festivities to proceed. After the main dance was finished, each of the players danced alone, retiring in turn as he finished and salaaming to us.

The music was afforded by six tom-toms, three flutes, and a big horn, which as usual created the most painful discords imaginable, and the natives howled in unison.

It then occurred to us that we were ravenously hungry, having had nothing to eat for eight hours; and as the luggage was still some distance back on the road, we intimated to the Rajah that anything eatable would be most acceptable. Tea was at once brought in an enormous samovar, — a kettle heated by coals in a chamber inside, — and wheat-cakes, which we gratefully received, and did not stand on much ceremony about falling to. The inner man having been temporarily satisfied, we repaired to our camp-ground, where the Rajah sat with us till our tents were pitched, smoking from a water-pipe held by a kneeling servant, and would not go even when we were most anxious to take our evening tub before dinner, though he looked at us in an appealing sort of way as if he too were quite ready to leave. Finally an interpreter came from the Rajah's house and whispered that His Highness had been awaiting our gracious permission to leave during the last half-hour. We gave it without delay, and are now wiser on points of Balti etiquette.

On the following morning the Rajah again appeared, no longer in his bright green riding-suit,

English tan boots, and brilliant golf-stockings, but in white robes, and red slippers which turned up at the ends like the bow of a gondola. Having no extra knives, we were at a loss to know what sort of a present to give him, but at last tried ten shot-cartridges, which he received with the most evident delight, and we took leave at once.

As we proceeded down through the valleys we were, it seemed, moving gradually from winter to spring and from spring to full-blown summer — as mellow and fragrant a summer as ever made life doubly worth living. The wheat was higher in the fields, the apricot blossoms had given place to full-formed fruit, the birds were of the most brilliantly colored plumage and seemed to fill everything with their song. Every village was a little paradise in itself. And though the midday was as warm as could be without making our marches uncomfortable, the nights and early mornings were always crisp and delicious.

Thus far we had had little or no trouble with our men. The shikaris and chota-shikaris who, as our slight knowledge of Hindustanee improved, we were coming to know better, seemed like hard-working men, efficient in camp and always respectful. That they would cheat us in small ways over the money for supplies, etc., we had foreseen before starting,

IBEX HEAD

THE 44-INCH HEAD

for the Kashmiri is a pilferer first, last, and all the time; but I was fortunate in having Thomas as a servant, whom I could trust with my last cent, and as there was more or less jealousy between himself and the Kashmiris, he was distinctly a stumbling-block in their path. Now it happened that we had long suspected the cook of making small inroads on our tea, sugar, and rice supplies: these are great delicacies to the Kashmiri palate, for their ordinary fare consists simply of coarse flour, cooked and formed into cakes known as *chupatties*.

Not wishing to have to discharge our only cook, however, we had wisely contented ourselves with telling Thomas to keep an eye open and not let the supplies disappear *in toto*. Moreover, Rule 1 of the Indian cook-book says, "Do not discharge your cook because he is dishonest: they are all dishonest, and he may be a good cook." But alas for our broad-minded intentions, Thomas's eye seemed to be open day and night, watching for his chance to score on the ill-fated cook, and a dramatic scene in camp one evening resulted in the unavoidable breaking of Rule 1.

We were startled just before dinner by a cry of triumph from Thomas, and running out of the tent, found him pointing one finger like an accusing angel at the cook, while with the other hand he beckoned

us to approach and behold the guilty exposed. As the novel would put it, the villain stood with guilt written on every line of his countenance, but as Thomas looked away for a moment, I saw the villain make a quick pass and hide something under the rock which formed the stove. We then approached, determined to see justice done, and told Thomas to prove his accusation. Thomas, with a self-confident smile, stated that the cook had just hidden in his pocket half the rice which was to be used for our pudding and which he, Thomas, had measured out to the cook from the locked rice-*kilta* a moment before. We coldly told him to show us the rice, and piece by piece Thomas undressed the unresisting cook, carefully examining each garment, till the defendant stood as Heaven first made him, apparently acquitted.

Poor Thomas was flustered: he thought he had made an embarrassing mistake which would forever lower him in our estimation and in that of the shikaris, and the tears began to come. I thought the old man had had enough, though his discomfiture was most amusing, and stepping forward, I pointed carelessly to the stone. Thomas swooped on it like an eagle and gave a battle-shout of triumph, which must have been heard by half the village, as he unearthed the stolen rice. We had a hard time to keep

our faces calm and severe as became our position as judges in this impromptu tribunal. The result was that on searching the cook's bedding a large quantity of stolen provisions was found, and there was nothing for it but to have the shikaris give him a beating and to discharge him on the spot, which meant for him at least a lonely two-hundred-mile tramp back to civilization. Fortunately one of the coolies was found to be an excellent cook, and all ended well; there was no further attempt at stealing during the trip, for which we had Thomas to thank, and thenceforth he moved in an exclusive circle, several heavens above that of the others.

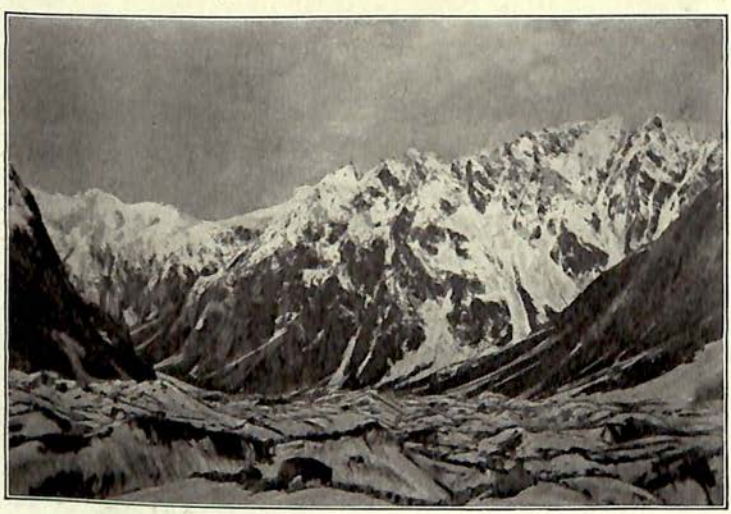
At last, after sixteen days of marching, in which time we had accomplished two hundred and seventy-six miles, we found ourselves at the mouth of the valley of the Basha River, the entrance to the nullah in which our first shooting was to be found. And now came the question as to what constitutes a "nullah" which one sportsman can hold exclusively while camped therein; for a letter was brought us on the night before entering, from a sahib who claimed that he was already within its limits, and that he thus had the right to the whole valley.

To describe the situation briefly, the valley of the Basha is some twelve miles long, being divided by

narrow necks into practically three distinct sections; and as one of these sections offered ample shooting ground for one or even two men, it seemed absurd that one gun could claim the whole valley. Accordingly, after some courteous correspondence with the other man, we sent a coolie runner to the nearest telegraph office, some forty miles distant, with a message to the secretary of the Game Association in Srinagar, requesting him to decide the question, and we meanwhile moved camp to the upper section of the valley, some eight or ten miles away from the other sportsman's camp, fully determined to consider it our own, believing the right to be on our side. We ourselves then split camp, each to take a side of the upper section, as we had resolved to shoot separately.

This third section was a beautiful spot. On the right were broad, steep hillsides, covered with low furze-bushes which afforded the ibex their feeding-grounds; and these slopes rose steeply to the crags and snow above, being cleft in two places by small nullahs with rocky bottoms and small streams. On the other side towered vast mountains, whose sides seemed almost too steep and too snowy to offer good feeding-grounds, though we had marked down several big herds there. But the real magnificence of the valley lay in the scene at its head, where a huge

SEARCHING FOR IBEX



IBEX COUNTRY

The ground in this picture is all ice, formed by a glacier

single mountain, covered entirely with snow, rose quite alone; and, lit up in the early morning sunlight, when the rest of the nullah was still in shadow, the effect was superb.

Ibex-stalking is not easy, for the habits of the animals are all conducive to their safety, and their senses of sight, smell, and hearing are very acute. Before sunrise they graze down to the lower slopes, but as the sun grows hot they ascend again to the snow, where they sleep in inaccessible positions during the day, always with one or more females posted as sentinels. Toward four o'clock in the afternoon they again graze downward till dark. The whole success of a stalk depends, of course, on getting behind a ridge to leeward of the herd and having them graze to within range, or else on following them carefully from ridge to ridge as they move off. If they remain out in the flat ground, approach is absolutely impossible. The game laws of Kashmir allow six ibex to each gun.

It was a great pleasure to feel a gun in one's hands again; a two weeks' march to one's shooting-grounds whets one's keenness for the sport as nothing else can do. Kadera and Sidka were moving about camp before the first appearance of dawn; I awoke to the welcome sound of a crackling fire and dressed at once, my teeth chattering in the cold morning air.

A cup of steaming coffee, and we started single file for the head of the nullah, where, during the past few days, several herds had been marked down. As we entered the upper section, the big mountain at its head was beginning to glow; the hillsides on the right were emerging from shadow, and gradually we could make out several dark spots about half-way up to the first ridge. They were the big herd of ibex which for two days past we had been watching eagerly from a distance, hoping vainly to see them move into a position where stalking would be possible. Now I saw at once that they were headed straight up toward the ridge which topped the first spur of the mountain; behind this there was a declivity; if they should disappear behind it, a successful stalk might be made, for the wind was toward us.

With the greatest caution we crept along the base of the mountain, crouched painfully, but not daring to let ourselves be seen for a moment. A single glimpse of us would send the whole herd dashing off in a panic to their mountain retreats. When immediately below them, we halted and without a whisper or motion waited and watched. They were maddeningly slow in their ascent to the ridge. This formidable mountain-side which they were taking so deliberately and easily now would, I knew, have

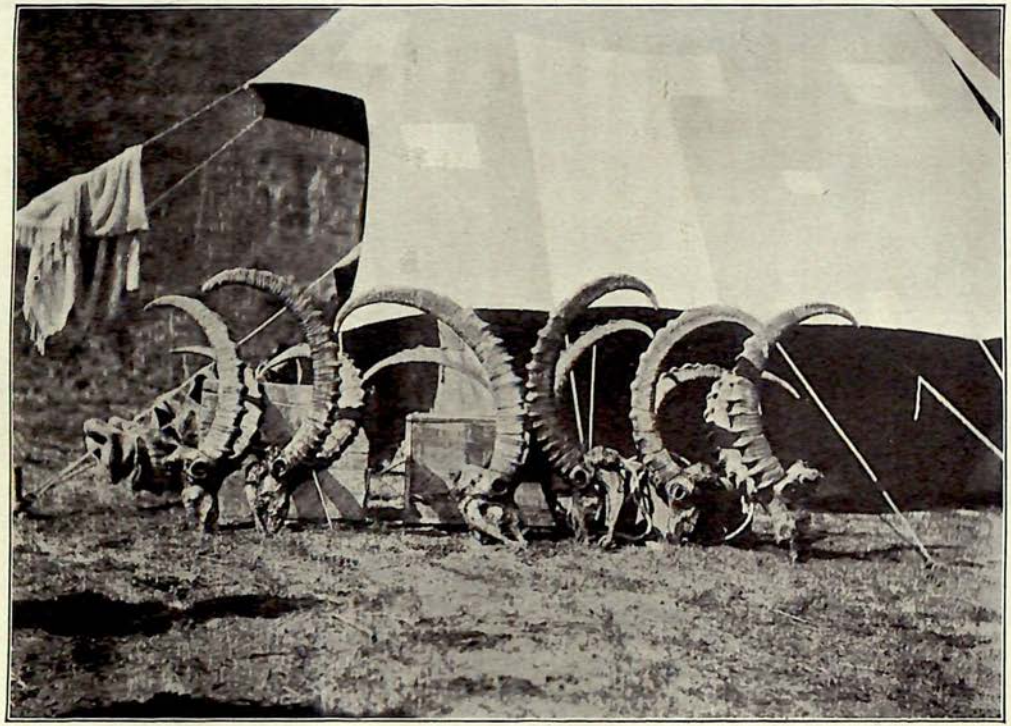
to be covered by us at top speed when once the last of the herd had disappeared; and the prospect made me doubly impatient to be off.

A full hour of shivering in the gully had passed. Then the leader of the herd reached the top. He stood for a moment outlined against the sky, his great ridged horns curving gracefully over his back, — I could see that they were over forty inches, — looked steadily over the ridge for several minutes to make sure that all was safe ahead, then turned to call his herd and disappeared. Without moving from my crouched position, I carefully removed all unnecessary clothing, shed my fur gloves, and slipped a cartridge into each barrel of the .450 cordite Holland and Holland express. There might be no time for loading at the top. Kadera held the 30–40 Winchester, whose magazine was full, and started to follow my example of slipping a cartridge into the barrel, but I motioned him to stop. Put anything into the hands of an excited Kashmiri but a loaded gun. One by one the rest of the herd stood outlined on the ridge and dropped out of sight, but the stragglers were slow, and without the fur coat my joints were already stiffening with cold. I moved slightly to ease my position — there was a scurry above us, and the straggling cows dashed over the ridge. Had I spoiled the stalk? If so, there would be ample

opportunity for remorse afterwards; now my only object was to get up to the ridge in the least possible time, and we started.

In the first five minutes of dashing up a mountain-side, no matter in how good condition is the hunter, his breath leaves him utterly, his throat seems pulled together as if by a strangling rope, and his chest feels like caving in. He tells himself that he cannot possibly do it, that he must slow up or choke, and the surer he is that he has taken his last step, the harder he goes at it. The second five minutes are easier; his muscles limber up, his throat loosens, his breath comes more regularly; in the third five minutes he has no desire to stop. But this is just where a rest is necessary, for there is no use in coming on the game with the heart pounding like a trip-hammer. He must stop and imagine himself anywhere but about to reach in the next minute the point on which the whole success of his stalk depends. If he can do this, he will have almost immediate control of nerves and muscles.

I waited, then crept to the ridge and peered over. Two hundred and fifty yards away, filing slowly up a shale cleft in the mountain and totally unaware of our presence, were the whole herd, broadside on. With the telescope it was easy to pick out several fine heads, but they were shifting like the bits of



MY SIX IBEX

glass in a kaleidoscope, and at that distance we could hardly choose among them. It was fairly safe, though, to pick out any dark-colored buck. I rested the express carefully on the ridge, sighted, and fired. The buck I had aimed at stopped short, shot through the hind-quarters; the second barrel sent him dashing off down the shale. The herd had split up and were dashing off in every direction, some tearing down the slope, starting small avalanches of shale and rocks in their flight, others making for the cliffs and scrambling up as only a goat can climb. I was sitting astride the ridge now. Kadera and Sidka had gone completely crazy with excitement; they were pounding me on the back and shouting: "Bara wallah, bara wallah, Sahib! Maro!" (Big one, big one, Sahib! Shoot!)

Needless to say their exhortations made shooting for the moment a physical impossibility, nor were they conducive to perfect coolness on my part. I seemed to see a regular kaleidoscope of "bara wallahs" in every direction. Then I managed to calm Kadera slightly, and taking the Winchester from him, held it on a buck who was trying to scale what appeared to be a perfectly sheer precipice to the left. He would have got up it, too, if I had waited a moment longer, but the first shot brought him tumbling, and he fell sheer twenty yards quite dead.

Another was still in sight far up the cliff, scrambling, slipping, leaping. I took the express and fired again, but it was a hard shot. The second barrel caught him amidships as he reached the level, and he made off, badly wounded.

The result of this first shot was not all that could be desired, since of my three animals only one lay dead, and it was impossible to say how far the others might go before they dropped. Following a newly wounded ibex through the mountains is useless, for he will quickly distance the hunter and make for some inaccessible cliff before resting; but if allowed to go unwatched, the chances are in favor of his soon lying down in a place whither he may later be tracked. Accordingly we skinned the dead one, reaching the body by a difficult descent over the slipping shale, and finding his horns to measure but thirty inches, the minimum size a sportsman should shoot, returned in a rather unsatisfactory frame of mind to camp.

But the first discouragement was not to last. With a local guide, the wounded animals were tracked before daylight on the following morning, and before long both were found quite dead, the heads measuring respectively forty and thirty-nine inches, which quickly cleared away all doubts as to the success of the first stalk, and put me in the best

of spirits. A long, busy day in camp followed, for the heads and skins had to be cleaned and salted, and if I had known then what was in store for the morrow, I should not have begrudged the repose which this afforded.

Yet the first excitement of the hunt makes one keen for more. News had already come from Perry in the other section that his first stalk had brought him two heads, and made me more eager than ever to secure my six. In such a country as we had come upon, this depended more on activity and accurate shooting than on the mere hunting about for herds. They were everywhere; the question was only to stalk successfully. So delays were irksome.

The 1st of June dawned as all days in that wonderful country seem to dawn, in a flood of sunlight, cloudless and crisply cold. But before the great mountain at the valley's head had received the first tints of morning we were crouched behind a spur of the glacier and searching with the glasses the surrounding heights. It was but a few moments before a large herd was found far across, on the steep mountain-side which rose to the north, and though a full half-mile of serried glacier lay between, it seemed advisable to undertake the work and make our second stalk in country as yet undisturbed by firing.

The crossing was rather more than I had bargained for; again and again an impossible crevasse, or an ice-covered slope which led to the edge of some ugly break in the glacier, necessitated a retracing of our steps and a new start, and only at the end of two hours did we reach the farther side, weary and dripping.

A steep ascent of the mountain-side followed, and once at the top, a sheltering tree afforded a few moments' rest, where we could observe the game unnoticed. The heads that appeared on that open mountain-slope were larger than any we had yet run across. The larger bucks were all of the darkest brown, their horns curving magnificently over their backs and their beards hanging long and shaggy. Before we had watched ten minutes the whole herd moved off behind a ridge, but as usual a solitary female was left posted, and the slightest movement from behind our tree would have spoiled it all.

The longed-for moment came after an impatient wait, the female slowly moving behind the ridge, leaving a clear but hazardous slope for us to cross in order to get within range. It was surprising to me how we kept from slipping, but something on the plan of a hundred-yard dash and a rather studied nonchalance respecting the precipice just below

brought us to the ridge without a stumble, and we dropped over.

The next five minutes made all the weary miles and days of travelling worth while many times over. My first impression was that we had somehow fallen in the very midst of a perfectly tame herd of the largest ibex on record, for the animals appeared so thunderstruck at seeing us quietly and suddenly drop in among them that for a moment they remained perfectly motionless. Then of course there was a scurry, and the sport began.

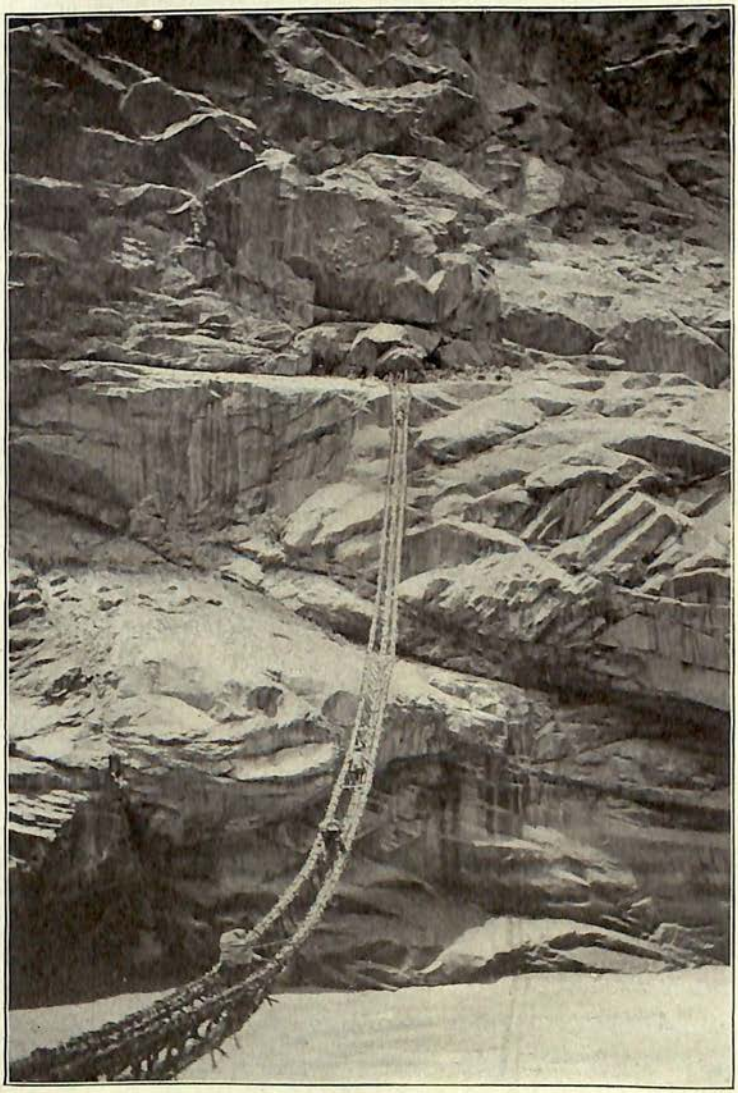
My first buck dropped before he had covered ten yards, and a careful shot from a knee-rest brought down another that had gone but a short distance farther — two forty-inch heads. I was now allowed but one more by law, and was unwilling to fire at any ordinary-sized head; several bucks were still in sight, but they were scattered and were tearing up the mountain-side at a rapid pace.

Kadera, however, had stopped my hand after the first two successful shots, and pointed to a ridge far above, from behind which in a moment dashed a magnificent animal with horns very much larger than any I had yet noticed. As I found afterwards, he had been crouched behind a rock when we had first come upon the herd, and it was for this reason I had not aimed at him once. Though still not too

late, the mark was a small one. Some six shots ploughed up the sand about him; then he stumbled, but regained his feet, and was immediately lost to sight behind a ridge.

The account of how that superb animal was tracked by his blood-trail far into the mountains, how his horns were found to measure fully forty-four inches from base to tip, and how we returned at dusk across the glacier to camp, worn out by the hardest of stalks, but happy in the realization of complete success, would be, I fear, of less interest in the recounting than was the experience itself. To complete the satisfaction, a telegram was found awaiting us at camp from the secretary of the Game Association at Srinagar, stating that the Basha Nullah could rightly hold more than one gun, and that we were justified in having claimed our share of the valley. Perry, in the other section of the nullah, soon afterwards secured not only his six ibex heads but three fine red bear as well.

That night Kadera came to my tent and cheerfully informed me that he had promised Buddha, in the event of my complete success, a sacrifice of two fat sheep. After a few moments of embarrassing silence following my assent, I was further informed, still cheerfully, though perhaps a trifle less confidently, that the promise had been made in



TAKEN FROM THE CENTRE OF THE ROPE BRIDGE

my behalf. I had wondered who was to pay for them!

So the sacrificial fire was built, the sheep killed, and far into the night the shikaris and coolies feasted in the moonlight, squatting in a circle about my tent.

CHAPTER VIII

MARKHOR AND SHARPU SHOOTING IN BALTISTAN

THE beginning of our long march to the markhor country was marked by an episode which was as amusing as it was unexpected, and which I must truthfully aver at the outset came about through circumstances over which we had no control. A perfectly innocent remark to the shikaris began it all, and from the moment of that remark the ball was started and kept rolling, while we looked on aghast and helpless at the extraordinary and unprecedented turn of events.

It had to do with the arrival in Kashmir of Wheeler, who, to our great delight, had sent us word of his approach and had asked us to meet him in a certain nullah not far away on a certain day; and our innocent remark to the shikaris was merely to the effect that he was coming. To be perfectly truthful, I must, however, state, that in our announcement to the shikaris of our friend's arrival, wishing to secure their particular interest in the cordial welcome which we, after our long separation,

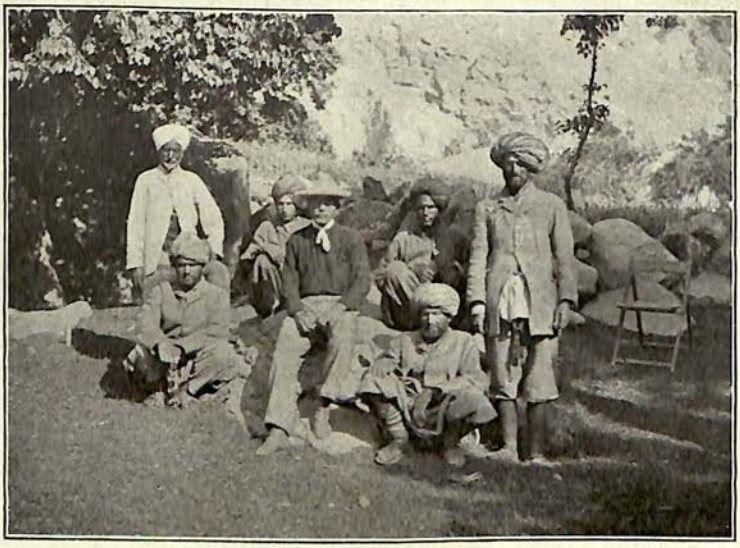
of course wished to give him, Perry did go to the extent of saying that he, Wheeler, was a "Bara Sahib," meaning a big or important man. Wishing still further to impress the shikaris, I added, "Yes, indeed, a bara Rajah Sahib," and Perry, I believe, warming to the subject and making a gesture signifying immeasurable greatness, continued, "Certainly, a bara, bara, Maharajah Sahib."

But exactly what degree of greatness this voluble description conveyed to the shikaris, I cannot say, nor, as I have once before remarked, should I care to submit even my most concise and carefully thought-out efforts in Hindustanee to a professor of languages for analysis. At any rate, feeling confident that the men were duly impressed and would now take as much interest as we in the meeting which was to occur on the following day, we retired to our tent and to that peaceful slumber which only the truly innocent can enjoy.

Imagine our utter astonishment, on going out of the tent for our bath on the following morning, to find the camp-ground so crowded with natives that hardly a square foot of space remained unoccupied between the tents and the surrounding woods. They squatted in rows, extending up the hillside and down toward the river below, hundreds and hundreds of them it seemed, all in holiday attire, with

yellow flowers woven into their hair and hanging about their tunics, and all silently and respectfully awaiting our appearance. Perry and I gazed at the array in dumb astonishment, and the Baltis quietly gazed back. Even then I do not think we realized what were to be the far-reaching results of our guileless words of the previous evening; but we were not left long in doubt, for Kadera and Salia, coming up and salaaming, informed us that these few unworthy people had come to do honor to the Bara Maharajah Sahib. Indeed, if the size of that gathering was a criterion, he was to be fitly received.

But this was not all. If the over-night transformation of our quiet and unpopulated camp-ground was the work of some genius of the Arabian Nights, he had still further wonders in reserve; for at that moment a splendid jet-black stallion appeared at the end of the clearing, upon which was seated a magnificent personage clad in long flowing robes of white linen, with red slippers and flower-wreathed cap. Was this perhaps Aladdin, or the good genius himself, who had appeared in guise appropriate to the surrounding scene and was about to ring up the curtain on some marvellous entertainment? The shikaris soon enlightened us. Helping him dismount and leading him to the tent, where he salaamed before us, they introduced him as the Rajah of Shigar,



THE BARA MAHARAJAH SAHIB AND HIS STAFF

THE RAJAH OF SHIGAR AND HIS SUITE

who was to accompany us to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, to join us in doing honor to the Bara Maharajah Sahib. Indeed, the ball was now thoroughly rolling, and as the possibilities of the affair dawned upon us, having solemnly welcomed the Rajah, we took refuge in the tent in order not to lose caste by a public exhibition of our unseemly but irrepressible mirth. Furthermore, Perry and I felt that the occasion demanded something more ceremonious than the dingy old gray-flannel shirts we were wearing; so drawing forth from the carefully-packed corners of our boxes two precious immaculate white starched collars, — our only two, — we put them on. We possessed no ties, but that was unimportant. Then, fastening boutonnières of wild roses to the lapels of our puttoo coats, we emerged to await events.

Camp was struck, and for a while all was confusion in the process of getting under way. Two other splendid chargers, beautifully decked out with silver and gold trappings, now appeared, and these the Rajah placed at our disposal for the ride to the Bara Maharajah Sahib's camp-ground; and while the ponies were being packed, we took our position at the head of the gathering, the Rajah stationing himself beside us, and the Baltis quickly falling into line in the rear of his bodyguard. Our shikaris and coolies then took their places, the brass band, which

the Rajah had brought with him, struck up a frightful native march, and off we moved down the valley, as imposing an army as ever went out to welcome a foreign monarch.

If the cavalcade had been effective at the outset, it was infinitely more so by the time we reached the top of the mountain above the Bara Maharajah Sahib's camp and began filing slowly downwards toward the plain. For from every village through which we had passed, and we had wended our way through a goodly number of them, the Rajah had ordered the inhabitants into line behind us, so that the escort had swelled to monstrous proportions, and as each separate village had contributed its brass band, the noise, when all of them broke at the same moment into discordant keys, was positively overpowering.

Far down in the valley a small blue speck stood beside what looked like a couple of white handkerchiefs and levelled a pair of field-glasses in our direction: it was the Bara Maharajah Sahib beside his tents, examining in consternation and incomprehension the formidable array on the mountain-side. Slowly we zigzagged down the mountain-trail, like a monstrous serpent, with the bands braying frightfully and the Baltis hurrying forward in their eagerness to see the foreign potentate; and all this

THE MEETING BETWEEN THE RAJAH AND THE BARA MAHARAJAH SAHIB

A few of the escort

time the Bara Maharajah Sahib kept his glasses levelled at us, in total ignorance of the meaning of this extraordinary spectacle. We could see him more clearly now. He wore a navy-blue flannel shirt, with a handkerchief tied about his neck, a slouch hat, and a three-weeks' beard — a combination thoroughly appropriate to the surroundings, even for a Bara Maharajah Sahib.

At last the level was reached. Perry and I dismounted, deferentially approached the camp-ground on foot, and humbly salaamed before the royal presence, though we wanted badly enough to run up and wring his dear old hand off. Wheeler, preserving an ominous silence, replied to the Rajah's deep and respectful salute with what was probably the most frigid and soulless bow I have ever witnessed. We seated the Rajah and the Bara Maharajah Sahib on two soap-boxes facing one another, summoned a Hindustanee-Balti interpreter, and prompted our friend to make remarks appropriate to the occasion.

The conversation was somewhat stilted, the only important sentiment expressed being that the Rajah was pleased to see his distinguished visitor in his, the Rajah's, country, while the Bara Maharajah Sahib was very pleased to be there, Wheeler punctuating his remarks with surprisingly irrelevant and irreverent asides, in which the words "height

of idiocy" and "depraved sense of humor" seemed to predominate.

I will not weary the reader with too long an account of the further proceedings attendant upon this historic meeting, contenting myself with stating that, the Rajah having heaped upon his guest innumerable gifts, including valuable Kashmir shawls, cups, plates, and pipes made of the stone of the country, sheep, chickens, fruit, nuts, sweetmeats, and countless other things, and Wheeler having searched his tent for an appropriate return present (the interpreter had confidenitally informed him that he, being the greater potentate, must give the greater present), and having turned over to the Rajah every article, of no matter what description, which could possibly be spared from his outfit, the whole multitude sat down to feast; and not until two days later did the ceremonies connected with that memorable conference come to an end.

But though we left the Bara Maharajah Sahib, whose steps were turned towards the ibex grounds whence we had just come, and though the Rajah went home and the Baltis returned to their various villages, the matter of the meeting did not end there. Its results were farther-reaching than even we or the shikaris had ever expected. For during his entire six-months' journey through Baltistan, in every

town through which he passed, our friend's fame had gone before him; he was often met by deputations of the most prominent citizens of the villages, and in spite of his protests was escorted in state to their village-greens, feasted, fêted, and covered with gifts, while polo games and dances were played and performed in his honor, and all was done to make his way smooth and agreeable.

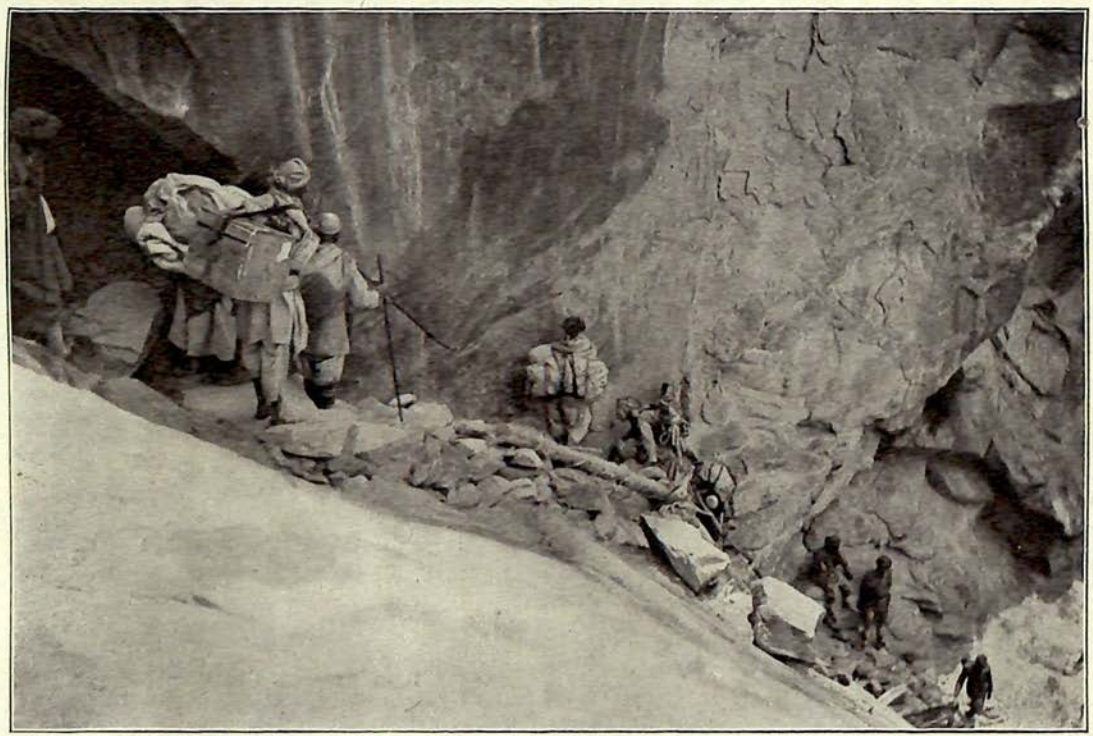
An Englishman, meeting us later, asked if we had heard anything about a foreign prince who was travelling in Baltistan. We had not. Even the Bara Maharajah Sahib eventually came to a more charitable view of the matter; for, though his modest nature had suffered a severe shock, the material benefits which resulted were too important to be left out of consideration, and as he wrote us later, "You did a good job after all."

The account of our march to the markhor country, and our subsequent sport there, can best and most briefly be told by summarizing from the diary which I was in the habit of scribbling daily and sending home every few weeks when we came within a few days' running distance of a post-office, and could send off a coolie to post letters and bring such mail as had been forwarded according to our instructions. These mail-days were red-letter ones in camp, and very strange it was to read of events which had

happened months before in a world as far apart and as different from ours as two worlds well could be.

A long, hot, dusty tramp from Wheeler's camp-ground brought us to Skardu, a large town composed of several villages lying amidst a broad expanse of wheat-fields and orchards, where we found three other sportsmen camped, two of them sick and unable to push on. A day was spent here preparing our twelve ibex-heads, which were then sent off to Srinagar on the backs of four coolies, to be cleaned and salted pending our return; and on the following morning a start was made down the Indus toward the Haramosh country. We crossed to the right bank on a flimsy raft buoyed up by inflated sheepskins, as the left bank was said to be bad going.

I should not care to have tried the left bank if it was worse than the right. Our trail was never on a level. Frequently it rose two thousand feet straight up and then dropped immediately again to the Indus, which, after leaving the plain of Skardu, rushes wildly through a narrow gorge all the way to Haramosh. One march of eight miles occupied five hours. Often the road dwindled to a ledge a few inches broad around some precipice, being pieced out by wooden ladders to make progress possible for the coolies with their heavy loads. The weather had changed greatly since a month before, and the



A "ROAD" IN BALTISTAN

apricots and delicious mulberries were ripe in the villages through which we passed. It was a great pleasure after coming down from the Basha Nullah to discard our fur sleeping-bags at night and to tramp coatless in the daytime. Yet the work was long and tedious, up and down fatiguing ascents and descents through the most barren sort of country, except where the villages afforded rest, shade, and delicious fruit and water for parched mouths. Seldom more than one stage a day was accomplished, which meant but from eight to twelve miles, and glad enough we were to come to the end of them.

At Rondu we had tiffin under a wide-spreading chenar tree in the centre of the village, curiously watched as usual by the women and children of the town from their housetops, and then proceeded to a beautiful camp-ground in a little village called Harpu, where we were entertained, as often, by native music and dancing. We passed Tulu, Hilbu, and Subsar, and on the 26th of June, at a place called Bulchu, feeling ill, I decided to take a day of rest. Perry I asked to continue to his markhor nullah, for we were to shoot separately and I did not know how long my indisposition, due to indigestion brought on by fatigue, might delay him.

The 28th was a long day of descent from the high land on which we had been, almost to the Indus,

my camp being pitched in a wooded ravine away from any village; and on the 29th we ascended to Balochi, again half-way up the mountain-side, where another day of rest was imperative, though any delay, with the prospect of good shooting ahead, was annoying and irksome. There were only three hens in this town, but I managed to collect two dozen eggs in fairly good condition, which evidently had been stored up as they had been laid, and with a sheep for mutton and a cow-yak to supply us with milk, we proceeded on the 1st of July to my markhor shooting-ground in the Mishkin Nullah, descending to my camp-ground in a snowstorm so thick that, until we reached the clearing chosen by Kadera, one could see barely a rod in any direction.

It cleared away as suddenly as it had come, disclosing such a view as seldom falls to the lot of man to behold. The tent was pitched in a field of purple and white flowers, from which on three sides the confines of the nullah rose abruptly, but whose fourth side opened out to the mouth of the valley, where a range of superb snow-mountains rose in the distance — the Haramosh range, 24,285 feet high. Sitting with my pipe by the camp-fire that evening, with the ten days' work behind, and watching the afterglow on those magnificent peaks and the shadows creeping up in the valley below, I experienced

THE TWO MARKHOR HEADS, SHOWING KADERA, SIDKA, AND THE LOCAL SHIKARI (TO THE LEFT)

a sense of enjoyment which only those who have had Nature to themselves, unmarred by the disfigurement of railroads and summer hotels, can truly appreciate.

At dawn on the 2d we were scouring the sides of the nullah for markhor, and at eight o'clock a fine big animal was, by the aid of the telescope, found across a small wooded cleft, lying on top of a big boulder, quietly chewing his cud, his magnificent horns curving in spirals over his back. A markhor, like an ibex, is a species of goat, generally of a light grayish color, with a long black beard and horns curving outwards in spirals, usually in two and a half twists. He is a larger animal than the ibex, much scarcer, and considered a far finer trophy. The law allows but two to each sportsman.

We stalked at once, which was not difficult, as the hillside was thickly wooded with beech and birch growth, which concealed our movements, and thus it was only a question of moving silently. Reaching a ridge about one hundred and fifty yards above the animal, which had descended from its rock and was grazing in the bushes, I soon caught sight of its horns in the thicket, and fired where the body appeared to be. There had been some question in my mind as to whether to use the 30–40 Winchester or the cordite-powder express, but as I had

done more accurate shooting with the smaller gun and had more confidence in its trajectory, it had seemed to me best to use the former. I was sorry afterwards, for though the first shot hit the animal, he was off at once, whereas the express would doubtless have dropped him immediately. However, it was not long before his body was found, stone dead, on a ledge to which descent was made with great difficulty, and his superb head, scalp, and skin were brought back to camp in good condition.

The next two days were spent in cleaning the skin and head, and in continually searching the surrounding country with the glasses for further signs of game. It was on the morning of the 5th that the telescope revealed a fine big markhor perched high on a rock, not far from where the first had been shot, his horns standing out clearly against the sky-line. I hurriedly dressed, said good-by to Perry, who had come over from his neighboring nullah for a visit, and was soon at the top of the ridge. The markhor, two in number, had meanwhile crossed the next nullah and were feeding half-way up its opposite side. We slipped down among the woods until nearly opposite them, but they were then upon the point of disappearing and it was necessary to take a very long shot, so long that it was impossible for me to see their horns to decide which was the

A "ROAD" IN BALTISTAN

bigger head; but markhor were none so plentiful that one could afford to let a chance go by on this account, and I fired. The Winchester, which I had used on account of the distance, planted a shot within two feet of the foremost animal and he was at once out of sight around a ledge. The second markhor, at the report, followed the other, but was just far enough behind to enable me to load and fire again before he disappeared. I should not have had another chance. That was the most satisfactory shot the little rifle has ever fired, for it hit the markhor square in spite of the distance. But those goats seem to be able to get away with any amount of lead, and though on coming up I found plenty of blood, the animal was nowhere to be seen. However, his blood-trail made tracking a comparatively simple matter, and before long he was found stone dead in an almost inaccessible place on a cliff, where ropes had to be used, and his body was recovered with great difficulty.

Thus my ibex and markhor bags were filled, the heads of the latter both measuring approximately forty-three inches, a good average size; they were quite different in shape, one set of horns extending spirally upwards, and the other almost horizontally out before the upward curve. The scalps were almost white, with splendid black beards; the skins

cream-color. Perry, I learned by a letter which he sent me by a coolie-runner, had already secured his first head.

We were now obliged to remain for some days doing nothing, as Kadera, not believing that I should get my two markhor in such a short time, had sent the pack-coolies back to their village, Hilbu, and they had to be sent for, with a delay of three days. But I enjoyed this rest, for my camp, as I have said before, was in a beautiful spot looking out towards the Haramosh range, whose grand snow-peaks took on the most superb colors in the setting sun and afterwards by moonlight, so that the evenings spent there beside the camp-fire quite made up for any *ennui* during the day. Besides, I had fortunately brought a few good books along, and was able to employ my time to advantage, reading being quite impossible when on the march or hunting, owing to one's excessive fatigue at the end of the day.

It was furthermore exceedingly amusing to me to watch the shikaris and their ways, their character being a study of continual interest. They are, of course, thieves first, last, and all the time, looking upon the sportsman as a moneyed sponge to be squeezed as dry as their ingenuity can manage. Fortunately for me, I had Thomas as a counteracting element: he hated them and they him, and it

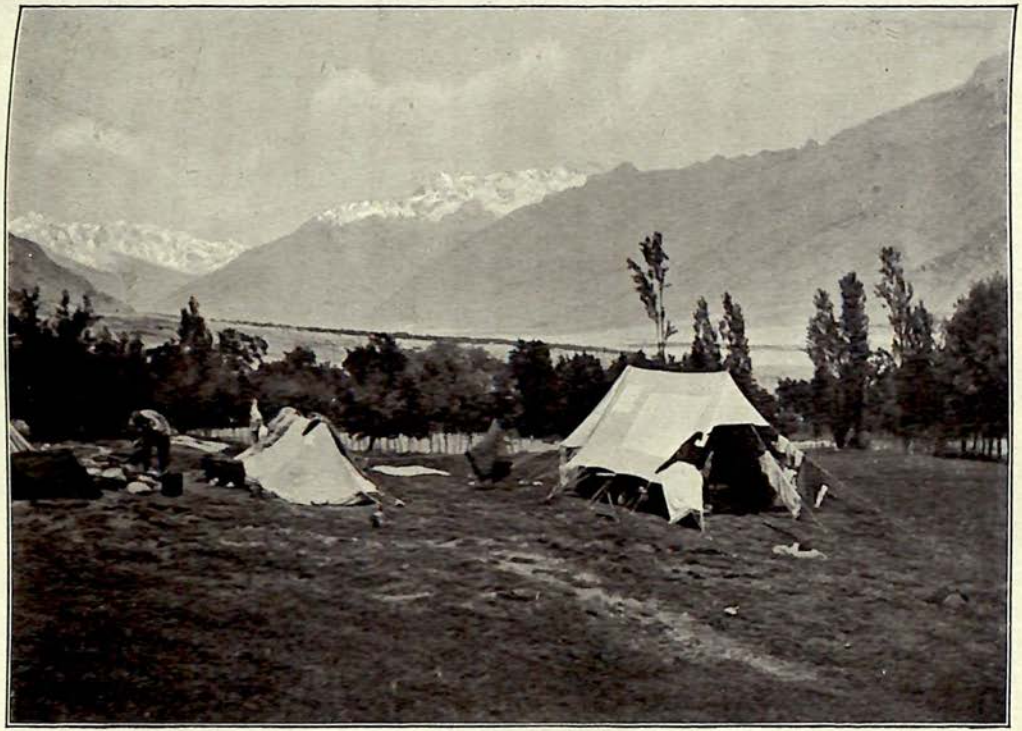
was his delight to guard my interests against their dishonesty; so I let him hold the bank and pay for all supplies, for which he gave me regularly a neat account, and I knew that I was paying minimum prices.

The Kashmiri is, moreover, utterly childish in his jealously. Our respective staffs split up into two separate groups, ate separately, and were scarcely on speaking terms; and several times Kadera came to me and accused Salia, Perry's shikari, of stealing, though with no evidence to back up his assertions. Whenever Kadera showed me game, his first remark was always as to how much better he had done it than could Salia; and when Perry and I met after our ibex and bear shooting, it was ludicrous to see how Kadera refused to look at Perry's big bearskin, while Salia visibly turned up his nose and sauntered away when my 44-inch ibex-head was displayed. As a matter of fact, while amusing us, this jealousy was an excellent thing, for it made the competition between our respective staffs exceedingly keen.

In his emotion the Kashmiri further shows his childish character. One day, when I was down with a touch of fever and for a short time uncomfortably ill, Kadera, who was squatting in my tent, suddenly burst into tears and sobbed disgracefully, while the tears poured down his face; and the scene was ended

only by my ordering him back to his quarters. On the whole, I believe, that in spite of their dishonesty and petty meanness, they have a certain amount of affection for their *huzurs* (highnesses), as they call us, and certainly much pride in our respective shooting accuracy and trophies; and I am sure they do their best for us if only for their own credit. One day when we were practising at a small target at two hundred yards' range, and Perry was peppering all around it, I took a single shot with the 30–40 Winchester, putting the bullet squarely in the bull's eye, quite by luck at so long a range, and then, not wishing to jeopardize at once my suddenly acquired reputation, sauntered away as if nothing unusual had occurred. You should have seen Kadera. His chest-measurement visibly increased, and he walked on air for a week, not deigning to look at Salia or any other members of Perry's party.

Kadera, by the way, is one of those whose features will not bear too close a scrutiny, lest they tell of advancing years, and such a disclosure would be of great harm to him in his profession. His face is deeply lined, and he has no teeth left, which renders his enunciation difficult to grasp; and on steep ascents after game he is soon left painfully gasping in the rear; but as his head is always carefully turbaned, and as his beard is stained a beautiful bright



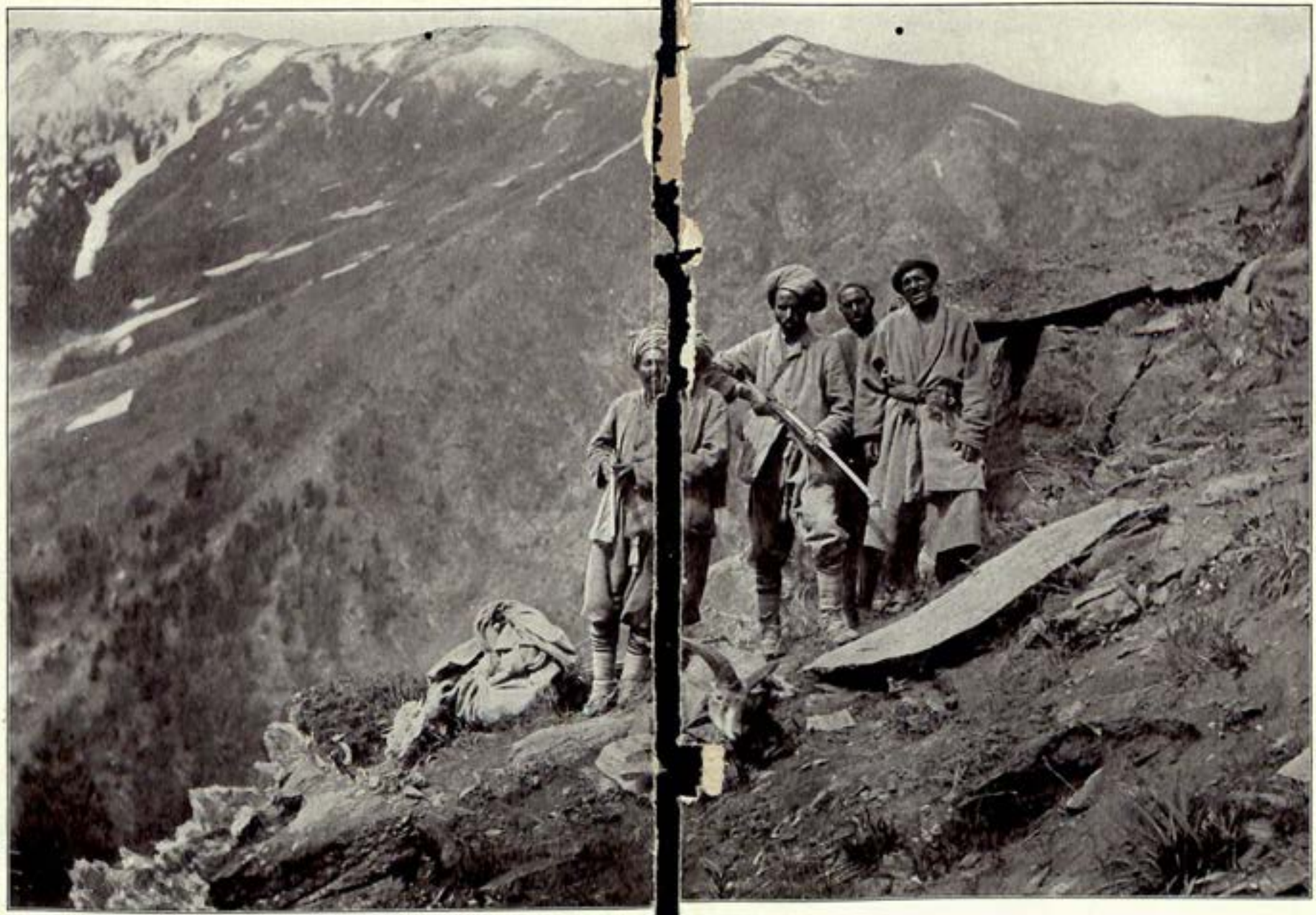
ONE OF OUR CAMPS IN BALTISTAN

vermilion, no sign of a white hair gives away his carefully guarded secret. One day, alas! however, a slight mishap to the worthy Kadera confirmed all my suspicions. We were scrambling up a steep mountain-side after game, when suddenly his footing gave way: he slipped, rolled a few feet toward the precipice below, and came firmly and suddenly to rest in the branches of an intervening bush. Quick as a flash his hand went up to his turban, but alas! it had jerked off in his rapid descent and lay several yards up the slope. One glance at his bare head, white as the snow of the peak above us, doubly iridescent in its contrast to the vermilion of his huge beard, was sufficient. I quickly looked the other way and allowed the old man to recover his turban with what equanimity he could, after the double shock to his limbs and his feelings.

Sidka, my chota, or assistant shikari, on the contrary, was young, keen as a greyhound, athletic as a young Greek. As this was his apprenticeship in the shikari business, he well knew what a good recommendation at the end of the trip would mean. Besides taking excellent care of my clothes in camp, washing and mending them, making my bed at night, and keeping the tent in order, he was invaluable on the march and in stalking, his duty being to carry my extra gun and keep always at my heels.

He was, too, the only member of the outfit who had not been ill at one time or another: Kadera had suffered from severe boils, Salia from rheumatism, Thomas from colds, the coolies from fever; but Sidka seemed always well, always keen and always cheery, a characteristic of which only those who have camped in the wilds know the true value.

The coolies finally arrived, and we started on once more, headed now for the sharpu or urial country, of which I was anxious to secure one or two specimens before proceeding to the black bear country in the Valley of Kashmir itself. I had not supposed that the climbing could become much worse than it had been before, but in this I was mistaken. The trail ran along the faces of cliffs, so narrow in some places that it seemed impossible to stick on, sometimes down in the bottom of a ravine, then up again to the crest of a mountain, whence the great ranges of half Baltistan stretched out before us, and whence we could look over even into Tibet. One gets accustomed to dizzy places, as to all things, with practice, but when one is clinging to the perpendicular face of a precipice, practically with one's teeth and nails, trying to find where to move next, while out of the corner of his eye he sees beneath him a straight drop of some two thousand feet, and at the same time is morally certain that the three-inch ledge to



SHARPU HEAD

Kadera, Sidka, a nd local shikari

which he clings is giving way, the sensation is — unusual.

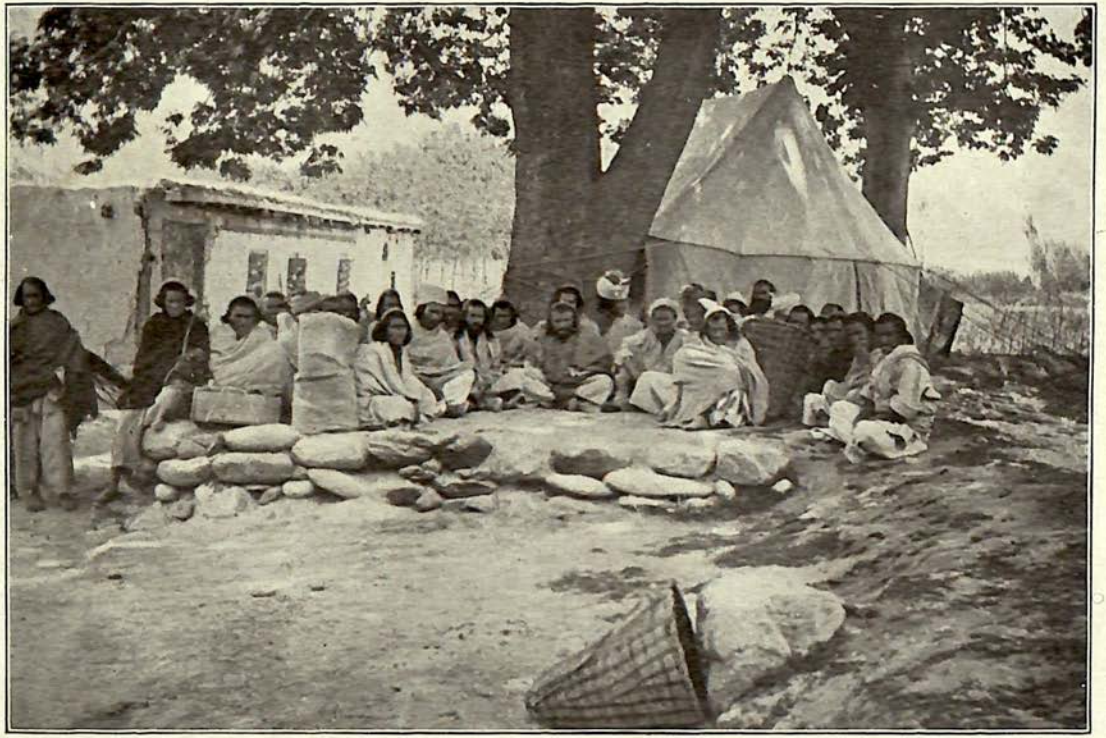
The night after leaving the Mishkin Nullah I fortunately met Wheeler, who, having finished his ibex-shooting, was bound for the markhor country. It was indeed a lucky coincidence that I should have run across him on that particular night, for my coolies had been unable to cross a certain stream which I had forded with great difficulty up to my waist in water, and which later had become swollen by the melting snows of midday, and as I was considerably in advance of them, and as there was no means of refording the same stream, I should, had I not met Wheeler, have been obliged to spend the night on the opposite bank, within speaking distance of my outfit, but without food, shelter, or dry clothes. This proved to be my last meeting with Wheeler, nor did I see him again until two years later, when in prosaic surroundings we told one another of our subsequent wanderings and reminisced a trifle sadly on our shooting-days. He filled his bag in Kashmir and had some good shooting on the Indian plains before returning home.

The day after leaving Wheeler we marched to Balochi, where I had previously been ill, and on the following morning left the Indus trail and struck in a long distance, toward the mountain-pass which

leads over into the Astore district, camping the second night in a deep ravine with rose-bushes in full blossom around the tent, a mountain-stream rushing past, and the great cliffs towering straight above, thousands of feet in height, from the top of which a waterfall shot into the gorge below with a stupendous roar. My larder, alas! was by this time in a sadly depleted state, the supply of coffee, oatmeal, vegetables, baking-powder, jam, and sugar having become exhausted. There were no chickens in these villages, and consequently no eggs; no yaks, and therefore no milk except goat's milk, which I abominated. My only hope of deliverance from comparative starvation lay in the fact that I had foreseen this unfortunate dearth of supplies and sent a coolie-runner to Srinagar for more. Sheep, however, were always procurable, and at the modest price of two rupees (sixty-seven cents) per head. Consequently my daily menu was approximately as follows: —

Breakfast: Flour porridge, potatoes, mutton.
Tiffin: Potatoes, mutton.
Dinner: Mutton broth, potatoes, mutton.

This diet, as can be imagined, though healthful, was hardly satisfactory; and though its monotony was occasionally relieved by my shooting a pigeon, I often felt that I should like to see potatoes and mutton, like the Hunter of the Snark, "softly and



COOLIES WAITING TO BE PAID AFTER A DAY'S MARCH

suddenly vanish away," giving place, if necessary, to pâté de foie gras, wedding-cake and Welsh rabbit. The many happy hours Perry and I have spent, on our long, thirsty marches, carefully planning out the menus for prospective feasts on our return to civilization, come back to me with extraordinary distinctness.

The 13th I spent in camp on account of a severe rain, but started on in the afternoon and accomplished some six miles up toward the pass. On the 14th we crossed the pass itself, up a long snowfield, and then down into the Ditchil Nullah, all in a snowstorm, which later turned to rain; and a very unpleasant two hours I spent on reaching my campground, waiting for the coolies to arrive with the tent and dry clothes. The 15th we marched some eight miles down the Ditchil Nullah, which leads to the Astore Valley, where I was greatly impressed with the many different kinds of wild flowers which dotted the fields with all the colors of the rainbow. The scenery had changed suddenly from wild bare mountains and snow to a beautiful valley, with woods, fields and a mountain-stream, — a most pleasant relief from our previous surroundings. The 16th was an especially hard day, for besides a long, difficult, and fatiguing march over the mountain from Ditchil down to the Astore River, I went on

two separate sharpu stalks, in a pouring rain all day, and did not reach a suitable camp-ground till dark, pretty well exhausted.

We came on a herd of sharpu half-way down the mountain, and if my chota shikari had been at my heels, as he always should be, with the guns, I should have had a good two hundred yards shot at a big head. But by an unlucky chance he happened for once to be lagging behind, and by the time he came up, the herd had got well out of range. We stalked them to the top of the mountain again, over some nasty cliffs, till a precipice stopped us just out of range, and we were obliged to leave them watching us at a safe distance. Descending a short distance, and then seeing two more sharpu on the top of the spur, we climbed again, but in vain. All this work had occupied three hours; and at four o'clock, having had nothing to eat since seven in the morning, I was quite able to appreciate my tiffin of a cold sausage and some cold tea, eaten in the pouring rain.

Sharpu, by the way, are quite red, small, and appear to be all legs, judging from the way they get over the ground. They are a species of sheep, with the usual curved horns.

At dark, it being impracticable to pitch the tents in the wet, I took refuge in a cattle-shed, where the account of the day was written by the feeble light

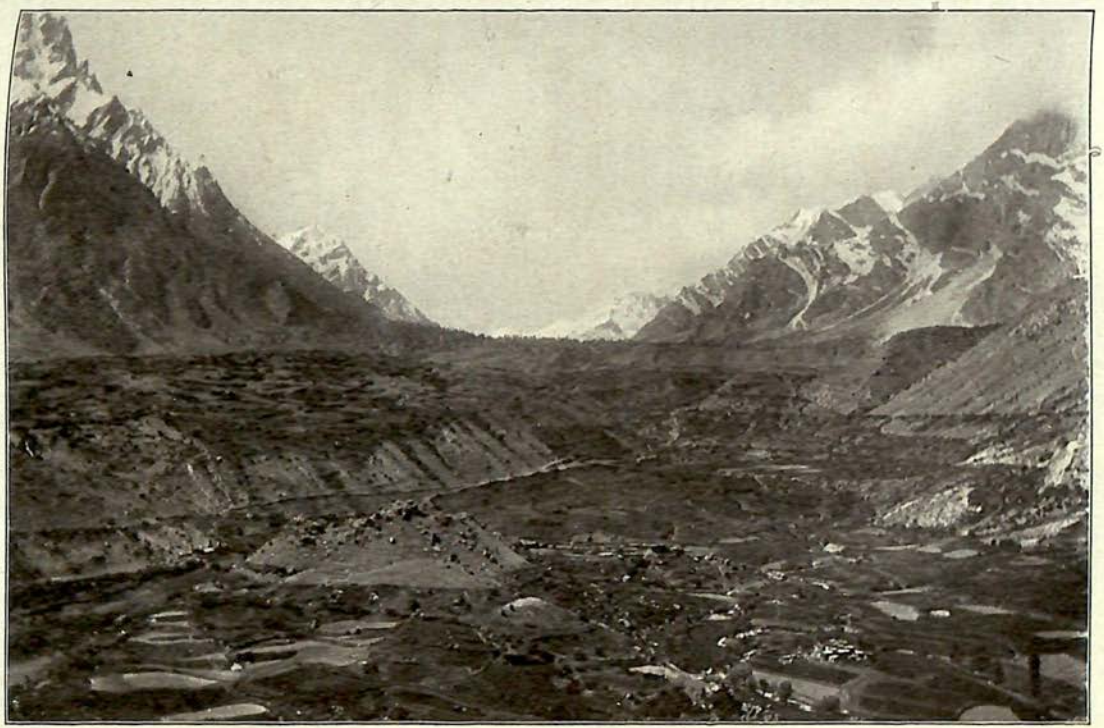
of a flickering candle; and as it was there that the night was spent, it bears description. The walls were of rough stones, about five feet high, so that one could not stand upright. The roof was of logs and thatch, through which in places the rain dripped merrily. There was no window, chimney, or even a hole through which the smoke could escape, except the door, which was about three feet high. Consequently, after suffocating for an hour by a fire in order to attempt getting dry, a manifest impossibility, I had to order the fire removed, and the smoke then slightly abated. The floor was of earth, hay, and manure. I finished dinner, which the faithful Thomas, never too tired to cook, had prepared in an adjoining shed, and having waited till my candle had flickered its last, fell asleep to the soothing patter and splash of the rain without and within.

The next day we reached Astore, a fairly large town, containing a fort high up on a bluff overlooking the Astore River, thickly grown with tall, slender poplar trees. Here for the first time in two months I slept in a comfortable *dâk* bungalow and very glad I was to have an opportunity to dry out my kit, which with the rains of the previous days had become thoroughly soaked.

I had an amusing call on the *tehsildar* in this place, the tehsil being a division of the state and the

tehsildar its head official. We had sent to the bank in Srinagar, where we had left a deposit, for five hundred rupees, and they came to Astore in notes torn in halves, the first set of halves in one packet and the other set in a second, to prevent theft. It was in order to have these notes changed into smaller silver, for use in paying the coolies, that I went to the tehsildar. He was sitting at his desk in a dingy, ill-lighted little office, such as are all the official dwellings in that part of the world, — a fat, pompous-looking heathen, with a decidedly disagreeable face. He was barely civil to me, but I took a chair, explained to him in Hindustanee my errand, and told him that I was an American. His face brightened at once, and from that moment he could not do enough for me, asked if I would not have a cigarette, — which proved to be a six-inch jet-black cigar of titanic strength, — insisted on giving me a glass of "wine," — poor rum on nearer acquaintance, — and set before me native cakes, almonds, raisins, and various other sweetmeats, the acme of native hospitality.

That evening, by a happy coincidence, Perry arrived, *en route* to his sharpu nullah, and we enjoyed a pleasant evening together, seated in chairs, eating from a table, and looking out of a window, for the first time since leaving Srinagar in April. He had



A CULTIVATED VALLEY IN BALTISTAN

secured a forty-eight and one half inch markhor-head and was quite naturally in high spirits. The next morning we started for our respective shooting grounds.

The road from Astore to Srinagar can fairly be called a "road." It is well built for military purposes, for it leads to Gilgit, where is stationed the British garrison near the frontier, and very different it is from the previous trails over which we had come, which were called "roads," I feel sure, out of sarcasm. This one is actually six feet broad in places and smooth as a bicycle path. Accordingly the pack-coolies, excepting the five naukar, or servant-coolies, who were permanent, were now dispensed with, paid off, and sent back to their villages, and for the first time in the trip, except for the first day's march, the outfit was carried by seven pack-ponies. I allowed Thomas a pony on account of his age, and Kadera had ordered his own, but personally, being in splendid condition, I walked. The distance from Astore to Bandipur, whence one takes the canal-boat to Srinagar, is about one hundred and twenty miles, two high mountain-passes intervening before one reaches the Kashmir Valley.

We camped on the 17th some eight miles above Astore, at what my shikari asserted was the mouth of the nullah which, according to my arrangement

with Perry, I was to occupy. Either Perry's shikari did not understand this arrangement, or wilfully cheated us, for during the night he took Perry, unknown to us, past us and some four miles up into my nullah. I believe the trick was intentional on Salia's part, for both shikaris had recently heard of three red bear having been seen in this particular nullah and were eager to have us bag them. As Perry had already shot three red bear, he had been quite willing to let me take this nullah, for I had as yet not seen one; but as he was unaware of the lay of the land, he had no idea at the time that Salia was cheating us, and was very angry afterwards. At any rate, on awaking in the morning and seeing the other camp far up the nullah, it seemed better not to waste time in controversy, so I moved on up the Astore Valley. Kadera threatened to kill Salia on sight, but as we did not meet again until our return to civilization, bloodshed was fortunately avoided.

We were up at four on the 18th, and hunted all day among the mountain-tops, seeing plenty of bear-tracks, but only some female sharpu, and did not return to camp till dark. But that was a day which I shall never forget, for I saw for the first time what is said to be the grandest snow-mountain in the world — Nunga Parbat or Diyamir, 26,629 feet high. Dr. Neve, in his book on Kashmir, says

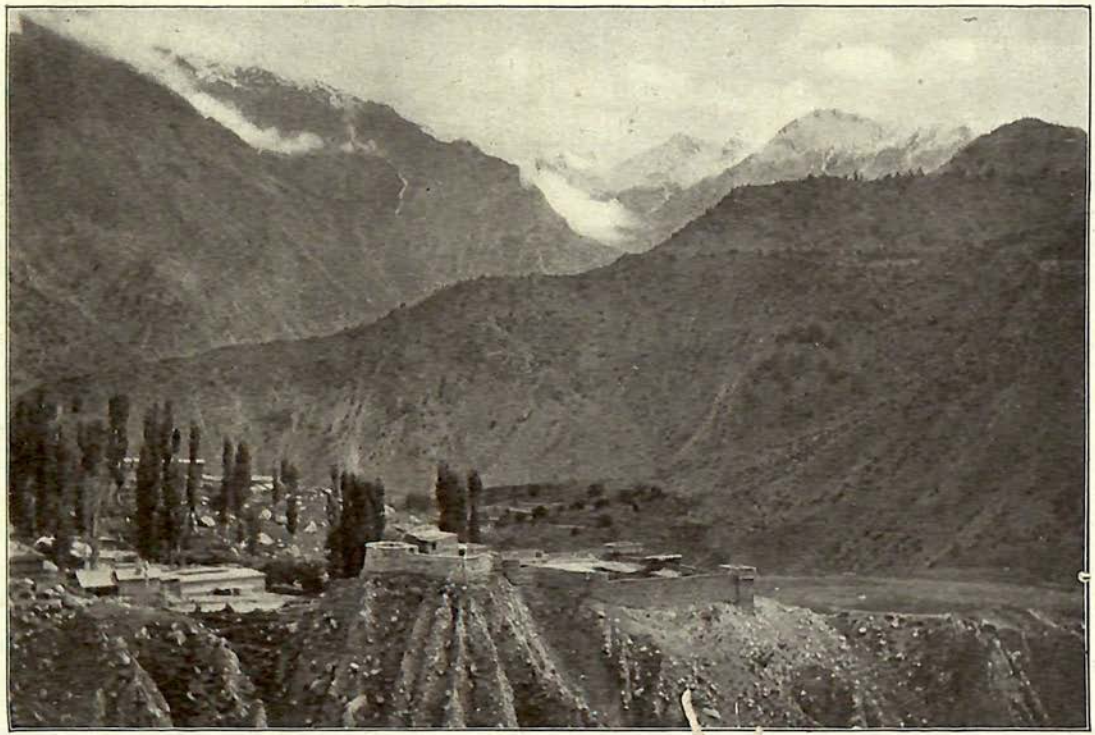
of it: "Nanga Parbat is the culminating point of the Kashmir ranges and is in many respects the grandest mountain in the world. As none of the mountains around it exceed 17,000 feet, it is seen unobstructedly from all sides. . . . From the usual passes into Astore, 16,000 feet vertical is seen. It is seen from the Murree hills over one hundred miles away. The outline and grouping of this mass, rising glistening white, with pinnacle of ice and dome of snow, above the dark lower ranges, just as some huge marble cathedral rises above all meaner buildings, is a sight never to be forgotten."

Indeed I can vouch for this. We came on it suddenly around the shoulder of a mountain, and as I saw its top, towering above the clouds which obscured the rest of it, I believed at first that there was some optical illusion, so straight upwards did one have to look to see the peak. The white clouds hung about it all day, but at evening they cleared, revealing it entire. Beside it, the Matterhorn would resemble a pigmy. Our camp that night was almost at its base, and I breakfasted before daylight on the 19th with the moonlight showing the mountain to its best advantage, incomprehensible in its magnitude and splendor.

That day I had a stalk to delight the soul. We left camp before sunrise and soon sighted a herd of

sharpu on the very top of the mountain-spur. Two solid hours of work ensued before we were within range. Then, slipping down behind a tree, I had plenty of time, unobserved, to pick out my animal with the glasses. The best among them was small, but I was quite willing to take a small head, by which to remember such a splendid stalk, and I killed him with one shot. The more I used the 30–40, the more confidence I had in its perfect accuracy; it is good to have such a gun, for with it one has no nervousness before firing, a thing fatal to good shooting.

The noon hours were spent in a spot on the mountain-top overlooking the valleys of three different rivers, Nunga Parbat rising to the right in all its majesty, surrounded by a complete panorama of snow-peaks; the valleys spread out very far below, dotted with little villages, patches of woods along the river-banks, and pasture land, just as in the Alps — but how much grander the scene! That night my camp, which had been moved by the coolies, was beside one of these villages, Chugam by name, and it occurred to me that if, instead of the group of dirty little log huts, a fine mansion stood in the midst of those smooth lawns, wide-spreading walnut trees, and rose-bushes, what a perfect country estate it would have made. The natives, the



ASTORE

Dards, go about with the most beautiful white, yellow, and red roses stuck in their soiled caps, — flowers which at home would cost a pretty penny, — and often one of them would come to my tent with a big bunch of them, for which I would throw him the outrageously high baksheesh of two annas (four cents), there being no smaller coin in my money-bag.

I was called at daylight on the 20th, to find a dismal rain without, and the shikaris protesting that the game would not "be around" on such a day. But knowing the habits of game and the inclinations of the Kashmiri, I was soon climbing the mountain. It took two hours of hard work to reach the top, where we searched the neighboring ridges with the glasses, but found nothing. The shikaris then suggested that I sit down in my wet clothes and wait all day for the evening shooting; but having no desire to contract pneumonia, rheumatism, or other similar ills, I told Kadera that he could remain if he wished, that I was going back to camp, and would return in the afternoon. So I descended, slept from nine till two, and climbing again, reached the top at four. This bit of energy seemed completely to stagger the shikaris, who had had no idea that I would return, and had doubtless passed the dismal hours cheered up by the prospect of being able to say to me on their reaching camp in the evening, "We told you

so!" But the work was to no purpose, for we saw no game.

On the 21st I moved from Chugam Nullah to a nullah some ten miles away, whose name I could not gather from the shikaris' pronunciation, though it sounded like "Zine." Here we camped in a pretty grove of trees beside the Kamri River, very swift and of a beautiful green, quite unlike the usual dirty brown of these snow-fed streams. The rain still poured, and after tiffin I had changed into comfortable dry clothes and was sitting on the floor of my tent, congratulating myself that the day's work was over and that I could conscientiously indulge in an afternoon's rest, when a coolie bolted into camp with the news that a herd of sharpu were on the mountain above camp. We ascended at a pace which left nothing to be desired, only to see the whole herd disappear as we came within range. A second, later alarm brought me out and up the mountain again; but I soon found that what had been taken for a sharpu was a stray calf from one of the villages below. By supper-time I would not have left camp again to shoot the biggest sharpu head in creation, my intentions and energies being by that time wholly and unreservedly concentrated on the delicious meal which Thomas well knew would be required after such a disheartening day's work.

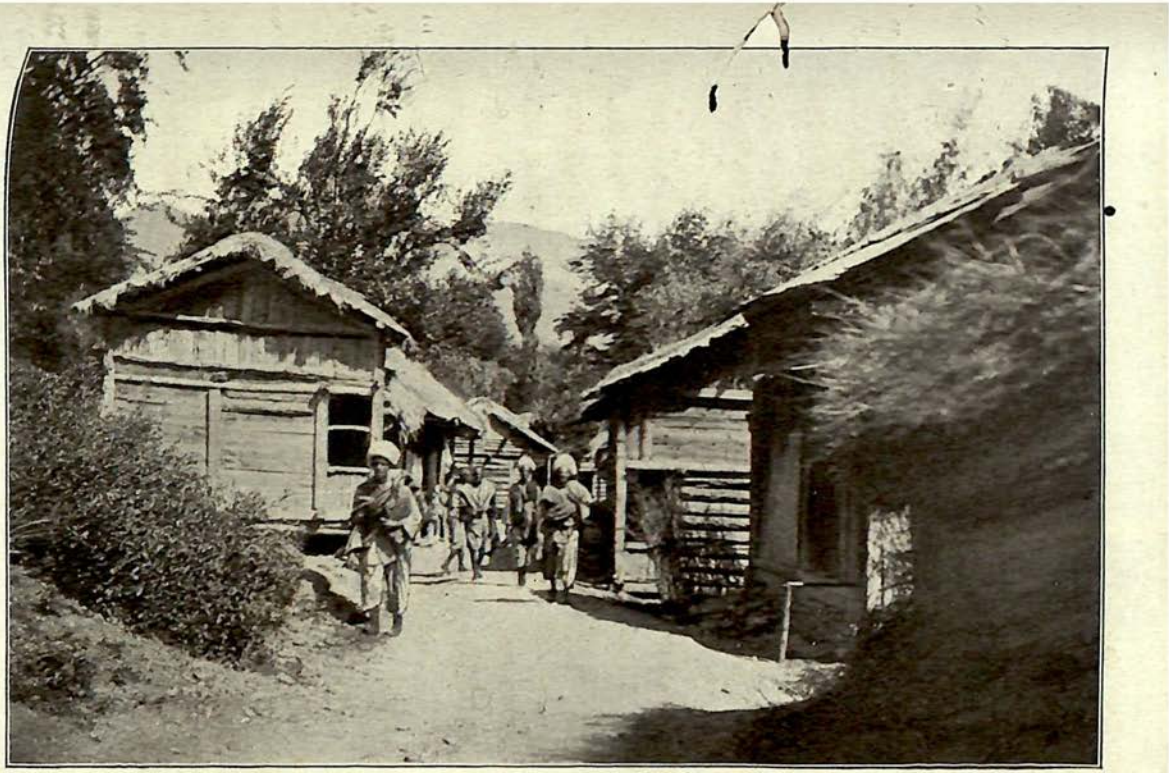
The next two days were very dismal ones, for a steady downpour kept me in camp, the clouds hanging low on the mountain, rendering stalking impossible, and I sat on the ground in my wigwam (Perry now having the big tent), wishing heartily that it would dry up and not waste my valuable time and temper. Then I had two splendid days of hunting, unsuccessful, but none the less delightful. On one of them I was on my feet for ten and a half hours, with but half an hour's halt for tiffin, and indeed it seemed to me that night that we had crossed most of the mountain-ranges in Kashmir. The rain had evidently driven all the game away, and not wishing to waste more valuable time from my black bear shooting, and on an unimportant animal, I broke camp on the 26th for my hundred-mile march to Bandipur, where I was to take boat to the bear country. This march occupied just four days.

After the barren and rugged country over which we had come, and the almost impossible trails we had labored over, to get down to a smooth road, surrounded by fields of grass and flowers, was most gratifying. The first day we pushed on from daylight till dark, following the course of the Kamri River, and all the way getting the grandest views of Nunga Parbat, as it loomed up above all else behind us. That night my camp was just at the foot

of the Kamri Pass, which I crossed on the following morning, 13,400 feet high; and though I had no difficulty myself, the ponies became stuck in the snow and were badly delayed. We tiffined at Kamri, a village of fields spread out on the side of the slope down from the pass, and in the afternoon followed the course of the Kishengunga River to Gurais.

Gurais is in a little valley of its own, shut in by fine limestone cliffs, the village itself being constructed of two-story log huts, — now no longer the miserable windowless low stone hovels of the Baltis, — and its broad pastures make a pretty picture. Kadera wished me to camp in the graveyard, it being the only available space near the village; but this seemed inappropriate, and I selected a spot which, though it necessitated Kadera's walking a little farther to see his friends in the village, possessed attractions for me which the graveyard totally lacked.

A delightful march on the following day, through a deep wooded gorge opening into a forest of great pines, brought us to a bungalow on the Burzil River known as Gorai. I met two other sahibs just before reaching it, and enjoyed a pleasant hour's chat with them at their tiffin by the roadside, which one appreciates when one has seen so few white men for so long a time. On the 29th the road led over the last



BANDIPUR VILLAGE

mountain-chain before descending to the valley proper of Kashmir; the Tragbal Pass, 11,800 feet high, but here no snow. From its top we looked down into the great valley which we had left on the 13th day of May, extending as far as the eye could see, a splendid view; and then descended through thick forest to Bandipur.

During the previous three months we had passed through the temperature of every season of the year. The first week, up to the Zogi La Pass, was the delicious climate of early autumn, crisp and clear; on the Zogi La, winter in all its severity; in our ibex nullah the weather was that of November at night and of September in the day; coming down into the Shigar Valley, and again into Astore, we revelled in the fragrance of May and June. Now, suddenly, we found ourselves in summer — not the fearful summer of Calcutta, but the balmy delicious summer of the North Shore or the Maine woods at home. My camp was in a field shaded by a monster chenar tree; the trees about were laden with fruit, the whole surrounding country bright with the thousands of varieties of wild flowers for which Kashmir is famous, and their scent filled the air; brilliantly colored birds sang continually, and all the space between the hills and the broad valley below was a prosperous picture of thatched bungalows sur-

rounded by their fields of wheat and rice. Summer, luxurious full-blooded summer, filled the world with all her riches. Indeed it was with great satisfaction that in such surroundings I began the last phase of my Kashmir shooting, the hunt for black bear.

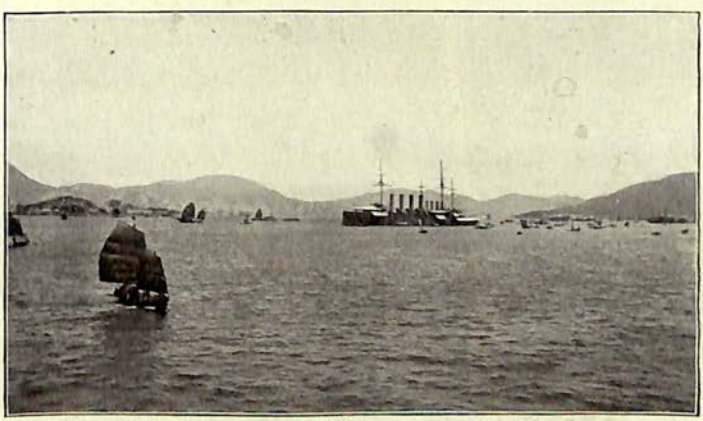
CHAPTER IX

BLACK BEAR HONKING IN THE VALLEY OF KASHMIR

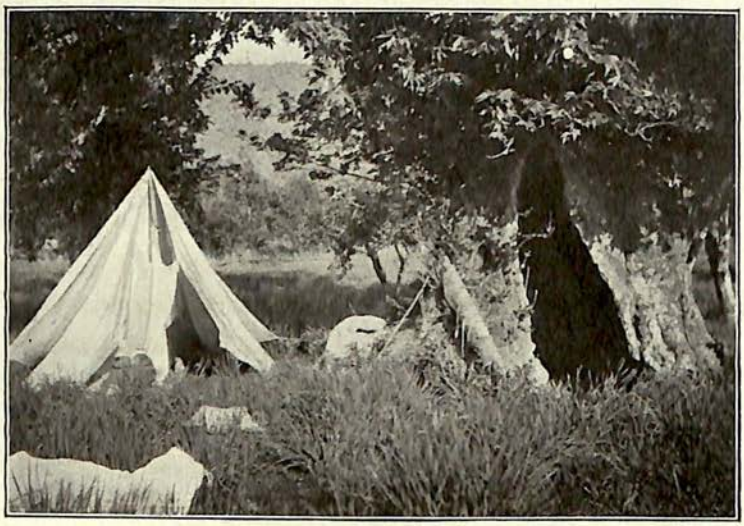
ALTHOUGH it had not been my intention to look for bear around Bandipur, it was here that an event occurred which convinced me that game was plentiful and made me sanguine of early success. Kadera came into the tent toward sundown to inform me that two large black bears had recently been seen in the hills directly behind the village, and suggested that we tramp back a few miles on the chance of running across one. We accordingly set out with a *gam wallah*, or local guide, who led us up into the hills to the foot of a long slope covered with low furze-bush, where we crouched for a couple of hours. Toward dark my eye was caught by a large object moving across the open hilltop some three hundred yards from our position. Its enormous size made me believe at first that it must be a stray bullock, and the fact that the shikaris, usually so quick to sight game, remained motionless, almost kept me from calling attention to it. Yet bullocks are seldom black, and there was something about the

gait of this object which convinced me that it was quite another animal. It was barely distinguishable in the twilight, moving slowly through the bushes across the hillside. I touched Kadera on the shoulder and pointed; the result was startling: Kadera dropped on his stomach as if shot, while the gam wallah did likewise, causing me to realize that the fast-disappearing object above was one of the largest black bears I probably ever should have the fortune to run across. As we were about to stalk, a peasant came toward us in hot haste from the other direction, and explained in some excitement that a bullock had been killed within the hour not far from where we were, and that a bear was still at the carcass. As it was now much too dark successfully to stalk the other, we quickly shed all unnecessary garments and prepared to follow our new guide through a terrible tangle of underbrush. We were on our hands and knees most of the way, and as we approached the spot indicated by the peasant, our efforts to move silently were exceedingly trying. By the time we reached it, a full moon was shining through the undergrowth, making every stump exhibit such remarkably bear-like characteristics that more than one of them was in imminent danger of being shot, until nearer inspection proved it conclusively to be a genuine stump. The bear, how-

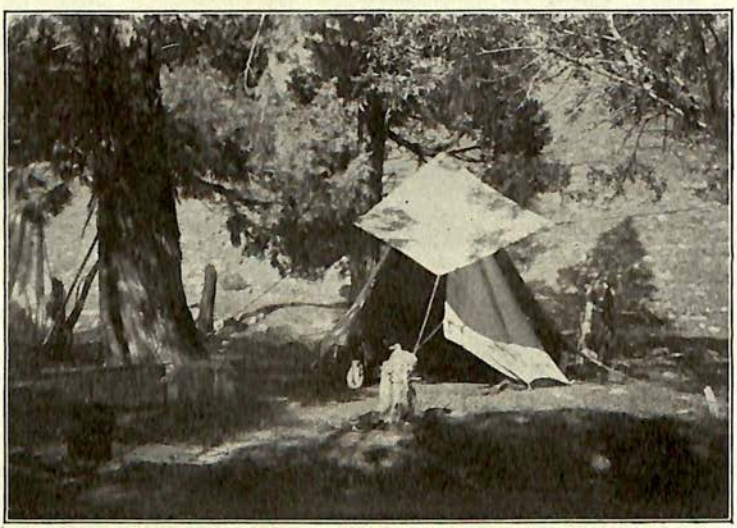
THE CITY OF HONGKONG FROM THE HARBOR



HONGKONG HARBOR



CAMP NEAR BANDIPUR



CAMP IN THE BEAR COUNTRY

ever, must have heard our approach, for he was not with the body of the bullock, nor did he venture back to reward our long night's silent vigil.

Unfortunately there were no nullahs in this region large enough to beat; and since Kadera assured me that at the head of the Kashmir Valley we should find several bears for every one we gave up here, I agreed on the following morning to start along.

Kashmir was no longer the green and fertile valley I had left in May. News had come to me while in Baltistan of a terrible flood which had completely inundated the country, wrecking houses, destroying farms, and resulting even in much loss of human life. Now below us extended a vast lake as far as one could see, with only an occasional tree or housetop to mark where cultivated farms and dwellings formerly had stood. Doongas conveyed the tents and provisions across the flooded valley, where pack-ponies were secured for the remaining distance to the base of the hills. Here, on the second day from Bandipur, camp was made in a grove of chenars, a river within stone's throw on one side, and thick woods rising close on the other.

The country through which we passed on this ride showed Kashmir at her loveliest and best. One felt as if one were continuously crossing the well-kept grounds of a huge private estate, and at any

moment might come upon the towers and chimneys of some lordly mansion. There was no road. One passed over the greenest of grass, smooth and fresh as any lawn, extending as far as one could see, except where groves of wide-spreading chenar trees cast their shade like oaks on a country park. Roses — not our wild ones, but such roses as at home are brought to flower only under hothouse panes — and wild flowers of all colors and species grew along our way and filled the air with fragrance. In the midst of such surroundings, to come upon the dirty little hovels of a native village, with the fresh lawn extending to its very doors and the chenar trees surrounding it, seemed indeed incongruous. I spent the night with pillow and blanket out under a clear sky, till toward morning a sharp rain drove me to seek shelter in the house of the headman of the village. Here my bed was a handful of straw scattered on a baked-mud floor, with stuffy atmosphere and smells indescribable, — a radical and unwelcome change.

The beaters arrived at camp the following morning. They began to come in twos and threes, then in fives and sixes, and finally in dozens, so that by the time breakfast was over the entire male population of some three villages was grouped about my tent. With the help of the shikaris, fifty of these were

selected, and each given a slip of paper bearing my signature; for, when they should come for their wages at the end of the day, I did not wish to have the friends and relatives of the beaters, as well as the beaters themselves, turning up for payment.

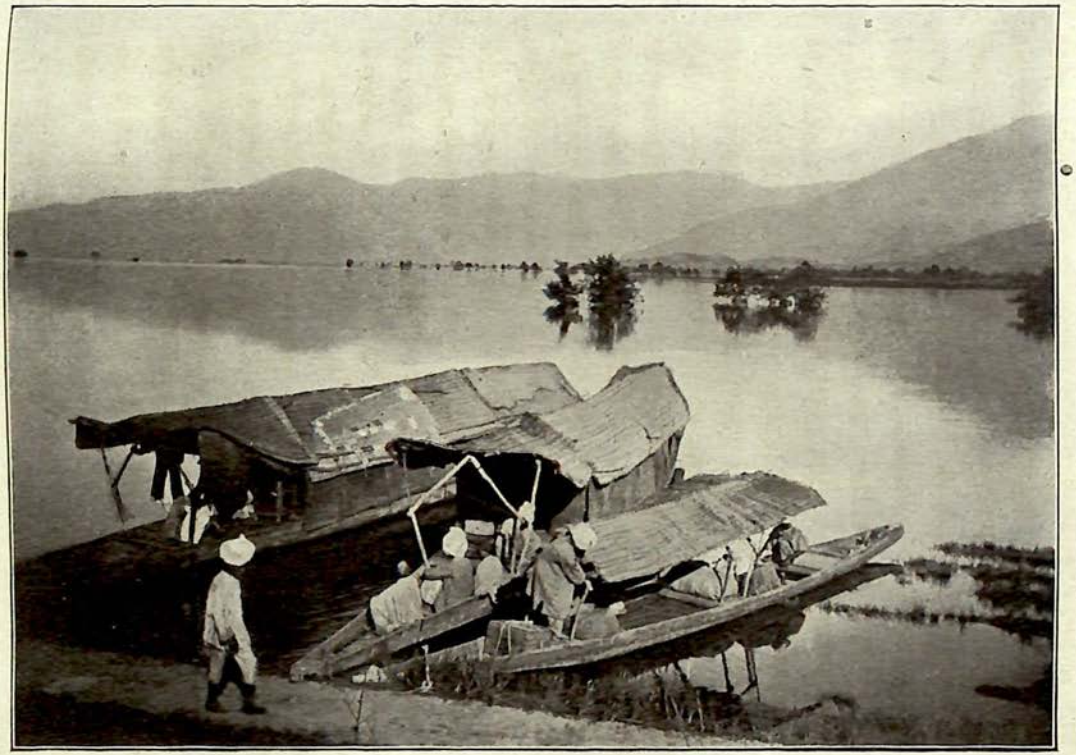
The din these fifty souls succeed in making as they move in a long line up the centre and two sides of a wooded nullah, shrieking, howling, cat-calling, setting off fire-crackers, and beating tom-toms, is enough to drive any self-respecting bear out of his seven senses. An army of battle-shouting dervishes could hardly create a greater uproar, nor is it at all surprising that the bear should find a pressing engagement elsewhere at the earliest possible moment after finding his nullah thus rudely invaded. If he turns down the nullah, he encounters the invading army; if he tries to escape by the sides, he is met and driven back by beaters already posted. Therefore he does the most natural thing in the world by fleeing up the centre of the nullah directly away from the oncoming din. At the top of the cleft stands the sportsman. The thickness of the undergrowth probably prevents the sportsman's seeing the bear or the bear seeing him until they actually meet. Hence the excitement.

I regret to say that in spite of Kadera's assertion that bears would be so thick in this country as prac-

tically to necessitate our looking carefully where we walked lest we stumble over them, — a statement which I took with several grains of salt, as one does the enthusiasm of every Kashmiri shikari, — it was not until the evening of the second day, after we had unsuccessfully honked nine different nullahs, and I was beginning to consider bear-beating a snare and a delusion, that our first sport came.

The bear appeared on the scene of action so suddenly as completely to take my breath away. The beaters had been moving listlessly up a cleft, thickly wooded both with trees and underbrush; this was to be the last honk of the day, and two days' unsuccessful searching had so plainly reacted on the spirits of the men as to change the dervish battle-shout into the mournful muttering of an Arab funeral procession. The line of beaters had almost reached me, my shikari with a last disgusted look had turned to go, when, all at once, the beaters who had been posted on the side of the nullah above where I was standing set up a tremendous shouting: "Bhalu, Sahib! bhalu!" (Bear, Sahib, bear!)

Now it is one thing to have a bear driven up to you from below, with plenty of warning that he is coming and time to choose an advantageous spot from which to shoot; it is quite another thing to find suddenly that the bear has somehow got above you,



THE GREAT FLOOD OF 1903 IN KASHMIR

Showing doongas, the Kashmir travelling boats

is being driven directly down upon you with all the impetus a steep hillside gives, and with the thick undergrowth extending to your very feet. I had barely time to wheel around when the bear came down the hillside, aimed directly at the little clearing in which I was standing. A moment's glimpse of his back in the jungle did not afford me time to shoot. He disappeared in the undergrowth, but was still coming toward me, as I could tell by the short yelps of excitement which he uttered, like a frightened dog, as the beaters closed in. Immediately, as he emerged from the bushes, he was met by the contents of both barrels of my .450 cordite-powder express, which, aimed and fired so suddenly from my hip at the close range of less than two yards, seemed to have missed him altogether, though the report turned him and sent him lumbering down on the beaters below.

There followed an exciting ten minutes. As the natives closed in, the bear went frantically around in a circle, trying to break through the line. I ran down to the foot of the hillside, where an occasional view of his back in the underbrush showed me that he had not escaped, though I dared not fire lest I hit a beater. The fifty coolies were yelling like so many demons, the shikaris were out of their heads with excitement, and the bear, who was doubtless

the most excited of all, continued his circular course inside the line of beaters, as regularly as a planet on its accustomed orb.

I was now afraid that unless I should stop him, he might escape through the line; and working up a little nearer, I fired several shots, each of which I afterwards found took effect. The bear was now thoroughly maddened, and suddenly changing his course came lumbering down the nullah directly toward me. The shikaris shouted to look out, while the beaters redoubled their cries and added to the confusion and my fear of shooting wild by following the animal down hill. The thick underbrush annoyed me greatly, for though I could catch an occasional glimpse of his back, it was almost impossible when I saw him to fire quickly enough, and I knew that in a moment he would be on me. He was within four yards when a final shot sent him on his back, and brought him rolling almost to my feet, quite dead.

My faith in the .450 express was distinctly diminished when eleven holes were found in his skin. He was shot through and through, five shots at least having passed completely through and out of his body. I had used lead-nosed steel bullets, and the only explanation was that every shot had merely gone through the soft parts, missing any large bone

or vital spot of the body; and indeed with the hindrance of the thick brush his death was due more to luck than to marksmanship. The last shot, which finished him, had struck the shoulder fair.

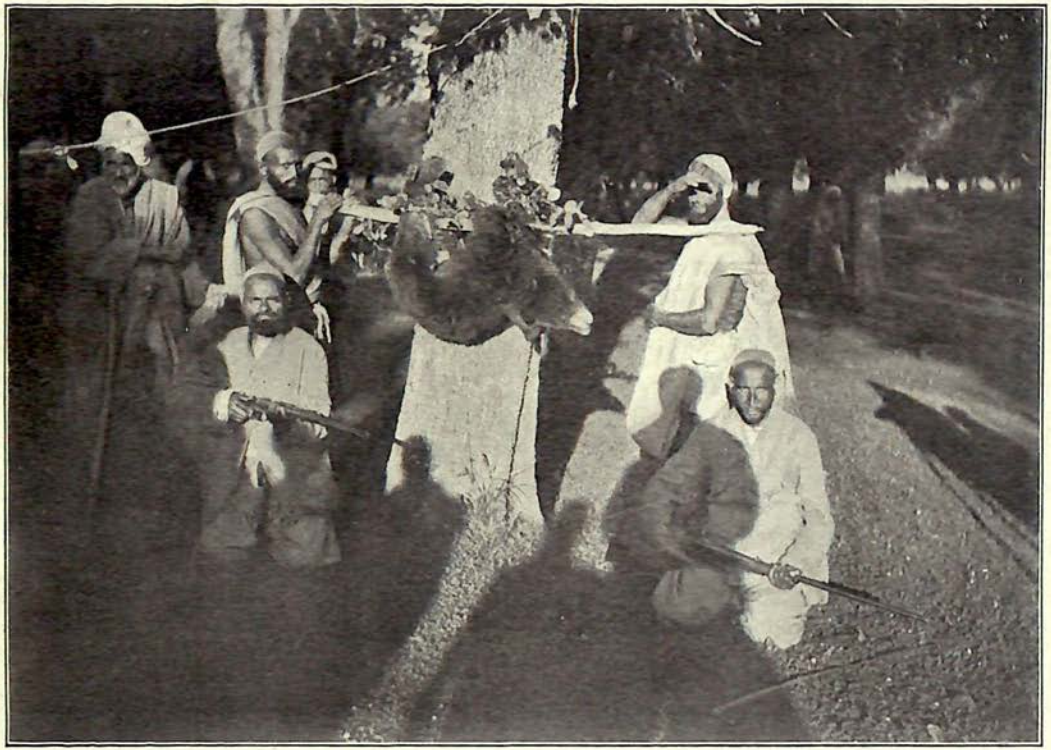
It was not until several days later that the second bear came in. We started early from camp and moved all day from one nullah to another, covering a great stretch of ground; but save in one case, where two bears broke through the line and got away before I could shoot, no game appeared. At five in the evening, we turned toward camp, I regretting heartily that my last day of hunting in Kashmir was over, for I had decided in any case to break camp the following morning.

But the shikaris suggested honking one more small patch of jungle not far from the camp-ground. The coolies came down through it listlessly, they also being discouraged, and I had no hope whatsoever of success. Then suddenly there came from one corner of the line that sudden yell, so welcome to a sportsman's ears, "Bhalu, bhalu! bara wallah!" — (Bear, bear! big one!) The beaters, managed by Sidka, arranged the honk splendidly, forming at once a complete chain and then closing in. The bear attacked several of them, and finally went so savagely for Sidka that he was warded off only by repeated blows from the shikari's iron-tipped staff. This I saw

later covered with blood to some inches from the point.

The sport was too much hidden by the thick jungle to be clearly observed. From my position on the hillside I could hear the beaters' cries, and from their excited tones I knew that the bear was giving them all that they could look after. Occasional glimpses of them through the growth made me feel decidedly out of the game, and since the bear was so slow in coming up to me, the evident alternative was to go down to him. I met him in a little clearing at the foot of the slope, ruffled and very angry from his fight with the beaters. But he was given no time to decide whether to attack or flee. A shot behind the shoulder accomplished what was necessary, and put him out of action for the *coup de grâce*. The beaters arrived one by one, breathless and perspiring, but all triumphant at the result of their efforts.

We had a triumphal procession on the return to camp: first came the two tom-toms, banging away like a regimental drum-corps; then the bear, slung on a pole supported on the backs of two coolies; thirdly, the sportsman, trying modestly to repress an irrepressible grin; fourthly, the shikaris; and last but by no means least, the fifty honkers, all discussing the event at once, like so many crows. As we



BEAR AND SHIKARIS

passed through the village of Kaipora, the women and children — we had exhausted the place of men — turned out *en masse* to see the bear, and the occasion was all that could be desired.

CHAPTER X

KASHMIR TO CHINA

FROM our camp at Kaipora the outfit was carried by pack-ponies down again into the valley to Sopor, and thence by doongas through the pretty canals back to Srinagar, where the ravages of the flood were painfully visible in all directions. The hotel on my arrival was still an island, to gain access to which one was obliged to wade knee-deep in water; and here a damp and dismal sight met one's view: the lower floor had been entirely submerged and its furniture ruined, and as the flood had been flush with the second story, arriving guests had been obliged to disembark at the second-floor windows. Perry and I had had remarkable luck with our baggage and city clothes, for by chance they had been placed in the attic, whereas the greater part of the trunks in the hotel had been left below in the storeroom, and as the flood had come up with extreme rapidity, there had been no time to remove them. Some sportsmen who, like ourselves, had been for several months in the mountains, returned while we were

there, and finding the contents of their baggage completely ruined, indulged in an expression of their feelings, compared to which the flood itself must have been a mere trifle.

Perry fortunately arrived while I was there, for having already secured three red bear, he was willing to give up his black bear shooting in order to accompany me to the plains. The hotel was crowded with sportsmen entering or leaving Kashmir, chiefly British army officers on leave of absence from their posts down below; and though we sat down to table thirteen in number on the thirteenth day of the month, the tales of good sport in the highlands went none the less merrily forward.

For five days we were busy shopping, buying shawls, embroideries, and many other things of native manufacture for presents at home. For the former we dealt mainly with Bahar Shah, though purchasing various shawls from Sammad Shah and Mahmed Jan as well; Lussoo supplied our brass ware, Jubbar Khan our carved wood. The sign of "Suffering Moses," famous for decades, still swings from a little shop on the River Jhelum, within which Mr. Sufdermogul continues to carry on the successful trade which some English tourist's happily inspired suggestion for a sign first brought to his now well-known door.

One morning Bahar Shah entertained us at a Kashmir breakfast, and on the following day Lussoo, the brass-work man, gave us a Persian tiffin, the most noteworthy characteristic of which we discovered just in time to avert fatal consequences, — namely, that the succession of courses was to continue until we gave word to stop. After that they began to serve the sweets, which proved to be quite the most important and voluminous section of the whole menu.

During this time we kept a small *kishti*, very light and fast, with four paddlers, which enabled us to move from place to place over the river and its adjacent canals with great and delightful rapidity.

Old Sultana, the taxidermist, proved most satisfactory in his curing of our ibex and markhor heads and skins, which had been previously sent him; but I unfortunately permitted him also to mount the heads of the bear skins, to be used as rugs, which he did so badly that they later had to be taken down and set up a second time in America. The former were taken with us and shipped from Calcutta for mounting by Mr. Rowland Ward in London, and we received them in America some six months later, mounted as only Mr. Ward knows how to mount the game of India.

It was indeed with great regret that we finally left

BURMESE WORSHIPPERS

Notice the "whackin' white cheroot"

Srinagar. 'There was, however, no time for further delay; Perry had his black buck shooting on the plains still before him, with but a few weeks remaining before his final return to America via Suez; for my part, there was the long journey across India, then a visit to Burma, and the voyage around the Malay Peninsula to China, where prospects of tiger-shooting attracted me strongly, and finally the journey home by Japan, all to be concentrated into the few months which remained at my disposal.

All the tongas in Srinagar having previously been engaged for Lord Kitchener's arrival, we were obliged instead to take a landau, which, though more comfortable, is a much heavier and slower vehicle. The livery-man, however, had promised for a hundred rupees to get us to Rawal Pindi in three days; so on the 15th of August, at four o'clock in the morning, having finally paid off our shikaris and coolies with good presents, at which old Kadera got down on his knees and touched our feet, saying he was our servant forever, we started on the long one hundred and ninety-eight mile drive.

The first night was spent at the Chakothi dâk bungalow, and the second at Kohalla, where we previously had stopped on our way in. The third day was about as varied and interesting a one as I have ever experienced. We were aroused at 2.30 A. M., for

the road was said to be slightly up hill and hard on the horses; but this we soon discovered to be merely an excuse to blind us to the fact that all the good horses had already been engaged for Lord K., and that we had been furnished with animals which ought long since to have been turned out to pass their few remaining days in some peaceful pasture. After painfully laboring for an hour, they stopped and refused to budge farther. The time until sunrise we spent tugging at the wheels and throwing sand at our poor steeds, but to no purpose; so finally Perry and I walked ahead some five miles to procure other conveyance. During the day we had our luggage in some four or five different kinds of vehicles, at one time having actually harnessed a pair of bullocks to the landau; but this method of locomotion proved to be of such dizzy rapidity that we soon had to abandon it.

Meanwhile we were vainly trying to satisfy our hunger with the native *chuppatties* of black flour, and at dark, as we were by this time far in advance of the landau, it looked as if we should have to spend the night dinnerless in some open field. At the crucial moment our good angel came to the rescue, for we suddenly espied two comparatively respectable-looking horses grazing in a field near by. If the reader is inclined to combat the assertion that

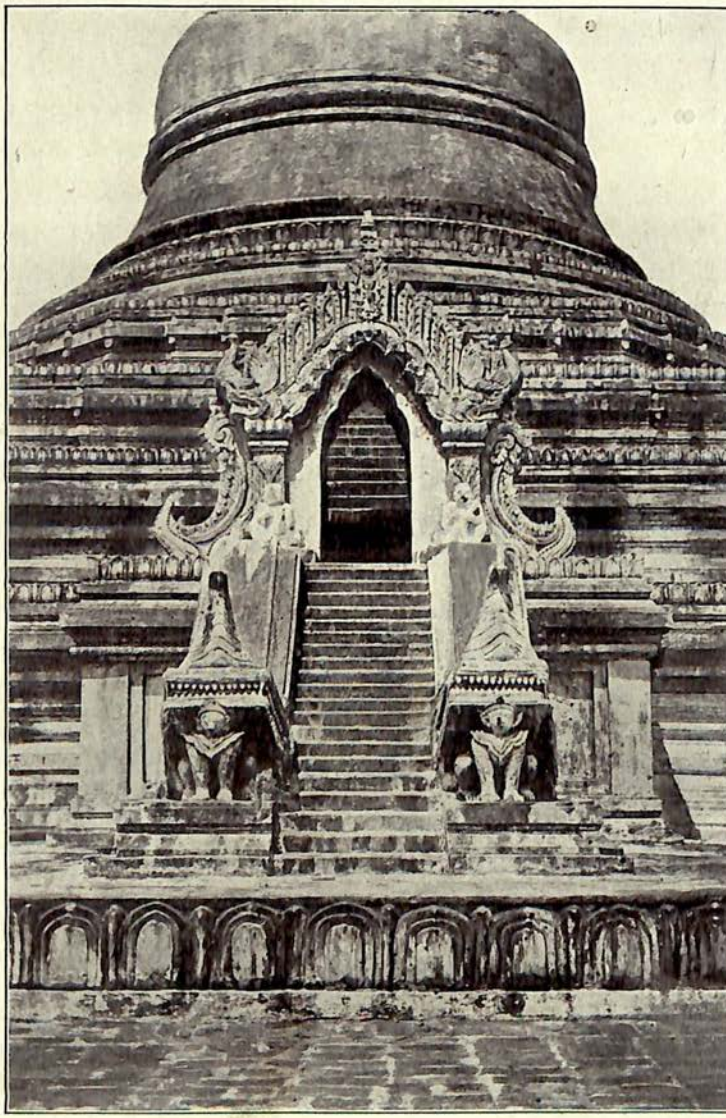
WORSHIPPERS ON THE TERRACE OF THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA

hunger makes robbers of us all, let him put it to the test. We took those horses and galloped bareback at top speed along the road toward Murree, soon becoming separated in the darkness, but with one common impulse urging us ahead, careless of rocks, trees, streams, or bridges, or anything save only dinner. Somehow we reached Murree. I remember galloping through the town like Paul Revere on his midnight ride, startling the groups of natives squatting about their fires by the roadside, turning at top speed from one dark wooded road into another, till finally the welcome lights of a hotel, a real civilized hotel, came into sight.

The manager of the Rowbury pleasantly informed me that the hotel was full, and that not a room was to be had for love or money; but I imagine that my appearance must have aroused his sympathy, for he gave orders that dinner should be served and a sofa prepared for me in the hall, where a few minutes before midnight, after twenty-one hours of work, I threw myself down and fell asleep without further delay. Perry I found the next morning at another hotel, he having had much the same experience as myself, and feeling assured that, having been thrown from my horse, I was probably lying in the bushes somewhere on the road. The horses were duly returned.

Murree, by daylight, proved to be a beautiful hill-station of fine residences and splendid wooded roads, prettier even than Simla, if that were possible. We obtained other conveyance, and that evening reached Rawal Pindi, where Thomas was awaiting us with the heavy luggage which he had brought by ekka from Srinagar. Needless to state we paid but half of the one hundred rupees charged us for the landau and the wretched horses which had been supplied. At one A. M. on the 18th we started in the Punjaub Express, Perry leaving at Delhi for his black buck shooting, and I arriving in Calcutta two days and three nights later, after a journey which for heat, dust, and general thorough discomfort cannot possibly be described.

My stay in Calcutta was rendered most pleasant by the hospitality of Major and Mrs. C., in command of Fort William, who kindly asked me to visit them in their large, comfortable house, Water Gate, in a corner of the ramparts of the fort, overlooking the broad road where all Calcutta takes its evening drive, and the Hooghli beyond, with its many ships from all parts of the world constantly passing up and down through its muddy waters. The interior of the old fort, its barracks half concealed by great trees and its chapel rising in the centre, surrounded by gardens, lawns, tennis-courts, and



THE KUTHODAW PAGODA, MANDALAY

parade-ground, was of unusual charm and picturesqueness.

When visiting at private houses in India, just as in the hotels, one's own servant attends to one's wants, bringing water, arranging clothes, and even serving one at table. In the newer and more up-to-date hotels, such as the Taj Mahal in Bombay, which during my visit was only in the course of construction, this and other former arrangements have, I believe, given place to western customs. The punkah-wallah is now no longer a feature of Indian life in the big cities, for the electric fan has come to relieve him of his functions. But in former days he was indispensable in private house and hostelry alike. He lay outside your bedroom door, always asleep, save when on your entrance a reminding prod started him hastily jerking the punkah-cord to and fro. The punkah, a big swinging curtain suspended over one's bed from the centre of the ceiling, moved heavily back and forth, and breathing was rendered possible in the stifling atmosphere. One awoke at night with a consciousness of unbearable heat, found that the punkah had stopped, and shied a boot through the door; the cord and punkah jerked hysterically for a few moments, then gradually came again to rest as the wretched Hindu without sank once more into profound and peaceful

slumber, until the boot-process was repeated, and during the moments of the punkah's action one managed again to fall asleep.

On August 26 I sailed on the British India Company's S. S. Gwalior for Rangoon, arriving there four days later after a hot but pleasant voyage. In contrast to the burnt and barren plains the verdant jungle-growth of Burma and the spicy tropic smell strike pleasantly on one's senses. Rangoon, to my mind, cannot compare in beauty with Colombo, but it possesses at least the cocoanut palms, banana trees, and other shady verdure of Ceylon, and here the gaiety and brightness of eastern life is at its best. The Burman, if the laziest, is surely the most cheerful of all races, and one would guess this, if in no other way, from the brilliant clothes he wears and from his ever smiling face. His sarong is generally of bright yellow, green, or pink, and the women wear silk skirts and scarfs either combining yellow and green, or all of pink, which contrast pleasantly with their jet-black hair. The Burmese girl, unlike the Hindu, does not veil her face with a shabby head-cloth when you pass, but is quite willing to let you see her beauty; and she generally gives you a smile into the bargain. She is graceful and usually pretty, and never by any chance, one might almost say, is she without her enormous cigar

and a parasol. These two accessories are as distinctive of the Burman as is the tortoise-shell comb of the Cingalee. The "whackin' white cheroot" as a matter of fact does not in any way resemble a civilized cigar; it is approximately a foot long and an inch in diameter, and is cylindrical in shape, like a cigarette, being filled with a marvellous assortment of ingredients, — sugar-cane, sandal-wood, incense-bearing spices — a little of everything, in fact, with tobacco distinctly in the minority, — and all confined in a wrapper formed from the teak leaf or the inner bark of the betel tree, more usually brown than white. Indeed from its size one is tempted to inquire what that cigar is doing with the little girl, instead of *vice versa*.

While mentioning the gaiety of the native life, I might incidentally remark that the Burman passes to the next world in a no less cheerful manner than he proceeds through this. One has only to see a Burmese funeral to accept the truth of my assertion. The procession is preceded by some fifty boys, laughing and shouting; then comes the coffin, draped in bright yellow silk and covered with flags of all colors, and followed by the mourners, men, women, and children, all in bright yellow, green, and pink, all singing and laughing, and all smoking their beloved cigars. It is to be presumed that the lady or

gentleman who occupies the coffin must wear a happy and cheerful smile, even though the usually indispensable cheroot has, through force of circumstances, to be omitted.

In Rangoon there are two things which, above all, interest the traveller: first, the working elephants "a-pilin' teak, in the sludgy, squdgy creek," — only in Rangoon one finds them laboring in a neat and conventional lumber-yard, with no appreciable "squdginess" in evidence; and secondly, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. The elephants are good and conscientious workers; they drag great logs across the yards with their trunks, logs which from their size it would seem could be moved only by a steam-crane, and stack them in piles, observing with a trained eye the neatness of the rows, and butting projecting beams into place so as to be flush with the others. The labor, being purely mechanical, does not seem to demand a very high degree of intelligence, though the clever training of the brutes must be acknowledged. Where they actually do show their discernment is when the hour for the noon-day rest arrives: all work is promptly dropped, even though a log may be but half-way across the yard, and off they troop to lunch, oblivious of the mahout's imprecations and ankus-digs; returning faithfully to their task at the appointed time. As

PAVILIONS SURROUNDING THE KUTHODAW PAGODA, MANDALAY

THE KUTHODAW PAGODA, MANDALAY

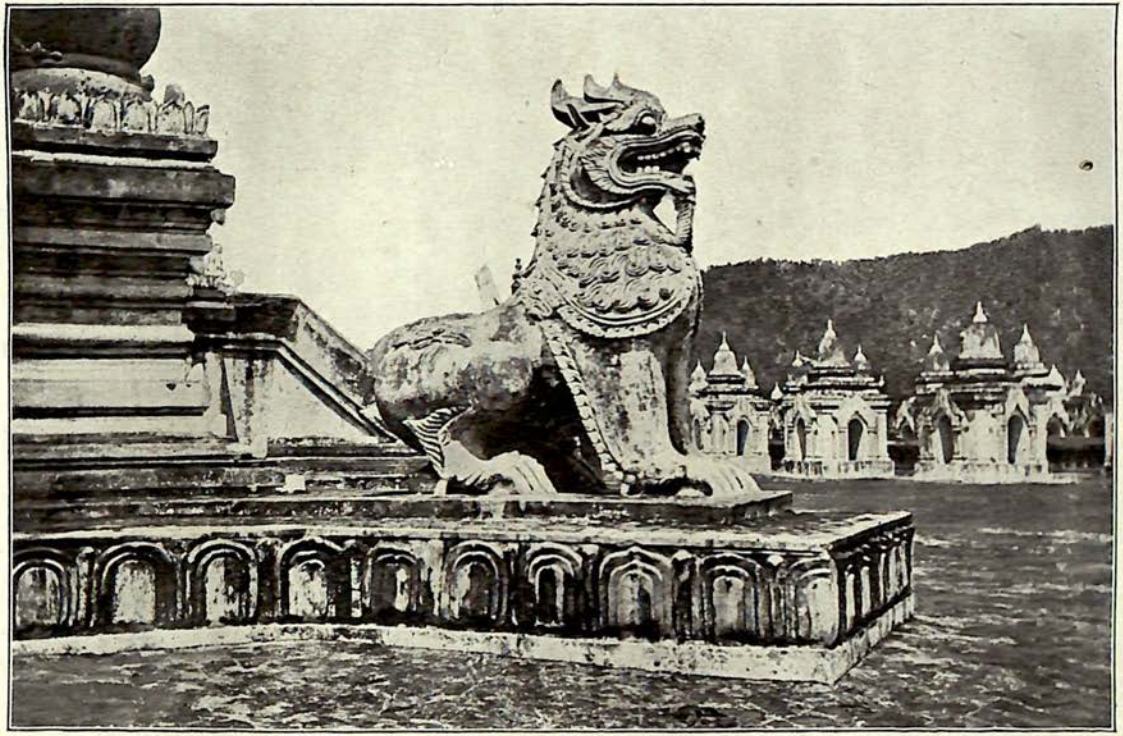
ENTRANCE TO THE KUTHODAW PAGODA, MANDALAY

they cannbt endure the heat of the day while working, I believe that their hours extend only from dawn till nine and from three till dusk in winter; and that in summer the periods are shorter still.

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda, whose name is compounded of the Burmese word for "golden" and Dagon, the ancient name of the city of Rangoon, may rightfully be said to be one of the greatest sights in the world; its great gilded tower, surmounted by the usual *ti*, or umbrella, surrounded by little bells which tinkle musically in every breath of wind, rises three hundred and seventy feet from the ground and is the first landmark one sees as one ascends the Irrawaddy to Rangoon; the vast terrace which lies about its base is always thronged with thousands and thousands of worshippers, bringing their offerings of flowers and candles to Buddha from all parts of the world, and chanting their prayers while prostrate before one of his many images, which in smaller temples and shrines surround the terrace. It is a somewhat unique sight to see all ages of people, from old men to young girls, kneeling in front of one of these enormous and, it must be said, hideous idols, holding bunches of superb lilies in their clasped hands while they bow and pray, all the while puffing at their great cheroots, with which not even religion is allowed to interfere.

A few months before my arrival a tiger came on to the terrace from the jungle, and, frightened by the worshippers, climbed to one of the ledges halfway up the pagoda tower. It was shot there by a British officer and a life-sized model placed on the spot; for the people, once the animal was dead, had turned on the officer whom in their terror they had summoned to shoot it, and accused him of killing the good *nat*, or protecting spirit of the pagoda.

The terrace, which is nine hundred feet in length, contains hundreds of minor shrines and idols, before which candles are continually burning and worshippers constantly kneeling in prayer. Their devotions do not, however, in any way interfere with the countless crowds moving at all times about the terrace, which constitutes the popular promenade of all Rangoon. The pagoda itself is said to contain, among other holy relics, eight hairs from the head of the Buddha, or Gawdama, as he is called in Burmese, once given by him to a Burmese deputation. In the almost countless years of its existence it has frequently been regilt, but as the amount of gold-leaf necessary for this process is alone worth some ten thousand pounds sterling, to say nothing of the labor involved, it is not a work which can be undertaken as often as the pagoda's outward appearance might seem to justify. A pious Burman will often



ONE OF THE GRIFFINS AT THE KUTHODAW PAGODA, MANDALAY

erect a new pagoda in order to "acquire merit," but as no such merit is known to accrue from the repair of an old one, private donations for such a commendable purpose are seldom forthcoming.

There is nothing romantic about the "road to Mandalay," at least, certainly, not about the railroad which we took in preference to the slower flotilla-steamers, thus avoiding the trip by the old "road" between the rather desolate banks of the Irrawaddy; nor was there, to our minds, much that was romantic about Mandalay itself. In eastern cities one expects age above all, and this perhaps accounts for Mandalay's lack of charm. For the capital of King Mindon Min dates only from 1856, and is laid out in the regular symmetrical blocks of New York or the Back Bay of Boston, and the streets and avenues, or "roads" bear such prosaic names as "84th Street" or "B Road." It has an area of eighteen square miles and impresses one chiefly with the glare of its unsheltered, dusty, white expanse. There is little shade in the whole great city. As for its sights, when one has visited King Thebaw's palace, the Fort, and the Kuthodaw Pagoda, guarded by mighty griffins and surrounded by 729 small pavilions, each containing a slab on which is a verse of the Buddhist scriptures in Burmese, one has seen the principal features of the town. Its in-

terest centres more in the story of the ill-fated royal line, from the coming of good King Mindon Min through to the final disaster, when Thebaw and his brilliant wife, Supayawlat, surrendered to the British and were exiled, on November 30, 1885, — a story which, with its plots and counter-plots, possesses all the dramatic qualities of an Arabian Nights tale, and is indeed all that one finds romantic about Mandalay.

Through a resident to whom we had letters, we attended one evening the chief form of Burmese entertainment, the *Pwe*, or drama, about which there is nothing remarkable, except its duration. It begins in the evening and continues till dawn, and if ever the quality of a dramatic entertainment was sacrificed to quantity, it surely is so in the Pwe. Many of the audience bring their bedding with them — for the pit is devoid of stalls — and sleep peacefully through those parts of the play which lack particular interest or dramatic thrill.

On September 4 we set sail from Rangoon by the British India Company's S. S. Pentakota, stopping at Penang, passing down through the Malacca Straits, where on account of the heavy atmosphere the sunrises and sunsets surpassed in magnificence anything of the kind that I previously had seen, and arrived at Singapore five days later, whence on the

12th we took the North German Lloyd S. S. Seydlitz eastward. On the 17th we threaded our way through a maze of small wooded islands, where the dark-ribbed sails of the junks told as nothing else could that we were now in Chinese waters, and so entered the beautiful port of Hongkong. Barring that of Sydney, and possibly of Rio de Janeiro, the harbor of Hongkong in point of beauty is unrivalled. One enters what from the town appears to be a lake of the deepest blue, — for from within the outlets are invisible, — surrounded closely by imposing hills, under the highest of which lies the city. There is none of the congested, smoky appearance of the usual commercial centre, for there are few docks, and the vessels lie at anchor in the harbor, where the breeze continually clears the smoke away. There being no wharves to obscure the view, one gets from the Bund, or sea-wall, a lively picture, with the big liners and merchantmen anchored in the roadstead, and hundreds of little steam-launches, for the great number of which Hongkong is noted, racing to and fro among the shipping. Here on the Bund is the Hongkong Club, on whose cool veranda one can recline in comfortable cane-chairs, and watch the whole great scene of life and color. This club, by the way, boasts fifteen hundred members, and is second to none in the East.

A day or two after reaching Hongkong we took the night boat, the Kinshan, up the river to Canton, in order to spend a day in that ancient and famous city of the Celestials. Of the impressions received, about ninety per cent, I should say, were communicated through the organ of smell, and on these I shall not dilate more than to remark that so choice and variegated a selection of odors it had not previously been my fortune to meet. (Needless to remark I use the word "fortune" more from the point of view of the globe-trotter looking for novel experience than from that of the æsthete.) The remaining portion of our impressions I shall try to describe, for in the cities of no other country in the world, I suppose, will you find more upside-down and remarkable customs than in China — where the native greeting a friend in the street shakes his own hand, where your enemy smiles when he is most angry with you, where the women restrain the growth of their feet till walking becomes difficult, and where, indeed, the customs and manners of one of the oldest civilizations of the world possess for the visitor the greatest interest and attraction.

We started from the steamer in the morning, all in chairs supported by three coolies each, Ah Cum, our guide, leading, with D., myself, and Thomas following in single file — Thomas on the broad grin at the

new sights, and the Chinamen also on the broad grin at seeing such a *rara avis* in their country as Thomas, with his sarong, tortoise-shell comb, and "psyche knot." I fear he must have been seriously embarrassed, for whenever we stopped he was at once surrounded by an admiring circle, who grinned and discussed him quite as we should discuss a remarkable new specimen at the Zoo.

There are no streets in Canton, but the city is transected by thousands of narrow alley-ways never more than ten feet wide, and through these a dense crowd is constantly passing, so that it was all our chair-coolies could do to make a passage. From the buildings on both sides innumerable signs, reading up and down, are suspended like the flies above a stage, so thick as almost to shut out whatever light manages to permeate into the narrow space beneath. The whole great city appears to be composed of shops, nothing but shops, and most of these deal in the various articles of Chinese food, so that as one passes along in his chair one is constantly brought into unpleasant proximity with extraordinary messes, from the insides of pigs to birds' nests and skinned rats, displayed on shelves or hung from hooks at the sides of the alleys. Basketfuls of live pigs slung on a pole between two coolies are much in evidence, the Chinamen singing in time to their

step, and the pigs yelling out of time to the song, which is unpleasant, as the smell is bad enough, but the noise and smell combined, overpowering.

The art industries are of intense interest and reflect great credit on the artistic abilities of the Chinese. The enamelling of silver with kingfishers' feathers was perhaps the most engrossing to watch; but no less interesting was the ivory and wood carving, the painting on rice-paper, and the embroidering with silk, — storks, dragons, and goldfish being the predominant figures in most of this last-named work. I was exceedingly fortunate in picking up an old mandarin coat of marvellous workmanship, specimens of which, I believe, are now becoming difficult to find.

Ah Cum, after reaping a harvest of commissions on our purchases, then took us to several Confucian and Buddhist temples, the most remarkable of which was the idol-doctor's temple, where the sick man draws lots to see what malady he has and how he got it, and receives the appropriate remedy. Thus, it is to be presumed, a man suffering from appendicitis may perhaps learn that he has whooping cough and be given squills, — and his faith in the idol will probably cure him of his appendicitis; an excellent system indeed.

At noon we came to the pagoda on top of the hill

which overlooks the whole great city, and there tiffined, and in the afternoon visited the execution-ground, one of the municipal courts, the prison, and the great Examination Hall. Concerning the first, I had expected to find in the famous "Potter's Field" of Canton a large open public execution-ground, surrounded by a wall, and great was my surprise when our guide led us to a little alley-way, no different from the rest, where the children of the neighborhood were playing on a heap of rubbish in the centre, in the midst of a conglomeration of earthen pots, the stores of some potter near by. And this is the spot where hundreds of criminals are led out to die by strangling or beheading, or, if less fortunate, by the Ling Chee, or death by the thousand cuts, which is now practically abolished. The old executioner came out of a house near by, showed us the heavy sword which he used in his work (it had not been cleaned), and wanted sixty cents to have his photograph taken, which we did n't give him. He was evidently used to tourists.

No execution was set for that day, perhaps fortunately for us, for morbid curiosity is a failing of the race of man. So we proceeded to the prison. It was not an agreeable place. There was a single courtyard packed with prisoners, all shackled but doing no work, a group of jailers playing cards

and smoking at the gate, and in the corners of the yard those men who had been sentenced to wear the wooden collar, a great heavy block of wood some three feet square, locked about the neck, which prevents the wearer from lying down during all the months that he wears it.

Across the yard was the court of justice, where the magistrate arrived as we entered. We were able to stay but for two cases, and saw only one of them throughout. The accused was led in with a chain about his neck, and this was thrown upon the paved floor, where he knelt before the judge. Being of a different province, the judge could not understand a word of the prisoner's dialect: the interpreter did all the talking, while the judge gazed at us and about the court-room. It appeared that the charge was of stealing a woman's hairpin in the street, which the interpreter, who apparently acted as prosecuting attorney as well, brought out with many scowls directed at the unfortunate man on the floor, the prisoner meekly maintaining his innocence. He was finally sentenced to wear the wooden collar for two months.

I must mention also the great Examination Hall, where the students of the province come to take their second degree for the civil service, before going up to Peking for the third. There are eleven

thousand cells, each but a few feet square. In these the candidates are confined for three days, during which time, we were told by Ah Cum, they are required to write an essay on any subject in the universe which it pleases the examiners to give them. Out of the total number, which may extend to the full eleven thousand, so far as the accommodations are concerned, only eighty-eight are passed. The examination takes place every three years, and is said to require, with the preparation for the first degree, seventeen years of study. If a candidate is caught cheating he is promptly taken out and beheaded—an excellent custom.

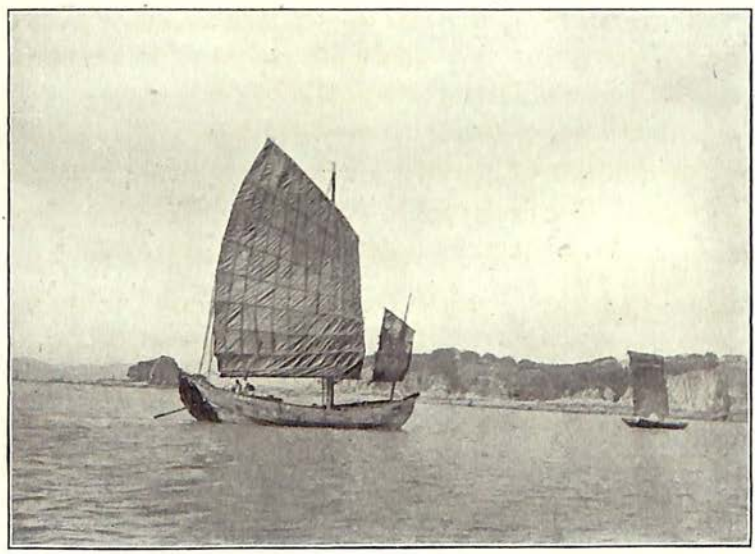
In the evening we returned to the steamer, and once more turned toward Hongkong, glad, I must say, to leave behind us the smells, the noise, and above all the oppressing effect of the dirty, ill-lighted passages, with their hurrying streams of unwashed brown humanity.

CHAPTER XI

HUNTING THE CAVE-DWELLING TIGER OF CHINA

ALONG the coast of China, midway between Hongkong and Shanghai, there lies a tract of country quite devoid of any growth, where the barren hills which roll back from the sea to the rice-cultivated country inland are strewn with the gigantic boulders of some prehistoric glacial moraine; and it is in the numberless caves and subterranean passages formed by these great confused masses of rock that the sole wild occupant of the country, the Chinese tiger, finds his lair. Accordingly the sport of tiger-shooting is here quite a different proposition from that in India and other tropical countries, where the methods of shooting are adapted to the jungle, that is, from the backs of elephants, on foot on a jungle-path, by driving, beating, or sitting up over a kill. Here in China the animal must be tracked to his cave; and if found in such a position that he cannot be driven out to the gun, he must be blocked in so that the sportsman can enter with comparative safety. Thus, whereas in India the excitement is generally

WATER SCENE NEAR AMOY



CHINESE JUNK

over in a few seconds, in the cave shooting a sportsman is frequently kept at the highest tension for several hours, having located the game, and while still uncertain as to whether it will charge out before being successfully blocked.

I had had my fill of the jungle. Rains, flies, and fever had convinced me that tiger-shooting in the tropics had its distinct disadvantages, and had made me wish for a healthful country and a respectable atmosphere, where one could enjoy living and shooting at the same time — a paradox in the jungle. I was unwilling to return without a tiger; glowing tales were told of this cave district. Here, then, was the very thing for which I had been waiting.

It was with the keenest anticipation that I finally found myself rolling down the coast of China toward Amoy on the little Haitan. The old Scotch engineer told me stories over our pipes and coffee in the evening, of lighthouse keepers along the shore watching the tigers play at night on the beaches below, and of natives carried away from the rice-fields within shouting distance of their very villages, which made me feel that at last I was in for some sport. So, though alone, except for my old Cingalese servant, Thomas, who had now shared with me many adventures, I was not at all loth the next morning to transfer self, goods, and chattels to the

care of a yellow pirate in a dilapidated junk, and set sail for the shore.

It was a few days later that I found myself in a snug little village, Chi Phaw by name, tucked away at the foot of the hills, with the flooded pâdi-fields skirting it on one side, and to the west a pagoda-crowned mountain, towering like a sentinel above — far too peaceful a scene to suggest the sport on which I had come.

As the guest of the village, in that I was to do my little best in ridding them of a nuisance, I was led up the central path through a staring and wondering crowd of peasants, — who were unaccustomed to seeing white men and had no modesty about showing it, among innumerable black hogs enjoying continuous and undisturbed slumber along the highway, and past the rude hovels, within which hens, babies, dogs, and kittens sprawled promiscuously. We came, at the end of the village, to a remarkable looking building — a sort of large shed with arched roof and paved floor, with one side opening to a courtyard flanked by a ten-foot wall, which, though ordinarily a temple sacred to the common ancestor of the village, was now, I learned, to be my habitation for as long as I cared to remain. It proved on inspection to be a very filthy lodging: much débris had to be swept from the floor, and several huge

black spiders driven away, before I could make up my mind that it was at all habitable. A pile of straw was then shaken down in a corner for a bed, and my dressing articles spread on the altar, after which the seven Chinese hunter-men, who from now on were to be my escort, presented themselves.

They stood grinning in a row, their almond-shaped eyes sloping upwards, their yellow skins burnt to bronze from work in the rice-fields, and wrinkled like old parchment. With one exception they were under five feet — hardly the imposing individuals I had pictured, who were to walk into the tiger's den with only their torches to frighten him and their spears to stop a charge. Their weapons, however, looked sufficiently business-like, for each carried a sort of trident with three iron prongs and a heavy wooden shaft. They carried with them also, in a small basket, an exact representation in miniature of themselves — a little Chinaman who held in his hand the typical trident, and in the sand which filled the basket about him were burning joss-sticks. This I discovered was their idol, whom they worshipped fervently and regularly, and never in our subsequent hunting were they without him; for, as they told me, it was he who gave them their courage to hunt and their strength to fight the tiger.

As they had promised in the event of my success to take the idol to see a play on their return to Amoy, it seemed certain that he would grant their prayers without delay.

My interpreter, a young Chinaman named Lim Ek Hui, who had learned English at an American mission school in Foochow, and who proved invaluable in communicating their directions, as well as a most interesting companion in discussing things Chinese during the long, lonely evenings, then arranged between us the rate of wages, and this matter having been satisfactorily decided, we repaired to our respective suppers — I, to the great delight of the admiring throng in the courtyard, to knife, fork, and plate, they to their chow-bowls and chopsticks. The ten Chinamen who were to share my temple then stretched themselves in various positions about the floor, lit their opium-lamps, and smoked themselves into oblivion, the interior quickly becoming filled with the pungent but not unpleasant odor of the drug. Thomas found a position at the other end of the temple, as far removed as possible from the Chinamen; while I, repairing to my bale of straw, was quickly asleep amid these novel surroundings.

At dawn the courtyard was filled with the same admiring crowd of the night before, — men, wo-

THOMAS, LIM, AND THE HUNTERMEN WITH THEIR TRIDENTS

men, and children, — who watched the processes of bathing, dressing, and eating breakfast much as we might observe the Wild Man of Borneo taking dinner at the dime museum. This was embarrassing, and became, before many days, extremely irritating, though it was a rather difficult matter effectually to drive them away. The hunter-men had procured long, slender bamboo poles and were winding strips of cloth about their tips, these latter being dipped in oil and serving as torches to light up the interior of the caves which we explored. Then, after chow, we started out in single file, I following the head hunter-man, quite ignorant as to where or into what he would lead me.

Knowing the lay of the land, they had no hesitation in choosing at once the most likely caves to explore; a tramp of some four miles brought us up into the rocky hills, and here at last, with the openings of caves and passages all about us, I felt the first pleasant realization that game might be near. The hunter-men soon stopped above a cave which led directly down into the earth, while one of them led me a few yards down the hillside to station me at the mouth of another opening below, Lim translating that they were to move through the passage and drive the tiger, if he were there, down to the exit which I guarded. They quickly oiled their

torches, shed their great umbrella hats, and dropped one by one out of sight into the hole.

Lim had had scruples about accompanying me on the hunt, but protests that he was indispensable and assurances of perfect safety had overruled them: he was necessary, not only to interpret directions, but to hold my extra gun and pass it to me, should the two barrels of the .450 cordite-powder express prove ineffectual. I had fair confidence in the stopping power of the express, but in case of emergency thought it best to take a second gun. This gun, which was a double-barrelled 10-bore, I gave to Lim, loaded but uncocked, and stationing him behind me on a suitable rock a few yards from the cave opening, awaited results.

Probably few forms of sport afford greater interest than watching the opening of a cave, knowing that at any moment one or more tigers may charge out, and aware that if they do, one must shoot both instantly and accurately. Under such circumstances an ordinary hole in a hillside becomes a distinctly fascinating object, as one who has had the experience must realize. As Perry and Wheeler a year before in the same spot had seen four tigers break cover simultaneously, and as two days later Perry had found and shot a fifth in another cave near by, I was sanguine of success. But there were to be no

results from this day's work, nor indeed for many days to come, for the smoke of the torches appearing through the fissures in the rock, and the sound of the spears feeling about near the exit, told that the men had passed through the passage. We explored several other caves before returning to the village, but to no purpose.

I now decided, and the men agreed with me, that this wholesale exploration of caves was a poor thing, since, if a tiger should happen to come to one of them later, the smell of the torches would prevent his entering, and he would doubtless at once move to some other part of the country. The animals are continually roaming about and may appear in a certain district at any time, so that there is nothing to do but wait. Accordingly, in the evening I purchased from a shepherd six small goats and placed them around the country within a radius of a mile or so, attaching each before the opening of some promising cave, and as we returned to camp we could hear their bleating coming from all directions. Should a tiger arrive within reach of that sound, I knew that we should have something to work on.

The next week was a monotonous one. Every evening we attached the goats, and every morning at sunrise brought them back untouched to the village; these were the only events of the long, hot

days. Occasionally I crossed the hills to the shore and had a swim, or a sail in some fisherman's junk, but most of my time was spent under a tree behind the village, where with a pipe and a book I did my best to make the days seem shorter.

The village life was that of the peaceful peasants of any country: at sunrise the men put on their great pagoda-shaped hats and trudged off to the rice-fields, where they worked, knee-deep in water, till dark. The women remained in their huts, spinning, or chatted on the paths, while their babies made mud-pies and played with the somnolent hogs. Then, at sunset, when the men returned from work, my courtyard became the gathering-place for the evening, for the novelty of watching a white man eat, smoke, and read did not in any wise seem to pall upon them.

The hunter-men were next in importance, and always held an admiring circle about them as they squatted over their chow. This was a sort of soup, brewed in a big black kettle, into which any number of ingredients, from shellfish to sweet potatoes, had been thrown, and it was eaten with some kind of herb on the side as a relish. Tiger-hunting is nothing new to them, as they make it their business, the profession being handed down in the same family from father to son. They attack the tiger in his cave, killing

HUNTERMEN, GOATS, AND TORCHES

him with their spears, and selling the meat, bones, claws, and skin at a high price, as the natives believe the possession of the claws or the eating of the meat gives them strength and bravery. The men are undoubtedly courageous, as, notwithstanding the fact that some of them are killed from time to time, they walk into the caves without hesitation; and many were the stories they told through my interpreter, over their opium-pipes in the evenings, of adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

Bruce and Leyburn are the names most prominently connected with the sport of tiger-shooting in this district. They were business gentlemen in Amoy, who, whenever a tiger was located by the hunter-men, would pick up their guns from beneath their office-desks, come over post-haste to the cave wherein the game had been marked down, and generally return the same night to their homes, successful. Leyburn is credited with over forty tigers.

This village, as do all the small towns of the district, regarded itself as one large family, being descended from the common ancestor to whose memory my temple was built; and so closely do they adhere to this idea, that intermarriage is forbidden and a man must choose his wife from elsewhere. They are a simple, trusting lot and have great faith

in the medicinal powers of the white man. One morning a woman stalked into my temple on her diminutive feet, and pulled me by the sleeve to her house near by. Her husband was lying groaning on his straw bed and wooden pillow, having fallen out of a tree and evidently hurt his spine. It was clear that nothing more could be done than to ease the pain, so I ordered hot water applied and rubbed some salve on the injured spot. The next morning the woman returned and thanked me profusely, saying that the pain had ceased. Later, I was called in to see a fever patient and gave him a few grains of quinine, for which he appeared in person the next morning to thank me, evidently quite restored to health, more by the mental than by any physical good done him.

These were the peaceful surroundings in which I found myself, and watched the days pass slowly by, until the first event occurred which told me that game had arrived at last, and roused all my energies to bring the hunt to a successful close as speedily as possible.

Two days earlier I had moved to another near-by village called Ki-Lai, and was awakened at one or two o'clock in the morning by the loud barking of a dog, which was immediately taken up by all the other dogs in the village. This was unusual, as seldom

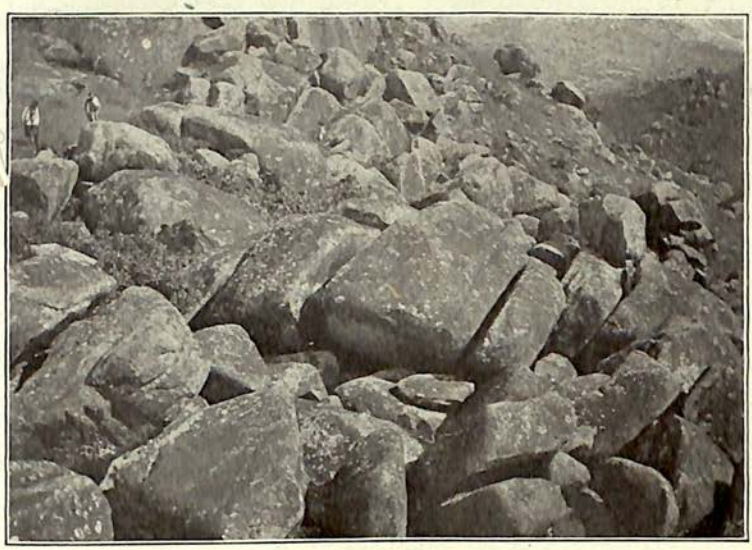
anything disturbed the silence of the town at night; and I was vaguely wondering what could be the matter, when the men in the temple were all on their feet, some running for their spears, and others to get my gun out of its case. In a minute we were out in the village street in the moonlight, where the dogs were bolting up and down, barking furiously and evidently much disturbed at something, though the cause was not apparent. And just then I distinctly saw, off in the rice-fields, a shadowy form sneaking away — a dog, perhaps, or a pig, though it looked like something larger; and though my first impulse was to follow, I saw at once that it would be useless. The barking of the curs soon subsided and we returned to the temple.

In the morning great excitement prevailed in the courtyard; the whole village had apparently gathered there and were talking and gesticulating violently. Lim translated that a dog had been taken away in the night, and that a tiger was undoubtedly about. The hunter-men had meanwhile gone out to inspect the goats, and returned with the news that one had vanished, the rope being parted clean and the animal having completely disappeared without a sign of blood. I was on the spot immediately, and found the report true, with no vestige of any track to work on. There was nothing to do. To smoke up

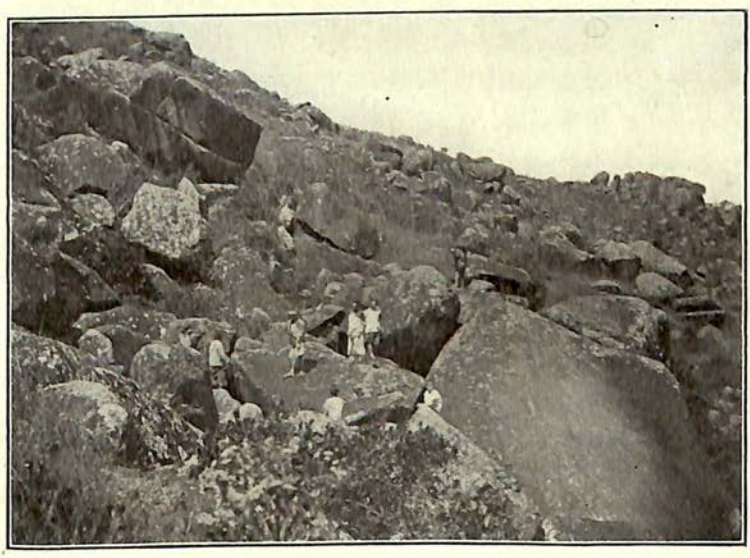
the caves by exploring them was clearly inadvisable, so we returned to wait in patience till nightfall. The anticipation of sport near at hand made that day seem endless: the morning blazed wearily till tiffin-time, and the afternoon hours dragged till evening. Then, finally, the sun sank, and by seven o'clock I had the five remaining goats at their posts, and, as nothing more could be done, prepared to sit up over the fifth, which was the loudest bleater, in the hope that the tiger would pick him out for his night's kill.

We found, some five yards from the goat, a suitable rock, which shaded us from the moonlight, and waited, the animal crying lustily and being answered continually by one of the others which was within call. The first hour or two of this sitting up was not bad, but eventually one's eyes became strained from peering through the moonlight, and, with the help of a sharpened imagination, pictured a moving form in every rock and shadow. The goat had by this time quieted down, the moon had waned, the hunter-men were fidgeting; so it seemed better to give it up, and silently and in single file we covered the three miles to the village.

But the discouragement of the evening was not to last. The men had gone out to the goats at sunrise, and I was awakened on their return by a tremendous



A TYPICAL TIGER CAVE



TIGER CAVES

clamor: they were all shouting at once, running about the temple for their spears, and preparing the torches in a way which looked like business. Lim himself was so excited that he could hardly translate; but I finally quieted him enough to learn the news: all five remaining goats, including the one by which I had sat up, had been killed, the country around was covered with blood-tracks, and only one head and one body had been found. I vainly endeavored to repress a war-whoop.

The preparations which ensued were such as would have convinced an observer that the village was about to make a sally against a hostile tribe — the villagers sharpening their knives to cut down the bushes should the tiger have to be blocked in his cave; the hunter-men arranging the torches and getting the oil; and the sportsman making sure for the fifteenth time that his gun-barrels were spotless and his cartridges in pockets quickly accessible.

At eight we were on the spot where I had kept watch the night before. The string which tied the goat had been cut off short, and at a distance of ten yards was the head of the animal, torn roughly from the body. The men then brought up for my inspection the body of still another goat, untouched except for two distinct tooth-marks in the neck, made as cleanly as though by a vampire. This was excellent

news, for the tiger had clearly killed more than he could eat, and must have retired for the day to some cave near by to sleep off his gorge. But actually to track him to his lair was no easy matter, for the trails of blood which led in several directions were quickly lost in the low scrub, and in a few minutes we had to abandon the idea. To search all the large caves in the vicinity and to trust to fortune to find him seemed the only thing to do.

Then followed a scene which, under the circumstances, was thoroughly amusing, though at that time I was too impatient at the delay to appreciate it. The hunter-men set the idol, which, as I have said, they invariably carried with them while hunting, on a rock, and gathering about it they lighted joss-sticks and proceeded to worship in the usual manner: clasping their hands, waving the joss-sticks three times up and down, and then placing them in the sand before the image. This done, they asked the idol if the tiger was in a certain cave which opened within a hundred yards of us, at the same moment throwing up two pieces of wood, each with one smooth and one rough side. Should they come down even, the answer would be affirmative; if odd, negative. In spite of the fact that the blood-trails all seemed to lead in other directions, the answer, *mirabile dictu*, was "yes." The men immediately

THE RETURN TO THE VILLAGE AFTER TIGER HUNT

picked up their spears and ran down hill to the cave, which, like most of them, was formed of immense boulders, opening by a crevice running straight downward. Then, stationing me at its mouth, with warnings to be ready, they entered.

Five minutes passed. A hunter reappeared and said something which caused the crowd of villagers who had approached to scramble back up the hillside; Lim's eyes bulged as he whispered excitedly: "Get ready, master, tiger inside."

The sport was now on in earnest. Bulletins were announced at regular intervals from below: at first they could see but one paw of the animal, then he moved and showed himself in full — "very large tiger," Lim translated. They were trying to drive him out; he might charge from any one of three openings, and I was to watch them all carefully, for it would be quick shooting. A half hour passed. Then came up the announcement that he had got into a small passage and could not be driven out; they would block him in, after which I must enter. The villagers immediately set to work gathering bushes, which they bound together and threw down to the opening, while the hunters came to the cave's mouth and dragged them in. They worked quickly and quietly, but with a subdued excitement which kept my interest at highest pitch. My finger was

on the trigger for four hours, nor did I dare take my eyes from the openings during this entire time, for the men had cautioned me that, until finally blocked, the tiger might charge out at any moment.

It was past midday when the seven men emerged and beckoned me to enter. I slipped down into the crevice, landing in a sort of small chamber, which was partially lighted by the torches, though my eyes, fresh from the sunlight, could not see where it led. They directed me to one side, and pointed to a narrow shelf or ledge, from which a hole seemed to lead straight into the face of the rock; Lim, who was behind me, translating that I was to crawl into it until I came to the tiger. This did not sound reassuring, but knowing that the men were trustworthy and would not send me into a risky position, I scrambled quickly in, dragging the express behind, as I was too cramped by the smallness of the hole to carry it with me.

One of the men held his spear ahead in the passage, though he himself stood behind. I crawled slowly in for some ten feet; it was quite dark and I was ignorant as to where the animal was, or how the hole ended. Then there was a loud "aughr-r-r" within a few feet of my face, and I knew by the sound that the tiger was in another cavern into which my passage opened. It appeared that the

THE VILLAGE OF CHI PHAW

latter broke off and turned abruptly downwards. My eyes were now becoming used to the darkness, and by the light of the torches which had been thrust into the tiger's cavern through the chinks in the rock I could see him in full. He lay on a ledge of rock, facing me, his green eyes shining and blinking sleepily in the light, his great striped back moving up and down as he panted from fright and anger. His face was not four feet from mine when I had come to the end of the passage; but there was little danger, since he was too much cowed by the light to charge, and had he done so, my opening was too small for him to enter. Had he tried to get at me by tearing away the stones at the mouth of my passage, he could have been warded off with the barrel of the express.

I lay full five minutes watching him. At the end of that time I moved the express slowly into position, being badly cramped; the tiger snarled angrily as he saw the barrel approaching, and drew back restlessly, still roaring. This was not pleasant to hear. I then fired, without being able to see the sights, but trusting to hit a vital spot. In the darkness which immediately ensued, — for the torches had been extinguished by the report, — it was impossible to tell what he would do, though he could be heard roaring and leaping around his cavern.

The hunter-men were in a frenzy of excitement behind and were calling me loudly to come out, though, as I was firmly wedged in the passage, this for the moment was a physical impossibility. I then fired two more shots, the tiger lay panting, and was still.

Once in the open, it was evident for the first time at what high tension my nerves had been kept during the four hours of watching. In another hour we had dragged the tiger up to the mouth of the cave, which, owing to the big rocks which had to be replaced before we could get at his cavern, was no easy matter, photographed him, and then carried him suspended from a pole to the village, while the peasants ran alongside, laughing, shouting, and generally showing their delight.

I skinned the body on a flat rock in the village, found to my satisfaction that the pelt measured ten feet six inches from nose to tip of tail, which the hunter-men said was a record, though I have no means of verifying this assertion, and then adjourned to the temple, where a feast of triumph and tiger-meat was held throughout the evening. Indeed, within two hours of the shooting the meat was being sold in the village streets and voraciously eaten by the peasants.

This ended my tiger-shooting. With the prospect

of a visit to Japan before returning to America, and realizing that I might stay for weeks in this region without having the fortune to find another tiger, it seemed unwise to remain longer. The following morning I returned to Amoy, where the skin was thoroughly coated with alum and rolled up to be taken to Hongkong. The Englishmen at the club were so fired with enthusiasm at my luck that they forthwith began to plan trips for themselves, and I do not doubt that several eventually went to the village which I had just left.

Unfortunately it was two days before I could get away from Amoy. A typhoon came up the coast and burst on the town with full violence, preceded by that black silence which seems to me the most terrifying of natural phenomena. No steamers would put out, while some twenty ships entered the harbor for refuge. When finally I did get away, it was on a little tub called the Thales, whose passenger-list was composed of ninety-three Chinese and myself, to say nothing of the live stock on board in the shape of a full complement of fleas, cockroaches, and rats. Stopping at Swatow, and arriving at Hongkong two days later, I had the tiger-skin cured at the Museum. The claws, which inadvertently had been left on my hotel window-sill to dry, were all stolen by the room-boy, except two which I fortu-

nately had placed elsewhere. The skin was well prepared on my return to America, and now lies before the fireplace as a pleasant reminder of an interesting hunt, the head being mounted on the rug with an expression of such ferocity as to seem scarcely true to life.

I had planned to leave Hongkong almost immediately, but the hospitality of some old friends in the Royal Artillery Mess at Kowloon, combined with many picnics, bathing-parties, tennis afternoons, and dinners, so far upset my plans that it was not until the 21st of October that I finally departed. Taking leave of old Thomas, whom after his many months of faithful service I was sending back to Ceylon, I sailed on the Empress of China; and moving out of Hongkong's graceful harbor by the Lyeemoon Pass, where C., of the India, was on the bluff before his mess, waving flags and setting off fire-crackers as a parting salute, we turned out into the China Sea toward Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, and Yokohama. These splendid "Empress" ships, with their graceful curving lines, cutter-bows, pure white hulls, pink water-lines, and yellow funnels, are among the finest in the East, and before the end of my travels I was to know them well.

Up to Shanghai the sea was very rough and the air chilly. There would be no more soft sunny skies,

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calm seas with flying-fish racing over them, and glorious sunrises and sunsets turning them to red and burnished gold, no more Southern Cross, nor tropic nights of unimagined brilliancy; all these I was leaving behind with the tropics; and whether the exhilaration of a brisker atmosphere could make up for them all, I doubted. At daylight on the 24th we reached the harbor of Woosung, gay with an assemblage of four big Pacific mail-steamers; and at nine o'clock started in a fast launch to cover the thirteen miles to Shanghai, which lies well back from the navigable sea, reaching the Bund at eleven, and passing the day in that interesting city.

Early on the morning of the 26th we steamed into the harbor of Nagasaki, the sun just showing above the little wooded hills which hem it in, and raising the mist from the dull gray roofs of the town. On anchoring, we were surrounded by coal-scows, and began coaling by the method for which Nagasaki is noted: wooden staging is placed up the vessel's sides, and standing on this, little Japanese girls pass up the coal in small baskets with such speed that several thousands of tons of coal are loaded in a few hours. Their dexterity and team-work are indeed most interesting to watch.

Rowing ashore after breakfast, we took a long rickshaw ride across the hills, to a tiny fishing vil-

lage called Mogi, on the other side of the island, where a pleasant spot was found on the shore looking out to the inland sea, and tiffin served *al fresco* by two little Japanese girls, the surroundings looking as though they had been taken from a Japanese screen and enlarged to life-size. The ride back was through a green valley and over a hill, with many tea-houses and little gray villages, where the people laughed as we clattered through, and the children laughed when we nearly ran over them, and even the babies laughed in their mothers' arms — altogether a very merry country.

On the following day the ship passed through the Inland Sea, very beautiful with its high wooded shores, numberless islands, villages, and fishing-boats in all directions, stopping the next morning at Kobe, an uninteresting commercial city, and so on up the coast to Yokohama.

A month is of course all too short a time to spend in Japan, especially when one finds there hosts of friends from home and is naturally tempted from the conscientious path of sight-seeing. The chrysanthemum season in Tokyo was, furthermore, at its height; and with the imperial garden-party, the review of troops by the Emperor, the state ball, and many a dinner and dance aboard the foreign warships in Yokohama harbor, I found the time pass

as pleasantly, if not so instructively, as if it had been spent seeing temples in the interior. A week in Miyanoshita, with a trip to Lake Hakone, then down to Kioto, where Nara and Lake Biwa were visited, and so through the island to Osaka and Kobe, whence ship was taken back to Yokohama, comprised my travels in that delightful country.

Alas for the traveller, the old Japan, with the steady progression of a new era, is, in the coast cities at least, rapidly giving way to western ideas, western customs, and western architecture; her gardens of cherry-blossoms and wistaria, her spotless houses of straw mats and sliding screens, her bowing, laughing, gay-kimonoed people remain; but, mixed with a prosaic assortment of European hotels, European stores, and European dress, their peculiar fascination and picturesqueness necessarily must suffer. In Tokyo I searched out a Japanese hotel, where I was smilingly assigned a room by the proprietor. Leaving one's shoes at the door, one ascends carefully polished stairs in straw slippers; but at the first floor even these must be discarded, for the carpet is the cleanest of straw-mattings in double thickness, into which one sinks as in velvet. One's room is like a cardboard box, built of sliding screens and bare of furniture, save for a mat to sit on and a little dressing-table placed on the floor before which one

has to kneel to tie one's tie. The impression one receives is of absolute spotlessness and freshness — not an atom of dust anywhere. Apparently there is no bed or bedding; but when night comes, the chambermaid enters, prostrates herself before you, and, pulling aside one of the screens of which the walls are formed, discloses two great silk comforters and a pillow stuffed with rice, which are promptly spread on the floor. A brazier with coals is placed beside it and you are ready for the night. The Japanese bath, of all institutions in this immaculate country, is the most important. But there is only one tank for all, and one must not expect privacy; simply a screen separates it from the hall, and the girl who brings the towels does not knock. Accordingly, being a philistine to the customs of the country, it was not surprising that the sound of the little lady's approach at a moment when I was fully expecting privacy caused me something of a shock. The only effectual method of concealment seemed to be to retire to the depths of the tub, which I did without delay, landing in water considerably over 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The result was successful, for my expressions were so vociferous and full of energy that the girl was completely terrified and took to her heels, leaving me to perform my further ablutions in undisturbed contentment.

THE HARBOR OF AMOY

SAMPANS

With the coming of western innovations it is to be hoped that the inherent politeness of the people, above all, will suffer no detraction. When you are presented to a Japanese, he bows to the ground and continues bowing at every remark you address to him; a conversation opens with several compliments on each side, with accompanying bows. The waiter bows when he hands you the menu, bows when he takes your order, and again when he sets the dish before you; and when you leave the room the last glimpse you get gives you the impression that he has been wound up like a mechanical toy and will continue bowing until he runs down. When I left the Japanese hotel at which I was stopping in Tokyo, not only the proprietor and the clerks, but all the chambermaids as well, were prostrated on the threshold; and not with the usual idea of begging a present but in thanks for the very small tip I had given — a polite country, indeed.

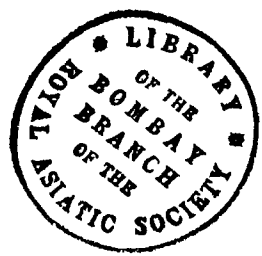
The imperial chrysanthemum garden-party, for which our Minister had, among many other courtesies, obtained invitations for us, was an event of the greatest interest. With a stream of people we entered the big Osaka Park, where the path wound through the woods, all turned to brilliant autumnal colors, past miniature lakes and over bridges, with little summer-houses here and there, till it opened

on the lawn around which ran the stands containing the splendid exhibition of imperial chrysanthemums. The Japanese aim rather at cultivating the whole plant than the individual flower, the date of the garden-party being left indefinite until the last moment, so that the plants may be at their best. It would be difficult to describe the effects they secure, and I can only say that finer combinations of shape, size, and color would be impossible to find, the world over. One stalk alone bore one thousand seven hundred and fifty blossoms, most of them in full bloom, while two others had over one thousand. The Emperor was absent, but at three o'clock, to the solemn music of the Japanese hymn, the Empress entered and walked down the aisle that had been cleared, the women curtsying and the men bowing to the very ground.

A day or two before our departure a dance was held on the U. S. S. Oregon in Yokohama harbor. The scene at sunset I shall not soon forget: Fuji, beautiful, solitary old Fuji, stood out against the red glow in the west, the big British, French, Italian, Japanese, and American warships vaguely defined in the harbor's purple haze, while every man on board faced aft as the flag was lowered to the music of our national hymn.

At six o'clock on the evening of November 26,

from the deck of the Empress of India, we watched the lights of Yokohama twinkle in the rain, and one by one disappear. Plunging at once into rough seas, and encountering continual storms, we emerged at Vancouver thirteen days later, whence, taking the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent, I descended on December 15 from the train, in Boston.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